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# *Mayflower stories*

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"It is a copy of the famous Declaration."

—*Mayflower Stories*, page 334.

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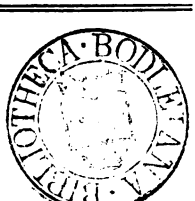
# MAYFLOWER STORIES.

BY

SARAH M. S. CLARKE,

AUTHOR OF 'SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY,' 'FRANZISKA,' ETC.

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# CONTENTS.

## I

### *FROM EAST TO WEST.*


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| CHAP. I. | THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE, | 1 |
| II. | THE PURITANS, | 13 |
| III. | THE LAND OF PROMISE, | 25 |
| IV. | ON THE EVE, | 35 |
| V. | THE REALITY, | 50 |
| VI. | TREATIES OF PEACE, | 65 |


## II.

### *LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.*


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CHAP. I. | NEW ARRIVALS, | 73 |
| II. | REST IN THE WILDERNESS, | 84 |
| III. | A CONTRAST, | 92 |
| IV. | THE APOSTLE OF THE INDIANS, | 105 |
| V. | THE RED CROSS, | 115 |


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## III.

### *TERRORS OF THE UNSEEN WORLD.*


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| CHAP. I. | THE TREASURE-SEEKER, | 125 |
| II. | THE PASTOR AND HIS FLOCK, | 138 |
| III. | OF WITCHCRAFT AND WITCHES, | 149 |
| IV. | A MOONLIGHT RIDE, | 165 |
| V. | THE WITCH AND HER ACCUSERS, | 181 |
| VI. | ON THE HEIGHTS BEYOND SALEM, | 191 |


## IV.

### *A FIRST TRIAL OF STRENGTH.*


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CHAP. I. | THE CALL TO ARMS, | 211 |
| II. | THE ATTACK, | 218 |


## V.

### *THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.*


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CHAP. I. | UNDER THE ELM-TREE, | 227 |
| II. | THE BONFIRE IN KING STREET, | 242 |
| III. | 'JOIN, OR DIE!' | 264 |


Digitized by Google

## VI.

### *THE WIDENING BREACH.*

PAGE

CHAP. I. A DRY CHAPTER, . . . . . 275

II. THE BOSTON MASSACRE, . . . . . 285

## VII

### *FREE!*

CHAP. I. GREY AGAINST SCARLET, . . . . . 297

II. TRIUMPHANT IN DEFEAT, . . . . . 313

III. THE LAST OF THE 'COLONIES,' . . . . 324

APPENDIX, . . . . . 337

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# I.

# FROM EAST TO WEST.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

IT was a bleak afternoon in March, more than two hundred and fifty years ago, in the days when James, First of England and Sixth of Scotland, the 'gentle King Jamie,' sat upon the throne of Great Britain. The wind swept fiercely over the face of the dreary landscape, wildly chasing the gloomy masses of cloud, swaying and cracking the boughs of the still leafless trees, and, at intervals, bearing upon its boisterous wings an eddying gust of blinding rain and sleet.

Louder and louder howled the blast, as it hurried onward in its impetuous career, rudely buffeting the face of the hapless wayfarer, and rising to a shrill



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whistle as it whirled through the barred windows of belfry and tower.

But nowhere did the untamed element sport more roughly than among the turrets and gables of a fine old family mansion in the county of Surrey. It beat upon the solid masonry, making mad work with the ivy which climbed even to the tops of the tall chimneys, and sadly interfering with the domestic comfort of sundry owls, starlings, and other birds that had made their home in the darkly-clustering foliage. Then down it swooped in mimic hurricane over stately terrace and prim flower-border, bowing the frail heads of snowdrop and crocus, and threatening to uproot the evergreen shrubs which dotted the smooth lawns. At every fresh gust the rain was driven sharply against the diamond-paned casements of the substantial building; and the peacock and his mate, which were wont to strut proudly to and fro in the noble avenues of oak and elm, were fain to seek a refuge from the storm among the humbler tenants of the poultry-yard. Indeed, there were but few signs of life about the exterior of the mansion. The grooms had betaken themselves to the great kitchen, there to solace themselves with a cup of strong ale, and to gossip with the maids; the dogs had crept into their kennels, and almost the only sound which mingled with the raging of the tempest was the deep tone of the stable-yard clock, as it chimed the quarters, half-hours, and hours.

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In strong contrast to the dismal scene without was the appearance of the interior of the great banqueting-hall, the windows of which extended nearly the whole length of one side of the main body of the edifice. A huge fire of logs blazed in the wide chimney, and the glowing flames were reflected in flickering brightness upon the deep wainscot of polished oak and the quaintly-carved furniture with which the apartment was somewhat scantily adorned.

Around the cheerful hearth was gathered a group of persons in earnest conversation, while a little aloof sat another individual, who appeared to be intently studying a map or chart which was spread out upon the clumsy, heavily-fashioned table before him. The garb of one and all, though varying in material from richest velvet of Genoa to the humblest fabric of home-spun woollen, was alike sober in hue; while the severe simplicity of its style approached to singularity. No curled and perfumed love-locks—those favourite appendages of the gallants of that period—fell rippling from the temples of these men; no ample collar of rich point-lace adorned their shoulders. The hair was closely cut around their heads, and the sad-coloured doublet was surmounted by a stiff, square neck-piece of plain white linen.

Great flagons of some strong beverage were ranged upon the buffet, and silver tankards were placed within reach of the assembled company; but it was evident, from the grave expression of each man's face, that it

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was no mere social festivity that had called them together.

'Methinks,' observed one of the party after a brief silence, 'methinks that we of the Protestant faith are like to fare but little better at present than did our forefathers, who were racked and burnt in the days of Queen Mary, of cruel memory.'

'Nay, surely,' said another, a mild and meek-faced man, of gentle speech, 'we have cause to rejoice that the Papal antichrist hath been banished from among us, and that under the rule of our gracious King James a purer gospel is preached in our land.'

'In good sooth, Master Mullins,' cried a third speaker, whose fresh, eager young face and impetuous manner accorded ill with the preciseness and gravity of his attire, 'you say truly, that the accursed thing hath been driven from our midst; but, though the substance is gone, the shadow remaineth. Popery hath no longer a foothold upon British soil, but its spirit doth stalk abroad, spreading everywhere blight and confusion. But,' he continued, with growing excitement, 'are we a set of puling children, to be amused by a puppet which indeed beareth the name of religious liberty, but whose limbs are bound in strong bands of tyranny and oppression, and whose mouth is held as with a gag?'

'Our young brother speaketh well,' quoth an elderly man of grave and stern aspect, but of courtly manner withal, whose dress resembled that of a minister of the

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Puritan faith; 'the images of virgin and saint have been overthrown, and idolatrous altars cast down, but the idol of Episcopacy hath been set up in their stead, and man doth presume to stand in the place of God to judge the conscience of his fellow-man. Liberty of prophesying [1] hath been denied us, and the pure word, freely spoken to the edifying of the Church, is sought to be silenced and quenched by the stiff-necked servants of prelacy and its attendant abominations. Even as the tempest doth howl and roar out yonder, bending the mightiest forest trees in its fury, so doth the storm of persecution vex and torment us, bowing our heads in bitter humiliation, and bringing us well-nigh to the earth. To the earth, say I? Nay! though we be oppressed for a season, yet shall we not be utterly cast down. The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church.'

'Heaven be praised, friend Brewster,' interrupted the placid Mullins, 'no blood hath as yet flowed under the pacific reign of our gentle King James. Nay, they tell me that the very sight of steel hath so great a terror for his Majesty, as to render him timorous in conferring the marks of his royal favour.'

The stern features of Brewster relaxed into a grim smile.

'A wondrous dread indeed hath the monarch of the weapons of warfare,' he remarked in assent; 'it was but last week, as they say, that in knighting one of his

[1] In this sense, *preaching*.

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lieges, he was like to have done him a mischief, so sorely did his Majesty tremble at sight of the glittering steel. My Lord of Buckingham was forced to guide the blade aright, lest the King, in increasing the sum of his trusty subject's worldly honours, had shortened the term of his earthly days. But you say, Master Mullins,' resumed he with renewed earnestness, 'that no blood hath flowed under his Majesty's reign; yet I sore misdoubt if our cause have greatly profited by this seeming clemency. It is a great and a blessed privilege to bear witness for our pure religion amid the crackling of the fagots and the hissing of the flames, and such exhibitions of the truth triumphing over the ghastly pains of a horrible death have done much to establish our tenets in the hearts of men. But, while deprived of the martyr's crown, we are ingloriously harried and persecuted; our preachers are silenced within the strong walls of gloomy dungeons, or else driven into exile, there to languish in the midst of an uncongenial people, and run the heavy risk of forgetting the traditions of their fathers and of learning foreign habits, thereby losing their nationality as Englishmen. Their children are born on an alien soil, and so, by degrees, they will grow out of remembrance of their native land. Thus the cause in England will wither and die; indeed, it is much to be feared that it is already suffering. The godly Mr. Robinson, my most excellent and esteemed friend and brother, who hath the care of the congregation at Leyden, and with

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whom I have laboured according to my poor ability, is far less staunch and thorough than we could wish, and the danger seemeth great that he may lapse from the strait paths of our faith.'

'Be not dismayed, Master Brewster,' said one who had not spoken until now, and whose well-cut features and bold, square brow indicated firmness and decision; 'for sure am I that God will not let the good seed perish out of the land. King James preferreth to wield the pen rather than the sword, and he doth greatly love to bring the weight of his learning to bear upon what it pleaseth him to style our heresy. Yet methinks that our religion hath flourished and waxed stronger since the great disputation at Hampton Court in the second year of his reign, when he made his boast that he "had soundly peppered off" his adversaries; but, verily, the royal pepper would seem to have possessed more of the virtues of salt. Much cunning logic and scholarly argument did his Majesty put forth, such as I trow were more befitting a clerk than a king, and ye all know the result,—how that the pure doctrines of the gospel were but the more deeply implanted in the hearts of those who had already received them; and, moreover, those who had not until then beheld the truth in such clear daylight, did likewise lay hold upon them, to their souls' health.'

'Master Allerton,' spoke Brewster, 'your words are the words of soberness and truth. But sorely doth it grieve me to reflect that the King is actuated less by

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honest conviction than by motives of policy, and that he doth play the traitor to his own conscience.'

'Nay, brother, revile not the Lord's anointed,' interposed a noble-looking man, whose rich though plain dress showed that he was a person of wealth and position—he was, in fact, the owner of the mansion in which the company were assembled; 'it is not meet thus to speak of the sceptred ruler of these realms. Fear God and honour the King, for so the Scripture commandeth us.'

'Brother Johnson,' was the stern reply, 'these are no times in which to be delicate of speech, and ill would it become us to close our eyes to the truth. Can we justly surmise that, in the secret depths of his heart, James hath so great sympathy with prelacy and priestcraft, when he hath been bred in the strait faith of the Presbyterian? Nay, hath he not himself gibed at the rites and ceremonies of the Episcopalians, calling their service "an evil-said mass"? And doth he not betray the innermost thoughts of his soul when he uttereth his oft-repeated cry of "no bishops—no king"? Therein doth his interest in Episcopacy consist—the firm establishment of his dynasty upon the English throne.'

'But wherefore, I pray you,' blandly inquired a small-featured, dark-eyed man, who, save for the Puritan cut of his dress, might, from the expression of his face, have been taken for a Jesuit priest; 'wherefore should his most sacred Majesty depend exclusively upon the prelatical party for a secure seat upon the

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throne of his ancestors? Are we not all of us his very faithful lieges and true subjects?'

'His faithful and true subjects would we willingly be,' returned Brewster, affecting not to perceive the irony in the words of the last speaker; 'but we owe our allegiance first to the great King of kings, then to the earthly representative of supreme power. Had we obtained leave to follow the mandates of our consciences in peace and tranquillity, then had the matter been otherwise; but such freedom hath ever been denied us. The blessed Reformation promised to be the dawn of a great and glorious day; and yet, this fair promise was soon overclouded, and in England its noon-tide hath fallen far short of such gracious beginnings. King Henry, the first kingly reformer in England, hated Luther, the German monk, who, professing to purify the Church, did yet retain many of the rags and shreds of Popery, upholding the blasphemous doctrine of Rome concerning the Lord's Supper, and suffering altars, crucifixes, pictures, and such like devices of Satan, in the houses of God. But may the great Searcher of hearts hold me guiltless of the sin of judging another man, when I opine that this hatred of King Henry towards the German monk had its root in no zeal for purity of doctrine. Both of these men did merely trim and prune, when the accursed thing should have been cut out, root and branch. In Scotland, indeed, the tenets of Calvin—that faithful spirit, who did so unsparingly purge the Church

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of its errors, and winnow the chaff of superstition and abuses from the pure grain of the gospel—Calvin, I say, hath found a worthy disciple in the bold and brave Master John Knox, who hath preached the truth unabashed, even in the palace of a king's daughter, and before the mighty men of her realm.'

'Yea,' interrupted the youth of the ruddy countenance, 'and craven were the spirits of her courtiers who stood by while the lovely and royal lady was rudely taken to task and coarsely insulted by the lean-faced, black-gowned knave who dared to loose his foul tongue in her presence. Ah! would that I had been there!'

'Peace, foolish boy!' rebuked Brewster severely; 'thou knowest not what thou sayest. What have we to do with the passing beauty of a vain and idolatrous woman? Well had it been for Mary Stuart if she had listened to his godly counsels. Sorely do we lack such a valiant apostle among us. Elizabeth, that dread and mighty princess, though Protestant in name, was yet half a Papist at heart; and much did she love the pomps and gauds with which the religion of her ancestors was beplastered. She was the reputed champion of liberty of conscience in matters of belief; but scant share did she vouchsafe unto us in the ordering of matters in Church or State. And now,' he cried, with kindling passion, bringing his clenched hand heavily down upon the massive table, 'now, where are the bold spirits who will fight for the pure faith, and be content to suffer for conscience' sake, counting all as loss for

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Christ? Must we ever dwell in the house of bondage, even as did the children of Israel, bearing the burthens wherewith they were laden by cruel taskmasters, in the service of a king who knew not the God whom they worshipped? Who will gird on his sword and make him ready for the battle that must be waged for the gospel?'

'The time is not ripe for such a step as your words would seem to counsel, Master Brewster,' quietly suggested he who has been mentioned as sitting apart from the rest, now raising his head and speaking for the first time. 'You cite the people of Israel,—did they rise in rebellion against Egypt's harsh and oppressive ruler? Did not God Himself deliver them, and lead them forth by the hand of His servant Moses unto a land of promise, unto a land flowing with milk and honey, where they might freely worship Him? Let us arise; and departing hence, seek our land of promise, where we may abide in security and contentment.'

'Rightly said, Master Winslow,' exclaimed the youth, no whit daunted by Brewster's reproof; 'let us cast away their cords from us, and seek a home in a far-off land, where we may plant a little commonwealth, that in time may grow into a powerful nation. Let us—But see!' he cried, interrupting himself, and taking a step forward—for in his enthusiasm he had risen from his seat—'a horseman is approaching through the southern avenue; and by his mien, he beareth tidings

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of some moment. He hath sprung from his horse—a sorry jade, in sooth—and will be here anon.'

Almost as the young man spoke, a serving-man entered, and presented a sealed packet to his master.

'The messenger desireth to speak with Master Isaac Johnson on the instant,' he said, bowing low.

'I crave your favour for my absence, my masters,' said Johnson, as he hurriedly rose; 'the stranger would confer with me on matters of importance.'

So saying, he raised the arras, and disappeared through a door until then concealed behind the tapestry.

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# CHAPTER II.

## THE PURITANS.

THE Puritan movement was no struggle between the reformed religion and the ancient Romish Church, such as had been so fiercely waged in the days of Henry VIII. and his immediate successors. It was a conflict between the established Anglican Church, and a powerful body of religionists who refused to accept its teaching and discipline; and if the strife was less cruel than that which had deluged the land with the blood of some of its noblest sons, it was nevertheless conducted, on both sides, with fully as much bitterness and obstinacy.

As Brewster has been made to observe in the foregoing chapter, the Reformation professed and attempted by Henry VIII. fell far short of the hopes and expectations of a considerable number of his subjects. This could not well be otherwise; for, whereas a large proportion of this latter party were in the beginning actuated by a stern sense of principle and unswerving obedience to the dictates of conscience, the king, on



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the contrary, was guided by the most worldly and selfish motives, and by impatience of any power which threatened to rival or eclipse his own. The Pope disputed Henry's right to take certain steps upon which the royal mind was resolved; hence the casting off of the authority of the hitherto all-powerful Pontiff. That point gained, and a large portion of the Church lands and revenues having been seized by the rapacious monarch, the matter of Church doctrine remained, in all essential respects, much as it had been before the rupture between the two powers.

Under the reign of Edward VI., the Reformation made more definite progress; but still, the process of cleansing and purging was far less thorough and uncompromising than the most determined enemies of the Church of Rome would have desired. When, upon Edward's premature decease, his elder sister ascended the throne, all parties of the reformed faith were alike put down, and Romanism again reigned supreme.

One result of this re-establishment of the Papacy in England was the migrating to Holland, and other Protestant European States, of great numbers of the disciples of the Reformation. But, escaped from the persecuting power which had threatened to disperse and demolish all those who refused to bow to its sway, difficulties began to arise among the Protestants themselves. One portion of the exiles were in favour of adopting the liturgy and forms established by the counsellors of Edward VI., while another party were

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inclined to ally themselves with the foreign Protestants by whom they were surrounded, believing them to possess a purer and simpler faith than that held by the Anglican community. Disputes ensued, and a separation took place. It was to this separation that the Puritans first owed their existence as a distinct body; and their sectarian name was bestowed upon them as a term of reproach, in reference to the *Cathari* or *Puritani*, a sect that arose about the third century.

The melancholy and bigoted Mary held but brief sway over her father's kingdom, and in less than seven years the crown was once more placed upon the head of a Protestant sovereign.

Upon the accession of Elizabeth, many of the exiles hastened to quit the shores upon which they had never truly found a home, and returned to their native land, full of the high hopes with which the new queen's professed attachment to Protestantism had inspired them. But Henry's younger daughter, although adored by the Protestant party, was nevertheless far from encouraging that freedom of thought and of conscience which the nonconforming bodies demanded as their right. Hers was too bold and despotic a spirit to brook much opposition to her own individual views and wishes; and her sympathies were with those who, while banishing some of the distinctive doctrines of the Romish Church, still retained certain forms, ceremonies, and vestments which the Puritans considered to be inseparably connected with the errors of Popery.

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When, therefore, the returned exiles arrived in England, each party expecting to carry on the work of Reformation according to its own notions, they quickly discovered that their anticipations were destined to disappointment. They found episcopacy firmly established, and soon learned that the views of extreme Puritans met with but little toleration from queen or bishops.

It would be a task of no small difficulty to give an entirely just and impartial view of the troubles which succeeded. Party spirit ran high, and the mutual hostility became intense and bitter; while the historians who have bequeathed to us an account of these matters have all, more or less, coloured their narrative according to their own personal opinions and sympathies. Many noble and pious spirits were engaged on both sides of the contest, but it cannot be doubted that neither faction excelled the other in intolerance; and if the Episcopalians took a haughty and arrogant tone, the Puritans, on their side, assumed a high and dictatorial demeanour, which, in the less sincere and more worldly-minded, easily fell into self-righteousness and spiritual pride.

It must also be owned that, when reduced by the unyielding policy of Elizabeth to the position of supplicants, they did not always choose the most suitable season for preferring their petitions and asserting their claims. Thus, for example, when England was in double danger of the Spanish as well as of the Romish

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yoke, from the projected invasion of Philip II., their voices were especially loud and clamorous; and, in place of seeking to heal divisions in a church which was but just struggling into new life, their continual controversies about minor matters of doctrine tended greatly to widen the breaches already effected.

Such conduct was certainly annoying and harassing. But then again, nothing can excuse the injustice of Elizabeth, who, while she oppressed and persecuted the Puritans within her own realms, yet openly supported their co-religionists in Scotland, France, and the Netherlands.

When Elizabeth's sun set in gloom and sadness, new hopes arose in the minds of the Puritans. James, the newly-crowned king, had been brought up and educated by the Presbyterian party in Scotland, in all the strictness of their principles; and he would doubtless sympathize with their hatred of forms and ceremonies in religion. They were not long in perceiving, however, that their too sanguine expectations had again misled them.

James did not love the Puritans, and his dislike was founded upon other reasons besides those of policy; for had not his unhappy mother been deposed by their party? Had not his own youth, also, been shaded by the strict discipline imposed upon him by his governors? Even as he grew up to man's estate, he had still to submit to be preached to by the ministers of the Kirk in such pointed and unsparing fashion, that



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the poor King somewhat piteously declares, that 'for the last twelve years of his life in Scotland, he used to pray on his knees before sermon that he might hear nothing that might justly grieve him.'

It may be, however, that the question of kingly prerogative lay nearest to the root of the matter. James held fast to the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and regarded the views of the Puritans as dangerous, and hostile to such pretensions. The Episcopal form of Church government had won the royal adherence certainly in part, because the King beheld in it a guarantee for the security of the throne. Puritanism had a levelling or democratic tendency; the very spirit of Episcopacy was directly opposed to the idea of universal equality.

It was in the year 1603 that James took his seat upon the throne of England, and thus became sovereign of Great Britain. Notwithstanding the grievances referred to above, the King seems to have cherished considerable affection for his Scottish subjects. An old historian tells us how he took leave of a great multitude of their representatives at the City Cross of Edinburgh in true fatherly fashion, tenderly commending his queen, who was to follow him to England in a little while, to their care, and melting into tears as he pronounced the final words of parting.

But during the royal progress to London, which occupied a period of more than four weeks, the hearty and splendid reception which everywhere awaited him

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must have proved a soothing balm to the heart of the 'gentle' monarch. Lords and gentlemen of every degree, bishops and other Church dignitaries, city corporations, all flocked forth to welcome the new king, and to lay their homage at his feet. The bishops of Durham and London were especially remarkable for the splendour of their appearance, each prelate being attended by a large retinue of gentlemen in rich liveries. The Puritans also went out to meet their sovereign, bearing petitions for the redress of their numerous wrongs; but to this part of the demonstrations King James showed little favour, deeming such appeals a vexatious interruption to the enjoyment of his festal journey. He even issued a proclamation, 'forbidding the resort of people, on the pretence of scarcity of provisions, and other inconveniences which would necessarily attend it;' and another, 'forbidding all manner of innovation, either in doctrine or discipline.'

He was nevertheless induced to receive a petition, signed by seven hundred and fifty ministers—for the most part calm and moderate in its tone, and drawn up with much skill—conveying the sentiments and wishes of the whole Puritan body. We will here quote from some of its clauses.

(1.) Concerning the Church service:—

'That the cross in baptism . . . may be taken away.'

'The cap and surplice not urged.'

'That divers terms of priests and absolution, and

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some other used . . . in the book' (*i.e.* the Book of Common Prayer), 'may be corrected.'

'That the Lord's-day be not profaned.'

'The rest upon holy days not so strictly urged.'

'That there may be an uniformity of doctrine prescribed' (rather an intolerant request).

'No ministers charged to teach their people to bow at the name of Jesus.'

(2.) Concerning Church ministers:—

'That non-residency be not permitted.' (That is, that clergymen be not allowed to reside away from their pastoral charge; a most just and proper demand.)

'That King Edward's statute for the lawfulness of ministers' marriage be revived.'

These are but a few articles of the petition, which was signed by his Majesty's 'most humble subjects,'

> 'The ministers of the gospel, that desire not a disorderly innovation, but a due and godly reformation.'

But no sooner was it published, than the Anglican party attacked it with great violence, calling in question the genuineness of many of the signatures, and declaring them to have been unfairly obtained. The Universities immediately rose in arms—Cambridge putting forth a mandate to the effect that whosoever 'oppose the doctrine or discipline of the Church of England, either by word or writing, should be suspended from all degrees already taken, and disabled from taking any new ones;' while Oxford

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published an answer to the document, in which hints were thrown out as to the republican bias of Puritanism—a sure method of arousing the King, were such an awakening necessary to one already so tenacious of his royal authority, to be on the alert against any covert attack upon his crown. The short-sighted policy, to call it by no worse name, pursued in the persecution of the Puritans, and the ever-increasing tendency to magnify the kingly prerogative, were thereafter to bear fruits such as even the prudent and cunning James Stuart little suspected.

The petition was, however, far too important an instrument to be either overlooked or ignored. Accordingly, towards the close of the year, the King set forth a proclamation wherein, while declaring his own persuasion that 'the constitution of the Church of England was agreeable to God's word,' he yet expressed his willingness to inquire into the abuses which had been alleged against it; and to that end he promised to call together a council of 'divers bishops and other learned men' of both parties, to consider the points in dispute.

The conference did not take place until January 1604. What the results of this meeting might have been, had the respective parties been really desirous of eliciting truth and coming to a just conclusion, can hardly be estimated. But we have too much reason to believe that on all sides there was a lack of perfect sincerity and singleness of purpose. The King's mind

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was already made up and unalterably fixed; and we may well suppose that he hailed the conference as a signal opportunity of displaying that learning upon which he so highly prided himself. The bishops, also, to whom these points of controversy were no new thing, but, on the contrary, matters which they had long discussed with tongue and pen, and enforced with rigid strictness, could scarcely be expected to be ready now to depart from their principles. The Puritans, on their side, being well acquainted with these circumstances, must have had faint hope of a favourable issue of the wordy strife. It is probable, therefore, that, in stating their case before king and bishops, they sought to address their confession of faith to the nation at large and to the churches abroad; for they could have had little hope of carrying conviction to the hearts of their immediate hearers.

The very selection of those appointed to take part in so important a meeting was an unjust one. Not only did the Church party greatly outnumber that of their Puritan opponents, but also, these latter were made choice of by the King himself; and we can scarcely suppose that James would fix upon the most skilful advocates of opinions which he so evidently desired to crush.

The conference lasted three days. During its course, the King expended much cunning argument, considerable pedantic learning, and not a little coarse jesting, at the expense of his adversaries. The bishops con-

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trived to infuse a large amount of adulation of the King's marvellous gifts and graces into the body of their theological propositions; and in dignity of demeanour, if not in fairness of debate, or in the reasonableness of their demands, the Puritans seem to have had the decided advantage. 'One doctrine, one discipline, one religion in substance and ceremony,' such was his Majesty's final decree; and his speech to Dr. Reynolds, after asking him whether he had anything more to say in defence of Puritanism, gives the clue, as far as the sovereign was concerned, to the whole spirit of these remarkable proceedings. 'If this be all your party has to say,' said the monarch, 'I will make them conform themselves, or else I will harry them out of the land, or else do worse.'

The conference ended, 'this mock conference,' as a Puritan writer[1] has justly called it; and its result was to make the positions of the Anglican and Puritan parties, with regard to each other, clear and unmistakable. 'Whereas,' says Fuller, the quaint old Church historian, 'it was hitherto disputable whether the north, where he long lived, or the south, whither he lately came, should prevail most on the King's judgment in Church government, this doubt was now clearly decided. Henceforth, many *cripples in conformity* were cured of their former halting therein; and such as knew not their own till they knew the King's

[1] Neal, *History of the Puritans.*

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mind in the matter, for the future quietly digested the ceremonies of the Church.'

From that time forth, the Puritan nonconformists were treated with increasing severity, and the leaders of their party began to turn their faces towards other lands, wherein they had already found a refuge from persecution in earlier times. But, as we have learnt from the conversation detailed in the previous chapter, the localities selected for their exile did not entirely fulfil their hopes; and their resolution to seek still more distant shores, together with some of the most noteworthy events which attended their settling in the new country, will form the subject of the succeeding pages.

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## CHAPTER III.

### THE LAND OF PROMISE.

ISAAC JOHNSON was seated in his private room, or, as we should now call it, his study, attentively reading the letters and papers of which the stranger had been the bearer; while the latter, splashed and soiled with mud, stood beside the writing-table in an attitude of respect and deference, ready to answer any question that might be put to him. But for a long time, Johnson seemed wholly absorbed in the contents of the documents.

At length he raised his head and spoke. 'Know you the purport of these letters?' he inquired.

'Yea, truly, that do I, your worship,' was the reply.

'And do they express the mind of the whole congregation at Leyden?'

'Yea, an it so please your worship,' again answered the messenger; 'I——'

'Call me by no empty title, which ill beseemeth a vain and fallen creature,' interrupted Johnson, in tones of severity; 'out upon all such profane mockeries. I am Isaac Johnson.'



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'Then, an it please you, Master Isaac Johnson,' resumed the stranger, 'I was a serving-man to one of the brethren at Leyden, and well known to Master William Brewster, who hath but lately returned to England.'

'He is even here, in my house, at this very moment,' said the Puritan leader, clapping his hands. 'Go,' continued he to the page who appeared in answer to his summons, 'commend me to Master Brewster, and say to him that I greatly desire his presence and counsel. It is verily a matter of deep moment,' he mused, as he rose and began to pace the narrow room, 'yet it seemeth to promise us a very gracious deliverance.'

As Brewster entered, a smile of recognition crossed his features on perceiving the travel-stained horseman.

'Ha! Ephraim, my honest fellow,' he cried, 'thou here? what tidings bringest thou, and how fareth it with the brethren in Holland?'

'I thank your wor— that is, my master,' answered Ephraim, correcting himself, and with a furtive glance at Master Johnson; 'I have no news of evil import, and the brethren charged me with many greetings unto their friends in the faith in England.'

'He bringeth weighty propositions, Master Brewster,' said Johnson; 'and such as do strangely coincide with what hath but just now been hinted at. Our cause, as you know, hath prospered ill of late in foreign parts, and now it is judged expedient to forsake the old paths, —not of doctrine, God forbid!—but of our wanderings

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in the place of our earthly pilgrimage, and to strike out new ways which shall lead us unto independence and tranquillity.'

'And where are independence and tranquillity to be found, brother Johnson?' asked Brewster. 'Would you look for tranquillity upon earth, when we know that here we have no abiding city, but do seek one that is to come? Shall soldiers of the mighty army seek repose, when as yet their warfare is not accomplished? Rest is in the grave, brother; it were vain to seek it elsewhere.'

'Nay, but some measure of comparative peace; not the repose of inactivity and slothfulness, good brother. We have endeavoured ourselves, with much travail and sorrow, to sow the good seed with unsparing hand, both here and abroad; and I trust in God it will yet come to a goodly harvest. But were it not a glorious thing to carry it to more remote regions of this earthly ball, to dig new foundations, and to plant the gospel where its mighty voice hath never yet been heard?'

'Whither would you carry the good seed?' demanded Brewster impatiently.

'To the new world; to that part of the globe where freedom of conscience and liberty of prophecy await us,—where noble and valiant battle is to be done for Christ's own cause. We will even gird up our loins, and take the land in possession for God and our sovereign lord the King.'

'It were indeed a glorious design,' said Brewster

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thoughtfully; 'and they say that the land is a fair and goodly one. How now, friend Ephraim? If my memory serve me, thou hast once in thy lifetime made the voyage to this new country of America. Answereth the land to the praises lavished upon it by the bold adventurers who have loved to brag of its wonders?'

'It is a marvellous fair country, in troth, my master,' was Ephraim's ready answer; 'the corn doth there grow in clusters upon the stalk, and each grain is of so great a size as to mind one of the lusty ears which were eaten of the lean ones in Pharaoh's dream. Then the pastures are right proper for the rearing of fat cattle; and as if those might fail, the air is filled with flocks of wondrous feathered beasts, that have their nests in the great forests. But the settlers have often been in sore peril from the strange, outlandish people of the dark skins, whom they call Indians; their arrows fly mighty swift, and their barbs are not blunted.'

'Methinks, brother Brewster,' suggested Johnson, 'it were well to lay these papers and proposals before our friends assembled here, that we may, with strong and instant prayer, consider the matter, which doth merit all our earnest thought. For you, good fellow,' addressing Ephraim, 'get you to the kitchen, and bid Mistress Betty search her larder for wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of your hunger, which must by this time, and after so rude a journey, be both sharp and clamorous.'

Long did the friends sit in solemn conclave, dis-

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cussing the new plan,—a plan which was to have such important results for generations yet unborn. More than one long and impassioned prayer for guidance flowed from the lips of the elder members of the assemblage, while the hearts of the younger men beat high with anticipations of adventures to be experienced, and perhaps fame to be acquired, in the land that lay beyond the roaring main. The fire was replenished with logs; lights, thrust into rude sconces, shed their lurid glare throughout the apartment, and the tankards of ale were freely circulated. The sound of the storm which still raged without could scarcely penetrate the heavy draperies that were drawn before the windows; though ever and anon an unusually powerful gust would find its way through a crack or cranny in window-case or door, and rustle the tapestry, seeming for a moment to give life and movement to the figures wrought by skilful hand.

But we will quit the society of these grave, stern men, and, ascending the great staircase, follow the windings of a corridor until we reach the entrance of a small, and, for that age, a snug little room, which we should now call a boudoir. Crossing the threshold, we perceive the figures of two ladies, an elder and a younger one—the latter seated on a stool, or ottoman, at the feet of the former, a sweet, matronly-looking lady of some sixty-five years, who is apparently endeavouring to soothe or reason with her youthful companion.

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The maiden's cheeks were flushed, and her eyes sparkled as with some weighty resolution; but her lips were fast closed, and her bosom heaved, as though the decision had cost her dearly,—as though it were the one great effort, it might be, of a whole lifetime. One could see that, the high excitement once subsided, the cheek would be pale enough, and the eye robbed of its lustre, perhaps for ever.

'Thou canst thus send him from thee, Dorothy?' questioned the old lady, as she smoothed the young girl's hair; 'and yet for sure, this ruddy cheek and flashing eye do betray what thy lips refuse to speak.'

'Nay, madam,' answered Dorothy, with a quivering sigh, 'could I have done otherwise? Could I wed with a man who doth deny the sacred authority of holy Church, and who chooseth to consort with a company of schismatical renegades, whose end must be destruction? Could I take for my husband one who is alien to me, where the deepest and tenderest bonds should be drawn? Ah! no, no. Better were it to remain unwedded, better——' But she stopped short in the middle of her phrase.

'But he seemeth to love thee so well, Dolly,' urged the kind-hearted woman, gently patting the hand of her young companion; 'and thou art a wise maiden for thy years. Couldest thou not persuade him to leave the company of these sour-faced, mischief-making psalm-singers, and to think with thee, as thou art so stiff upon the point?'

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'No!' cried the girl, drawing her hand away to clasp it convulsively with the other; 'for then I should despise him. Thank God, though our paths do not run together, I can still respect, nay, honour him. Everard hath made a sorry choice; but he will never basely desert the cause he hath espoused, even to gain the hand of the maiden whose love—whose love he hath already won.'

'But,' persisted the dame, 'an thou lovest him, Dorothy, wherefore dost thou cast him from thee? I comprehend not such crooked dealings. Ah me! it was far different when I was young and comely as thou art, sweet Doll.'

'A house divided against itself cannot stand. Were I to wed Sir Everard, I must espouse his cause also, for there should be but one will betwixt man and wife. I cannot espouse his cause, because I believe it to be one of deadly error.'

'I knew not that thou wert a dabbler in theology,' said the elder lady, with some little asperity in her tone. 'There should not be two wills in a house, because the wife should be content to learn of her husband, instead of filling her head with idle conceit of her own learning.'

'This is no matter of book-learning, noble cousin, but one of loyalty to God and His anointed servant the King. Alack! that Sir Everard should have forsaken his allegiance to his earthly king and heavenly Sovereign! These Puritans do daily commit the sin

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of schism, from which we pray in our litany to be delivered; they ignore the divers orders of bishops, priests, and deacons, divinely ordained; and some of them, forgetful of the terrible example of Korah and his company, do even usurp the priestly office, and are guilty of the profane mockery of administering the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper with unconsecrated hands. For such abominations they shall surely be punished. Mr. Robinson, who, although he hath sadly fallen away, doth yet in the matter of the sacrament hold no communion with spurious churches abroad, is looked upon with suspicion by his brethren, who would fain see him cast off all connection with the true faith to which he was once pledged. They clamour for toleration, these Puritans,' cried the young girl, seeking in the excitement of rapid speech a respite from the pain that was racking her heart; 'yet who so intolerant as themselves? Liberty of conscience, forsooth! Their notion of liberty of conscience is to cut down the consciences of king, lords, and commons to their own dwarfed and narrow standard. Freedom, in their mouths, means Puritanism, carried out in all its rigour of severity and barrenness. Do they complain of tyranny? What tyranny so great as that of their own preachers, who would fain combine the authority of Pope of Rome and of the entire bench of bishops in their own several persons? A sour day indeed would it be for England, did they but gain the upper hand.'

'Nay, but, sweet Dorothy,' interposed the matron

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gently, 'there be many honest and godly men among them, and devout withal, who are fighting a hard battle for conscience' sake. And I would not have you forget, girl,' continued the lady, with more than a touch of sudden severity, 'that your uncle, the master of this mansion in which your ladyship doth condescend to make your home, is no despised member of the brotherhood which cometh thus under the ban of your malapert tongue!'

'It may be so—I know not. Forgive me, madam,' stammered poor Dorothy, 'I would crave your permission to withdraw;' and with this the maiden was about to quit the room, when her cousin rose, and detained her with no unkindly grasp.

'Nay, thou silly lass, take not my scolding so to heart. Come hither, and lay thy head upon my knee; so will we talk further of this unhappy business. It may not turn out so black as it looketh this stormy day.'

But Dorothy repeated her request as she gratefully kissed her kinswoman's hand, and glided from the chamber.

Meanwhile the storm had abated, and the sullen grey sky was darkening into evening. A single figure, that of a tall and athletic man, was riding swiftly down the avenue; and as he went, a storm of grief and despair was surging within him. The fair and fresh young face was hidden in the folds of a heavy cloak; but had it been visible, it had scarcely been recognised.



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In years to come, few would suspect, as they looked upon that man's iron features, that the heart of one of the sternest and most rigid members of the Puritan community could ever have been moved by such feelings as those which now agitated the youthful breast almost to bursting.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### ON THE EVE.

MORE than two years have passed away since that wild March day when we first met some of the chief actors in this great historical drama,—years of bitter suffering and constant anxiety, of alternate hope and disappointment to the persecuted Puritans. Many had been the drawbacks to the plan of emigration to the New World. Much consultation had taken place between the brethren in England and those in Leyden,—much writing, much journeying to and fro. Some of the intending colonists had set forth upon a still longer journey, even through the waters of the dark river that washes the shores of eternity.

At length, having received tardy permission from King James to settle in America, application was made to the Plymouth Council for a tract of land within their territories. This Council of Plymouth was a company of British merchants, who had, some years before, obtained an enormous grant of land from the British Government, including the whole of the



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North American coast from Nova Scotia to the southern parts of Carolina, with complete possession of the soil and an entire monopoly of trade. This matter settled, not without great difficulty and numerous dissensions, and, as it afterwards proved, by means of a document which turned out to be valueless,—the patent having been executed in the name of a person who at the last moment failed to join the expedition,—the emigrants next appealed to the King for a promise under his seal of full liberty in religious matters. But here arose a new hindrance, which threatened to overthrow the whole scheme.

'Who shall make your ministers?' asked the King's representatives.

'The power of making them is in the Church,' answered the Puritans; 'the ceremony of ordination needed no laying on of bishops' hands to make it valid.'

No wonder that the King drew back at such a reply, and hesitated. As a staunch Episcopalian, and one who was resolved to enforce uniformity in religion, he was bound to refuse a request founded on so audacious and revolutionary a principle. It struck at the very root of all that he held most sacred, not only in Church government, but in the actual Church itself. But—these men promised to extend his dominions in the new country ('a good and honest motion,' remarked King James approvingly); they would establish large fisheries (and

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'fishing was an honest trade,' further observed the monarch—'the Apostles' own calling'). Then, perhaps the zealous 'Defender of the Faith' thought that, under these circumstances especially, heresy would matter less if preached and practised in the back-woods, among red-skinned, scalp-wearing Indians, than in his immediate dominions, within sight and hearing of the whole bench of bishops.

However this may be, James, although he abstained from giving his permission under his royal seal, yet did not absolutely forbid the execution of the plan, but referred his petitioners to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. After tedious delays, the Puritans determined to trust to a vague and informal assurance that they would not be molested in their far-off settlement. There was not much reliance to be placed upon such an irregular promise; but, as the emigrants shrewdly argued, 'if there should afterwards be a purpose to wrong us, though we had a seal as broad as the house-floor, there would be means enough found to recall or reverse it.'

But now, all preliminary obstacles had been overcome; those among the brethren who were possessed of goods and lands had sold them, and added the money thus gained to the common stock; two ships had been chartered, the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*, and all things were ready for the departure of those who had resolved to embark upon the hazardous voyage.

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We will now transport our readers to Holland, that we may be present at the commencement of the first stage of the journey, namely, that of the Leyden pilgrims to join their brethren in England, previous to the great embarkation at Southampton. A solemn fast had been observed, fervent prayers offered, and the pastor had addressed an earnest and loving discourse to those who were to meet together no more in this world as one congregation, taking for his text words which seemed peculiarly appropriate to the occasion—'I proclaimed a fast there, at the river Ahava, that we might afflict ourselves before our God, to seek of Him a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance' (Ezra viii. 21).

Touching farewells had been spoken, tearless partings full of untold sorrow had taken place; and the hour was at hand when the brave little band were to quit the city which had been to them a haven of security, if not of peace and profit, and to set forth upon their adventurous pilgrimage to new and untried regions. 'They knew they were pilgrims, and looked not much on those things' (*i.e.* their weary wanderings), 'but lifted up their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits.'

On the eve of the day which was to witness the departure from Leyden, two persons might have been seen slowly pacing a long level road on the outskirts of the city, in the fading light of the summer sun, which was near its setting. In one of these in-

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dividuals we easily recognise Brewster, who had once more travelled to Holland to arrange matters connected with the voyage; the other is Mr. John Robinson, pastor of the English congregation at Leyden.

'I would that it were possible for me to accompany the children of my affection and of my prayers to their distant home,' observed the latter; 'but it may not be. My portion is to remain here, to foster and build up in the faith those who are too weak in body to face so troublesome and perilous a voyage, or who, by reason of the smallness of the ships provided for the journey, are forced to remain in this alien land. I therefore commend the outgoing members of my flock into God's hands, in full assurance that He who led the Israelites through the dry and sandy desert, will not now forsake these, His wandering children; and even as He did of old send manna and quails, and cause clear water to spring from the stony rock for their refreshment, so He will now prepare a table in the wilderness, and lead them by waters of comfort, until they reach a place where they may pitch their tents and safely abide.'

'Amen,' responded Brewster solemnly. 'Their path hath been stormy and full of stumbling-blocks throughout these difficult and troublous years. Yet have they laboured to live in all godly and honest conversation, keeping themselves void of offence

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towards those among whom their lot hath been cast. Yea, the very magistrates of this foreign town have publicly declared that during all the space in which we have dwelt among them, they have never had any accusation against any one of us; they have even hinted that, but for fear of offending King James, they would have showed us open signs of their favour and good-will.'

'The fear of man is verily a powerful hindrance to many a good deed that might be showed towards God's people,' said Robinson. 'I marvel not that it hath been declared of old that the friendship of the world is enmity against Him who hath created it. But doth not this hour—the eve of a long separation—bring back to thy mind that other setting out upon a journey long ago, when we first arose to depart out of our native land, which had become even as a stranger and no natural mother unto us, her distressed children? I humbly trust in God that the present attempt may not be compassed about with so many and so great dangers. When we would have made haste to escape, we were taken as in the snare of the fowler; our feet were made fast in the stocks, and, like unto Joseph, who did suffer much for righteousness' sake, the iron entered into our soul. When, at last, after long tarrying in prison, we made good our flight, great were the hardships we were constrained to endure. Yet did God bring much good out of huge apparent evil,

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and He hath tenderly led us thus far on the way to our land of promise. Sinful were it to doubt that He will safely lead us, even to the end. I would cheerfully bid all be of good comfort, and commend them faithfully to His all-merciful keeping.'

'Ay, truly, brother Robinson,' replied Brewster; 'we are by this time well weaned from the delicate milk of the mother-country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land. The people are industrious and frugal; we are knit together as a body in a most sacred covenant of the Lord; it is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage.'

'And yet,' resumed the pastor thoughtfully, 'it is not alone the perils of a rough sea, or of a strange land, which are most to be dreaded in this weighty undertaking. There are manifold spiritual dangers, all the more to be feared as they are perceived of few. Greatly doth it grieve me to behold how some of the brethren, rushing madly from the extreme of prelatical superstition to that of sacrilegious lawlessness, do meddle with the most sacred mysteries of our faith, not having received a commission from God's chief ministers, but boldly taking the holy office upon themselves,—snatching it, as it were, like men who would unjustly seize upon that to which they have no claim. I charge thee, therefore, Brewster, to discourage this thing with all thy might, and never to be guilty of celebrating the Lord's Supper with unhallowed hands. Better

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were it for God's people to fast for ever, than to obtain a meal on this wise, which, in the end, were no meal at all.'

'That do I most solemnly promise,' returned Brewster; 'and may God do so to me, and more also, if ever I depart from the right way in this matter, so long as the congregation doth remain under my care. I will further daily entreat Him to send among us duly ordained ministers, who shall prove faithful shepherds of the little flock. But the sun is sinking, and the thick mist is already rising from the watery plains. Let us return, brother, that we may be prepared to enter with stout hearts upon the work which lieth before us on the morrow.'

Thus discoursing, the friends retraced their steps, and, as night fell, they re-entered the city, their hearts well-nigh bowed down by the weight of the serious thoughts and cares that crowded in upon them.

The day of embarkation dawned, calm and fair. Beyond the little town of Delft Haven, whence the pilgrims were to sail, upon the smooth, untroubled waters of the harbour the two ships rode at anchor. In the background of the scene were quaint Dutch houses, the homely church, with its queer, stunted little spire, and here and there a windmill, the sails of which were gently turning in the soft breeze. Beyond lay a wide stretch of flat, uninteresting country.

There was nothing in the landscape to arouse in the mind of the casual observer any strong emotion of

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admiration or wonder; there was but little that was picturesque, nothing that could have been justly called grand. But that remote spot of Dutch ground was to be the theatre that day of a thrilling drama, which would leave its mark upon the history of the world to the latest generations.

As the morning hours advanced, groups of people were to be seen flocking towards the shore; aged men, maidens, women, and children followed closely upon each other's footsteps, until a goodly multitude had assembled upon the sand. The greater part of the company carried baskets and bundles, in which were contained the most precious of their worldly possessions. Even the little children bore some tiny burthen fitted to their strength. The men's countenances were grave; the women sought to hide their weeping, while the faces of some of the older children wore a look of care beyond their years. The younger ones, pleased and excited by the novelty of the scene, laughed and chattered as they tripped along the beach, looking now and then with half-questioning glances in the troubled faces of their parents.

Spectators, who had no part in the deep and vital interest which had drawn those people together, bidding their hearts beat as with one common pulse, gathered around; and while the features of some expressed mere vacant curiosity or half-contemptuous compassion, those of a few of the bystanders were indicative of sincere and earnest sympathy.

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The pastor advanced, almost to where the waves washed idly on the strand; and at the first sound of his uplifted voice, the confused murmur of subdued speaking, and now and then of suppressed sobbing, was hushed in breathless attention.

'Brethren,' said the calm and loving voice, 'we are now quickly to part from one another; and whether I may ever live to see your faces on earth any more, the God of Heaven only knows. But whether the Lord have appointed that or no, I charge you before God and His blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . It is an article of your Church Covenant that you will be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known unto you from the written word of God. Remember that, and every other article of your most sacred Covenant. But I must herewithal exhort you to take heed what you receive as truth; examine it, consider it, compare it with the other Scriptures of truth, before you do receive it. For it is not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick, antichristian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times; yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. I would wish you by all means to close with the godly people of England' (meaning those whom the congregation were about to join); 'study union with them in all things wherein you can have it without sin, rather than

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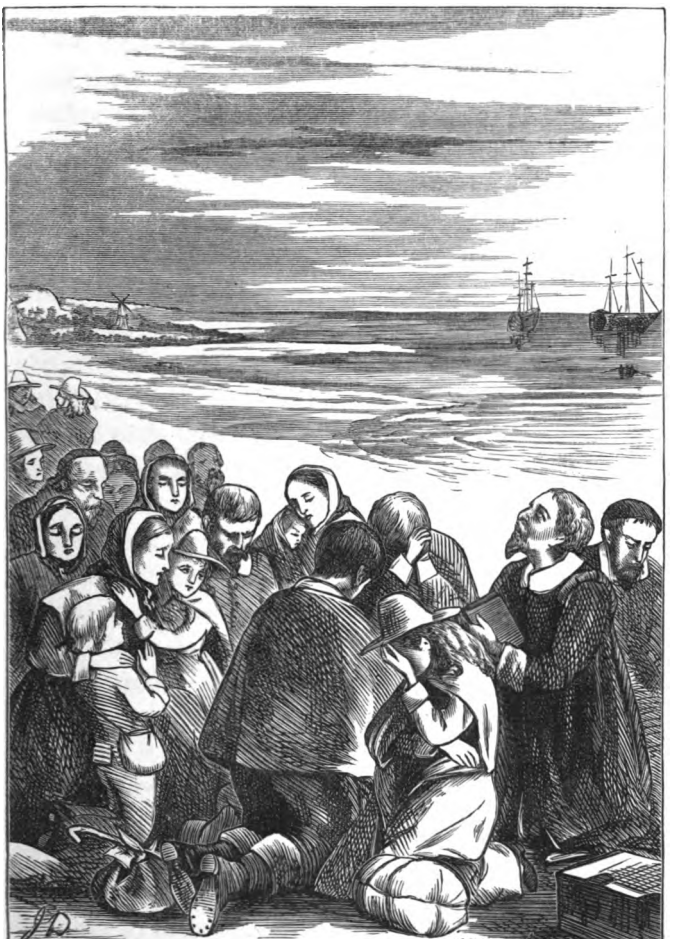

"Every individual in that great concourse, knelt upon the shore, while the pastor offered a last petition for guidance for the pilgrims."

—*Mayflower Stories*, page 45.

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in the least measure to effect a division or separation from them. Neither would I have you loth to take another pastor besides myself, inasmuch as a flock that hath two shepherds is not thereby endangered, but secured.'

Thus spoke the faithful pastor, ending his address with many affectionate words of further advice; after which he solemnly 'commended his departing flock unto the grace of God.'

His exhortation concluded, soft notes of sacred melody floated upon the air, gathering strength as, one by one, each faltering voice was added to the strain, until it rose in mighty chorus above the plashing of the tide. Wondrous sweet were the tones, for many of the singers were skilled musicians; but sad as sweet,—and so the pilgrims sang their parting hymn. A deep silence succeeded; then every individual in that great concourse knelt upon the shore, while the pastor offered a last petition for guidance for the pilgrims, and a blessing upon their undertaking.

But the boatmen who were in attendance to convey the passengers to the ships, grew impatient; wind and tide wait not, and there must be no more tarrying or delay. A few mute embraces, a speechless clasping of hands, such as even brought tears of kindly emotion and pity to the eyes of the stolid onlookers; boat-load after boat-load of emigrants left the shore to climb the steep wooden walls of the vessels, until the empty boats—empty save for those who rowed them—made

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their last journey to the beach, to return to the ships no more. A final salute from the guns of the *Mayflower*, answered by sobbing that could not be repressed from the crowd on shore—the weighing of the anchors—eyes strained to catch a last glimpse of land or sail—and the *Mayflower* and *Speedwell* had fairly set out upon their eventful voyage.

. . . . . .

The short passage from Delft Haven to Southampton having been accomplished without accident or casualty of any kind, another scene took place similar to that just described, except that, on this second occasion, the grief of parting was mingled with the joy of re-union with those brethren who now touched at an English port after their long exile at Leyden; and after a brief delay, the vessels once more hoisted sail and put out to sea. But it was not long before a slight disaster occurred, which, as it afterwards proved, was only the first of a series of vexatious and untoward incidents. It was discovered that the smaller vessel, the *Speedwell*, required some repairs, and the captain therefore put into Dartmouth harbour. Eight days elapsed before the ship was in a condition to proceed—a loss of time greatly deplored by the pilgrims, because the season was advanced, it being past the middle of August; and the longer the delay, the greater became the risk of increased perils from roughness and severity of weather. Twice were they driven back by storms and contrary winds before they lost

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sight of the Cornish coast; and scarcely were they fairly under weigh, when the captain of the unfortunate *Speedwell*, being disinclined to continue so unpromising a voyage, declared his ship to be in such a leaky state as to render it unsafe to sail further. Deeply disappointed, and perhaps not a little dismayed, the pilgrims were obliged to return as far as Plymouth to re-arrange their plans, which were sadly upset by this unforeseen contingency. Once more in port, the faint-hearted captain took his leave, and sailed away towards London, carrying with him all those whose courage had failed them at the last moment, or who, from lack of room in the larger ship, were forced to give up the expedition.

And now the deck of the *Mayflower* was crowded with an excessive freight of passengers, which greatly added to the inconvenience of each member of the company. Onward sped the solitary vessel, oftentimes sorely buffeted and distressed by violent gales, as the weather became almost daily more stormy and uncertain. Yet with the shrieking of the tempest, and its dismal howling among the sails and rigging, was frequently mingled the sound of voices loudly praising God amid the noisy strife of the elements. Once or twice, not long after the commencement of the voyage, even the stoutest hearts wavered, and the question was raised as to the advisability of return; but they persevered in faith and hope.

Often upon the rolling deck was to be seen the tall

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figure of Brewster, surrounded by a motley congregation, who listened attentively as he read words of consolation and cheer from the pages of the Book of Life, or addressed them in words of earnest exhortation. Not seldom also did the company resort for comfort to the tender farewell letter of their pastor, which had reached them at Southampton,—a letter, we are told, fruitful in good results, in which he gave them much sound and excellent advice; entreating them to 'settle their peace with God in their own consciences by an exact repentance of all sin whatsoever, that so they might more easily bear all the difficulties that were now before them, and then to maintain a good peace with one another, and beware of giving or taking offence, and to avoid all discoveries of a touchy humour, but to use much brotherly forbearance.' 'For in my own experience,' he wrote, 'few or none have been found that sooner give offence than those that easily take it; neither have they ever proved sound and profitable members of societies who have nourished this touchy humour.' He also, in the same epistle, bade them 'take heed of a private spirit, and all retiredness of mind in each man, for his own proper (individual) advantage; and likewise to be careful that the House of God, which they were, might not be shaken with unnecessary novelties or oppositions.'

The reading or exhortation over, the whole company would kneel in prayer, committing themselves and their cause unto Him who holdeth the billows in the

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hollow of His hand. In the intervals between the religious exercises, thoughtful-faced men paced to and fro, gravely discoursing of their prospects, of events past and to come, or else closely discussing some abstruse point of doctrine. But while some were thus occupied, others were busily engaged in ministering to the needs of their sickly, suffering children, and in succouring their ailing wives, who were sorely tried by what they had to undergo; though, on the other hand, many a manly care was soothed, many a brave heart rendered braver, by the spirit of fortitude, patience, and bright, loving faith which was manifested by not a few of the noble women on board. Yet more than one mother, as she listened to the blustering wind and the straining of the cordage, clasped her infant more closely to her bosom, and pondered sadly upon the dear home she had left, and the hardships which awaited her and her helpless babe in a land that seemed better suited for rough, strong men, than for delicate women and feeble children.

One of the pilgrim passengers, and one only, succumbed before the end of the journey to the privations of the voyage; and his body was sorrowfully committed to the waves, to find, beneath their changeful current, a rest from the tumult above, rest from the turmoil to come.

And thus the *Mayflower* held on her course towards the shores of the New World.



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## CHAPTER V.

### THE REALITY.

THE shore towards which the good pilgrim-ship was hastening, presented a striking contrast to the sunny beach of the little Dutch port which had formed the starting-point of the expedition. It was a bleak and desolate coast of barren sand and gloomy forest. As the small band of voyagers approached the scene of their ardent longing, their eager, wistful gaze was gladdened by no cheering sight or encouraging prospect. Everywhere, far and wide, they beheld one vast, dread solitude. Not a sound broke the awful stillness, save the rushing of the November wind among the branches of the tall trees, and the flapping of birds' wings, as a flock of wild-fowl skimmed across the sky in rapid flight. Nowhere were any signs of man's presence to be found, beyond, here and there, a fragment of some outlandish weapon, or the black remains of a fire kindled upon the shingle, and long since extinguished.

When, still tossing and heaving upon the angry waters of the bay, the solitary ship, bearing traces of



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hard usage from rough seas and boisterous gales, at length rode at anchor, a council was held in her cabin, at which all the principal personages on board were present. Some of these men had already met in Isaac Johnson's pleasant house far away, on that gusty afternoon in March, just two years and seven months before. But Johnson himself was not among them, for he had not joined this first expedition. It is probable that, being a man of wealth and influence, he had judged it more desirable to remain for a time in England, in order to be able to succour those of his poorer friends who were obliged to linger upon their native soil, or who were preparing to depart at some future opportunity.

Winslow was there, however, and Allerton, and the bold and brave William Bradford, and many other men of high courage and stern endurance. Of this latter quality they would all stand in need in no measured degree, in this their first attempt at colonization; and many of them, stout and hopeful though they were, would fall victims to exposure, disease, and famine before the shining of the next spring-tide sun. But in that first hour of safe arrival, the hearts of all were filled with thankfulness; even though they were at the same time sorely perplexed by an unforeseen difficulty.

Cape Cod, the place off which their vessel was anchored, so named on account of the abundant supplies of that fish to be obtained there, was not the spot

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upon which they had proposed to land. It was far beyond the limits of the territory for which they had obtained a charter, and much less advantageous with regard both to soil and climate. This apparently unfortunate circumstance arose not from any mistake, but from the treachery of the ship's captain, who had secretly agreed with a certain company of Dutch merchants not to land the pilgrims at the appointed place, because these said merchants were themselves desirous of establishing a plantation upon the land intended by the Puritans for their settlement. The pilgrims, however, afterwards learned to be grateful for what at first seemed so signal a misfortune; for, had they gone to the neighbourhood of the Hudson River, they would probably all have fallen a prey to the Indians, who were very numerous and mighty in that quarter; whereas the country about Cape Cod had been overrun by a terrible plague that had greatly reduced the Indians, and led them to seek other districts as a refuge from this dreadful scourge.

But this was not all. It is said that, before the pestilence broke out, a Frenchman who had been tortured and treated with shocking cruelty by a party of these savages, had told them that God, 'being angry with them for their wickedness, would not only destroy them, but also people the place with a nation that would not live after their brutish manners.' The Indians scornfully and blasphemously replied that 'God could not kill them.' Not long after this the

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plague appeared, and carried off a great number of the natives. When, before many months had elapsed, the remnant beheld the approach of the pilgrims, they saw in this double coincidence the fulfilment of their victim's prediction, and therefore stood in the utmost awe of the Europeans. But we anticipate.

Finding themselves without any legal document which could be of the slightest use to them in their present situation, the leading members of the company drew up a declaration to the following effect, which was signed by forty-one persons, heads of families or single individuals—the number of passengers, including women and children, being one hundred and one. The loss of the one person referred to who died on the passage, was supplied by the birth of a child during the voyage, who received the appropriate name of Oceanus.

'In the name of God, amen; we, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts,

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constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.'

This important compact—which, 'whatever may have been their original intention or foresight, constituted them' (the pilgrims) 'a self-governing republic,' notwithstanding their avowal of loyalty to their 'dread sovereign King James'—having been duly completed, the voyagers with one consent elected one of their company, John Carver, to be their governor for the coming year.

And now preparations were made for landing upon the inhospitable shore. The greater part of the passengers were enfeebled, many of them ill, through the hardships they had already undergone, and few were fitted to encounter the fearful winter that was before them. Sixteen men, heroic in spirit and hardy in enterprise, volunteered to make an excursion inland, and seek some spot favourable for their first habitation.

This early expedition offered little that was encouraging to repay those who undertook it for the great dangers which it involved. Drenched with spray, and assailed by the piercing cold, the adventurers had not gone far when they observed two Indians, apparently fleeing in terror at their approach. The explorers followed these men into the woods, regardless of the extreme risk of meeting with a strong body of savages—a danger to which on this occasion they were happily

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not exposed—and wandered for miles, far and wide, in the strange land. Onward went their weary feet, which almost refused to carry their wasted and exhausted frames; and on their return, after an absence of a few days, to the ship, all that they brought back with them was a few ears of Indian corn, and an unfavourable report of the country.

While these men had been pursuing their discoveries ashore, their companions on board the vessel had observed large numbers of whales sporting in the waters, such as would at once have supplied a valuable article of commerce, had the emigrants possessed the means of turning these resources to account. They resolved, however, to establish fisheries when they had become somewhat settled in their new home.

As soon as a shallop could be fitted out, a larger party landed, and made a wider search than their forerunners; but these fared little better than they had done. They found more Indian corn, but in small quantities, which they kept for seed; meaning, when occasion should offer, to pay its full value to the natives. Beyond this, almost the only resources for food were the birds that still remained to brave the severity of the season. Before long, snow began to fall, for winter was coming on apace,—and such a winter as the travellers had never experienced in the comparatively mild climate of their own country.

But yet, the faith of the pilgrims never wavered. They were unceasing in their prayers that God would

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protect and guide them in their proceedings, and after some delay, in the beginning of December, they made ready for a third excursion. The cold was now so excessive, that the foam of the waves froze upon their insufficient garments; and in these journeys to and from the ship, seeds of disease were sown which, a few months later, were to spring up and bear fatal fruits. When night came on, and the stars shone out in sparkling, pitiless brightness, the only refuge from the cruel intensity of the cold was in a kind of hut, hastily put together by the explorers themselves, and formed of great logs interlaced with branches which they lopped from the trees.

But, rude as was this shelter, it protected the slumbers of some members of the party, who slept from sheer exhaustion and weariness. Were their dreams of the smiling valleys and pleasant villages far away, and did the sound of loved voices and the sweet chime of church bells haunt their visions? As the blessed picture flits before the sleeper's imagination, the dear faces of the dream change from familiar to grotesque, from grotesque to horrible; the happy voices strangely alter to hideous cries, and springing from their uneasy couch, the startled dreamers awake to the dreadful reality. The hut is surrounded by savages, whose bodies are daubed with ghastly colours, and whose hands grasp uncouth weapons of warfare. A shower of arrows is discharged, and the feathered darts fall thickly around.

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In an instant the little band of British settlers are in movement. Muskets are hastily seized, and a volley—a very weak and ineffectual one—is fired. As the Indians hear the sharp crack and mark the fiery flashes, they fall back with the yell of a frightened wild animal; then, turning, they take flight, nor pause in their fleet career until they have plunged deep into the woods, far beyond the reach of the white-skinned intruders, who sink upon their knees and give thanks to God, who had graciously delivered them from this sudden and brief peril. Such was the history of their first night in this expedition, and in memory of this incident the pilgrims named the spot *The First Encounter.*

Again embarking in their little shallop, the adventurers proceeded carefully along the coast in search of a more desirable harbour; but a terrific storm arose, which drove them among such formidable breakers that it was by little short of a miracle that they escaped with their lives. They therefore landed upon a small island, and encamped there; for, the next day being Sunday, they resolved to rest from all labour, however necessary such labour might seem to be at a time when they were as if cast away, and forced to fight a hard battle for the bare maintenance of life and strength. But these honest-hearted old Puritans were determined that, come what might, they would observe the usages of their faith as scrupulously and carefully in that great wilderness, as if they were surrounded by populous hamlets and thriving churches. Even in that

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hour of direst need, in the midst of such pressing dangers and hardships, they ceased from their work on the appointed day of rest, committing themselves to God firmly, and relying upon His never-failing providence.

Refreshed by this short cessation from toil and care, and by the pious exercises in which they engaged, it was with new courage and vigour that they prepared on the following day to continue their discoveries. It now seemed as though they were to meet with some reward for all their anxious wanderings; for at length they found an excellent harbour, and on exploring the mainland, they perceived that many large tracts had been formerly cleared and partially cultivated. Brooks of sweetest, freshest water were also plentiful, and the soil was dark and rich. Trees there were in abundance; not only such as yielded fine timber, as oaks, beeches, and ashes, but also fruit-trees, plums, walnuts, and others as yet unknown to the colonists. Quantities of large fish swam in the streams, and everything seemed favourable to a settlement being planted in this fertile part. Messengers were despatched to the *Mayflower* with encouraging accounts of the country, while those who remained on the spot began to look about for a place whereon to plant the first commencement of their first village, perhaps of their first *town*. It was not long before a suitable locality was fixed upon and the work begun.

It was a busy scene. The company divided into

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distinct sets; some felled the timber, others sawed it into planks, while a third group carried the wood thus prepared to those who were charged with the task of building. Through rain, sleet, and piercing wind they toiled, ofttimes throwing down their tools and exchanging them for fire-arms, as a sudden alarm warned them that the Indians were not far off. Many a hoarse cough and struggling breath gave the signal of another enemy that was even then invisibly hovering above his prey—a more formidable foe than the savage dwellers in those vast woods. But bravely went the work, and it was on Christmas Day 1620 that they began to rear the walls of the first house in New Plymouth,—for so they named their settlement, in grateful remembrance of the last English town in which they had enjoyed the hospitality of their country-people.

But, alas! this gleam of comparative sunshine was only the prelude to a period of unexampled privation and suffering. The winter set in with unusual severity, and the miseries of cold were only equalled by those of hunger, for famine threatened to add its terrors to the situation of the pilgrims. The work of erecting houses, however slight and simple of construction, sufficient to afford the roughest shelter to these homeless wanderers, would have been a heavy strain upon the forces of a company of strong, robust, well-nourished men; but when we consider the bodily state of these people,—many of them already smitten with dis-

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ease, all of them trying to subsist upon very sparing rations of hard, dry food, such as ship-biscuit and Dutch cheese,—we can form some faint idea of the extremity of their condition. Almost as soon as each house was completed, it had to be devoted to the purposes of an infirmary; and before spring came—and by what would even seem a special providence, it came earlier than usual that year—there were but seven men remaining who were still able to labour, to tend the sick, and to bury the dead.

Governor Carver had already lost one of his children, a son, at the very outset; nor was it long before his own health gave way, and ere he had completed a year of office, he too was laid to rest, closely followed by his faithful partner, who did not long survive her double bereavement. And thus, houses and graves multiplied side by side, and the plantation of the new colony was watered abundantly with the tears of those who seemed to have journeyed so far merely to behold their dear ones close their eyes upon the first glimpse of the strange land. The first tie which bound the colonists to their new home was also the strongest—the hallowed spots where they had laid their dead.

Yet this sad mortality, great and heartrending a misfortune though it appeared, was not without what it would seem almost cruel to call an advantage. Had all the hundred and one persons who, on disembarking from the *Mayflower*, amid the freezing storm of sleet and rain, knelt in thanksgiving upon the shores of the

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New World, escaped a comparatively speedy death from the effects of exposure, the terrors of hunger in its most extreme form would have seized upon the whole company; and it is more than probable that those who did not die in immediate consequence of want of bread, would have fallen victims to the pestilence which always succeeds famine. Thus, all would have perished miserably, and the colony of New England would perhaps never have been founded.

It is interesting to dwell upon the early struggles of this resolute band of pioneers, and to reflect upon the bright and vivid faith which upheld them. Daily did they see one or more of their brethren fall out of the ranks, and patiently lay themselves down to die. Still no murmur was heard, still they persevered. They were scantily enough provided with the bare necessaries of life for the strong and healthy; of comforts for the sick they were utterly destitute. Slowly the winter wore on in labour and prayer, in tending the sick, and in burying the dead.

Of the adventures that varied these occupations, the following extract, taken from the journal of one of the pilgrims, will give us some idea:—

'This day,' so the record runs, 'two of our people put us in great sorrow and care. There were four sent to gather and cut thatch in the morning, and two of them, John Goodman and Peter Brown, having cut thatch all the forenoon, went to a farther place, and willed the other two to bind up that which was cut,

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and to follow them; so they did, being about a mile and a half from our plantation; but when the two came after, they could not find them nor hear anything of them at all, though they halloed and shouted as loud as they could. So they returned to the company, and told them of it; whereupon Mr. Carver and three or four more went to seek them, but could hear nothing of them. So they returning, sent more, but that night they could hear nothing at all of them. The next day they armed ten or twelve men out, verily thinking the Indians had surprised them; they went seeking seven or eight miles, but could neither see nor hear anything at all: so they returned, with much discomfort to us all. These two that were missed, at dinner time took their meat in their hands, and would go walk and refresh themselves; so going a little off they find a lake of water, and having a great mastiff with them and a spaniel. By the water-side they found a great deer; the dogs chased him, and they followed so far as they lost themselves, and could not find the way back. They wandered all that afternoon, being wet, and at night it did freeze and snow; they were slenderly apparelled, and had no weapons but each one his sickle, nor any victuals. They ranged up and down, and could find none of the savages' habitations. When it drew to night they were much perplexed, for they could find neither harbour nor meat, but in frost and snow were forced to make the earth their bed, and the element their covering. And

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another thing did very much terrify them: they heard, as they thought, two lions roaring exceedingly for a long time together, and a third, that they thought was very near them. So, not knowing what to do, they resolved to climb up into a tree as their safest refuge, though that would prove an intolerable cold lodging; so they stood at the tree's root, that when the lions came they might take their opportunity of climbing up; the mastiff they were fain to hold by the neck, for she would have been gone to the lion; but it pleased God so to dispose that the wild beasts came not. So they walked up and down under the tree all night; it was an extreme cold night. So soon as it was light they travelled again, passing by many lakes, and brooks, and woods, and in one place where the savages had burnt the space of five miles in length, which is a fine champaign country, and even. In the afternoon it pleased God from an high hill they discovered the two isles in the bay, and so that night got to the plantation, being ready to faint with travel and want of victuals, and almost famished with cold. John Goodman was fain to have his shoes cut off his feet, they were so swelled with cold, and it was a long while after ere he was able to go; those on the shore were much comforted at their return, but they on shipboard were grieved, as deeming them lost. But the next day, being the 14th of January, in the morning about six o'clock, the wind being very great, they on shipboard spied their great new rendezvous on fire, which

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was to them a new discomfort, fearing, because of the supposed loss of the men, that the savages had fired them; neither could they presently go to them for want of water, but after three-quarters of an hour they went, as they had proposed the day before to keep the Sabbath on shore, because now there was the greater number of people. At their landing they heard good tidings of the return of the two men, and that the house was fired occasionally' (*i.e.* accidentally) 'by a spark that flew into the thatch, which instantly burned it all up; but the roof stood, and little hurt. The most loss was Mr. Carver's and William Bradford's, who then lay sick in bed, and if they had not risen with good speed, had been blown up with powder. But through God's mercy they had no harm; the house was as full of beds as they could lie one by another, and their muskets charged, but blessed be God, there was no harm done.'

This unfortunate house was the *first* that had been erected in the colony.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### TREATIES OF PEACE.

WHEN Spring came to melt the snow and to diffuse a more genial atmosphere, it found the infant colony in a very desolate state. The plantation consisted merely of a few rude log cabins or huts, each with its patch of garden-ground and corn-land roughly marked out, while every one of the wretched habitations formed a miniature hospital. It had been decided at the commencement of the building operations that one dwelling should be erected for each family, and that single members of the community should attach themselves each to some particular household; by which arrangement the number of habitations to be erected was reduced to nineteen. The buildings thus formed a tiny group of human homes, nestling together in the midst of vast solitudes of forest and plain; and a wondrously small handful of people were these founders of New England, as they toiled day by day, sowing, planting, and building. Some few, but these were very few, worked with an alert air, moving with firm and busy tread. Snatches



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of psalms were often heard from their lips as they plied the spade or axe, while ever and anon they shouted a cheery word of comfort to some poor invalid sitting upon a roughly-hewn bench in a sunny spot outside the cabin-door. Others, as they slowly and painfully dug the rich and heavy mould, were frequently forced to stop to cough, or to wipe the great drops from their brow; and as they did so, the thought would arise that before long the same spade would perhaps be used to dig their grave. Even the children, such of them as were able, laboured at some light task, and the women were not behindhand in the work that was carried on for the public good. Nor did these good old Puritans forget, amid the heat and turmoil of their laborious days, to turn in supplication or thanksgiving to the Great Lord of all, who had led them to this wild land of freedom; for it was their custom to call a halt more than once during the day, in order that Brewster, or some other grave and venerable personage, might conduct a brief service of prayer and praise—an exercise which tended to the refreshment of both soul and body. And thus the toilsome days wore on,—thus were the foundations laid of a colony which was to rise to wealth and independence, to struggle out of a hardy infancy to become the mother of mighty cities and thriving towns. It may be that some faint foreshadowing of this great future was visible to the minds of that feeble knot of Pilgrim Fathers, sweetening their toil with noble anticipations; or perhaps they were wholly

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content to perform faithfully and cheerfully each day's task as it lay before them, rejoicing in their freedom and leaving results in the hands of God.

Throughout the winter, although there had been several alarms of attacks by Indians, yet no real danger from this cause had arisen to add to the troubles of the colonists. This unhoped-for freedom from invasion by the natives was due, as was afterwards discovered, to the fear with which the white men had impressed the red-skins. It seems that, on the approach of the first Europeans who landed upon their shores, the natives had charged their Powaws, or sorcerers, to bring down curses upon the strangers, and to afflict them with shipwreck, disease, and other calamities. The Powaws debated among themselves for three days, and at length announced to the dismayed savages that they had no power to prevent the white men from taking possession of the land, and becoming the masters of them all.

Amid the slow growth of comparative prosperity, the colonists lacked one boon which they had never ceased fervently to desire. They had no pastor. Brewster, who had formerly been chief elder in Mr. Robinson's congregation at Leyden, supplied this deficiency as far as he was able; but through all the long interval which elapsed before the settlers had their heart's desire—a period of some years—he faithfully kept the promise made to his pastor concerning the sacraments. Robinson had deeply cherished the wish

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to join the brethren in their New England home; but time proved that this was not to be. Meanwhile an event occurred which was destined to bear very important fruit for the welfare of the colony.

Governor Bradford, Carver's successor in office, was seated, one warm, bright day, in the verandah of Government House—that is, he was seated in a sort of shaded gallery, formed chiefly of saplings and covered with thatch, that surrounded the wooden hut which did duty as the Governor's residence. Allerton was close at hand, in the act of reading aloud the draft of some new regulations which he had been assisting Bradford to frame, when Winslow, who was standing near, suddenly started, and seized his musket. Bradford and Allerton instantly looked in the direction of Winslow's glance, and perceived two Indians slowly advancing.

Much surprised, the three Europeans felt quite at a loss how to receive these unexpected guests; but their astonishment increased when the taller of the pair, a soft-eyed, gentle-faced creature, stepped forward, and in a naturally plaintive voice said, in broken English—

'Welcome—Englishmen!'

'Now who be ye,' cried Bradford, 'that bid us welcome in such friendly guise?'

'Friendly,' repeated the Indian, catching at the word; 'we friendly, master.'

'Where learned ye to speak our language?' de-

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manded the Governor, in still greater amazement; 'for speak it ye do, after an uncouth fashion.'

'We go with English fishermen at Penobscot, great master,' was the reply; 'Squanto love the English.'

After a few more words of broken conversation,—for poor Squanto's acquaintance with the English tongue was, after all, very imperfect,—Bradford and his companions drew from him the following facts:—

Some years previous to the arrival of the *Mayflower* at Cape Cod, a cruel and unprincipled merchant-captain had touched at that spot, and by sundry false promises had induced about twenty Indians to go on board his ship. No sooner had he thus decoyed them into his power than he sailed away to another coast, and sold the poor, deluded savages as slaves. This one act of villany laid the foundation of all the subsequent hatred towards the English—a hatred which resulted in many acts of ferocity on the part of the red men. Squanto, however, was so fortunate as to escape and make his way to England, where he found a home with a benevolent gentleman, who treated him with every kindness, and explained to him how every honest-hearted Englishman detested and condemned the wicked shipmaster's treacherous act. At his master's death, Squanto found means to return to America, and arrived there about six months before the Plymouth colonists. The Indian concluded his story by repeating his assurance of attachment to the English, and by renewed offers of service.

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He further informed the white men that his chief, Massasoit, was lying very sick at a distance of some miles from the European settlement, and that none of the wise men of his tribe could cure him. But the simple Indian declared his belief that nothing could be beyond an Englishman's power, and he therefore implored the Governor to send a white man to heal the chief.

Bradford at once perceived the advantages which would result from a friendly understanding with so influential a personage as Massasoit. Peace, not only with him and his tribe, but also with other Indian princes and their followers, would be an inestimable benefit to the infant settlement, relieving the colonists from the state of daily apprehension and enforced watchfulness in which they had lived since their arrival on American soil. In addition to this one great boon, he also foresaw other important consequences which might be expected from an amicable alliance with his dark-skinned neighbours. The English settlers were as yet very ignorant on the subject of the vegetable products of the soil, and the best means of cultivating and making use of them; the Indians could teach them all this, and many other things necessary to be known. Feelings of humanity, moreover, prompted the Governor to accede to Squanto's request, and he accordingly sent Winslow, who knew something of the practice of medicine, to succour the suffering chief.

Winslow's efforts were attended with complete suc-

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cess, and the patient rapidly recovered. Massasoit, overflowing with gratitude, not only entered into friendly engagements himself with the Plymouth settlers, but also revealed a plot that had been laid by the chief men of another tribe to massacre the English and destroy their plantation. He further used his influence to prevail upon many other chiefs to join in a friendly agreement with the white men; and in one instance only did his good offices fail.

Canonicus, sachem of the powerful tribe of the Narragansetts, refused to enter into the compact, and in defiance, sent to Bradford a sheaf of arrows, bound together with the skin of a rattlesnake. The Englishman returned the skin filled with powder and shot. This strong argument worked wonders, and Canonicus offered no further opposition to the peaceful schemes of his Indian brethren.

This great point gained, of peace with the copper-skinned natives of the soil, the work of colonization advanced with rapid steps. A busy trade in furs was commenced, the resources of the fisheries were largely developed, and the cultivation of the land was conducted with far better returns for labour when the husbandmen were instructed as to the nature and properties of the native products by those who had always derived from them their subsistence.

As for poor Squanto, he remained to the last faithful in his attachment to his English friends; and his last words bear striking testimony to the character of the

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influence diffused around them by these early settlers in the New World—

'Pray for me,' he faltered with dying lips to Brewster, who stood beside him, ministering to his wants; 'pray for me, that I may go to the Englishman's God in heaven.'

Surely, in the dread hour of death, the light of Christian truth must have begun to dawn upon the darkened soul of this untutored son of the mighty forests.

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# II.

# LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

## CHAPTER I.

### NEW ARRIVALS.

TEN years have passed over before we revisit the colony,—years which have wrought a striking change in the face of the region in which our English friends have planted themselves. The wooden houses which were erected in that first dreadful winter and in the spring following, have lost the newness of their appearance, and look quite old and respectable in comparison with the more recent edifices which are constantly starting up. The patches of land, also, have a more cultivated aspect, and cows may be seen grazing in the pastures. These familiar domestic animals have only lately been imported into the colony.

But these signs of European civilization merely



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contrast with the native air of wildness; for the settlers are still fighting a hard battle with their savage surroundings, and have not yet gained the victory. Indian wigwams are to be seen here and there, for the wandering and inquisitive savages delight in gathering around the British settlements, to watch the proceedings of the white men; and a group of tents, covered with hides or sailcloth, indicates the arrival of a fresh ship-load of colonists. Many of the old faces that we first saw on board the *Mayflower* are to be seen no more; and those that remain have lost much of that prim, precise aspect that they wore of old. The features have a freer, bolder expression, and the men seem as if they had to grapple daily with hardship and danger to win for themselves and their families the necessaries of life. But the stern look of a grave and fixed purpose is there in increasing intensity, evident in every careworn line and deepening furrow.

On a fine day in June, in the year 1630, a number of persons were being entertained in one of the chief houses of New Plymouth. Among the assemblage we distinguish our old acquaintances William Bradford, Isaac Allerton, Winslow, Brewster, and others; but the principal guests appear to be Mr. John Endicott, a gentleman of dignified and reverend demeanour, and a richly-dressed stranger who has but just arrived in New England. Isaac Johnson is also there, having sailed in the same vessel with the latter individual,

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who seems destined to hold some high rank in the colony; for there is a slight tinge of deference in the manner exhibited towards him by the other persons present. He is no other than John Winthrop, who carries with him a fresh patent for a territory situated on the Bay of Massachusetts, and who holds King Charles' commission as first Governor of this new and important settlement. The land had been already purchased two years before, by a number of Englishmen of distinction, and Endicott, with a few others, had gone out at once to commence a plantation.

The repast upon the long, bare table was of the simplest character, and consisted mostly of wild-fowl, a kind of shell-fish called clams, abundant on that coast, and various dishes prepared from Indian corn, one of the great staples of food with the emigrants at that time.

'This is but a sorry meal to set before you, friend Winthrop,' said Bradford; 'but verily, our table is not used to be spread with luxuries; and if our cheer be scanty, your welcome to a home in the wilderness shall be none the less hearty and warm.'

'I thank you, brother,' was Governor Winthrop's cordial response. 'What though the fare be simple, yet our sense of freedom doth impart to it a marvellous good flavour; and ne'er hath banquet tasted better to my palate.'

'We love this land of our adoption,' observed Brewster; 'though until now she hath proved no

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over-indulgent mother unto us, her foster-children. Like a wise parent, she reserveth her gifts and favours till such time as we shall fairly have earned them by diligence and steady toil. We love the land, for the dust of many of those who have laboured with us doth lie beneath her soil; and as they have shared our travail, so do we hope to partake of their resurrection.'

'I imagine,' quoth Allerton, 'that the accounts of our prosperity have been greatly exaggerated; for the companies of English brethren who have from time to time arrived to cast in their lot with us, have been but slenderly stocked with the needful provision for the support of their bodies. We have shared with them our poor means, but they have hardly sufficed for the bare sustaining of life; and full many of those who expected to find in this wilderness a land flowing with milk and honey, a very paradise of richness and abundance, have been struck with dismay on beholding the reality. Oft-times hath it sorely grieved me to behold the young and hopeful, glowing with eager anticipation as they landed upon our rocky shore, grow gradually less strong and lusty, then stagger beneath the heavy burthen of care and privation, and finally sink beneath it, to rise no more until the trump of doom shall startle them from their long sleep.'

'Better so,' exclaimed Brewster; 'better to die on the field of battle, than to live in shameful ease

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among the flesh-pots of Egypt, tempting though the fat and luscious morsels may be. Methinks the immortal spirit will take a truer, freer flight towards the heavenly Jerusalem, through the fresh, pure air of this vast wilderness, than if it must struggle up through the sin-laden, soul-deadening clouds that hang so thickly above the old country. Oh! welcome, brethren, to this western land, the cradle of a great and glorious nation which, even as the ancient Jews, shall have God for their King, to worship Him in spirit and in truth, untrammelled by vain forms and human inventions!'

'God will we verily seek to serve, as the Lord above all, Master Brewster,' said Winthrop calmly; 'but it behoves us to remember that we also have an earthly king to obey, even his sacred Majesty King Charles the First, of whose charter and commission I am the unworthy bearer to these far regions.'

'Now God forbid that I should be aught but a loyal subject, Governor Winthrop,' returned the excited Brewster; 'but if our duty to our King and that which we owe to our Maker were always in accord, I see but small reason why we are gathered together in this place to-day. It would seem, brother Johnson, that the persecution of the faithful is like to wax hotter under King Charles than ever it did under his debate-loving father. Doubtless this is owing to the machinations of his Popish queen and her shaven minions.'

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'It is believed that Laud doth mightily influence his Majesty,' replied Johnson; 'and a bitter pill hath it been to moderate churchmen, even as to the non-conformists, that this stiff-necked zealot hath been exalted to the see of Canterbury. Sovereign and archbishop will assuredly push matters so far, that some of the best men in Charles' kingdom will be forced to make their exodus, and to raise their Bethel in the stranger's land.'

'Our Church out here hath greatly prospered since the arrival of the godly Masters Higginson and Skelton,' now remarked Bradford. 'The congregation have suffered a lengthened term of trial, inasmuch as their souls have for so tedious a number of years been deprived of their spiritual, life-giving food. But now is it otherwise, and much is to be hoped for the future. But I tell you, friend Winthrop, you will find a rough and scanty people in the new plantation of Massachusetts; you will have more to do, I trow, in governing thievish bears and hungry wolves, than in ordering the handful of settlers who have but now begun to clear a tract whereon to build their log-huts. How say you, brother Endicott?'

'Savage and uncultured is the land, in truth,' was Endicott's answer; 'and yet doth it give abundant promise for the future. I love the wild life of the woods, even as Brewster doth; for within the generous expanse of the unbounded forests, methinks the very soul doth rise to larger growth, while the heart doth

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merrily beat time to a new and glorious hymn of praise and thanksgiving to the great God of the universe, who in such bounteous fashion hath given us all things richly to enjoy.'

'But the curse of sin is over all,' muttered Allerton gloomily; 'the blight which cast its fell shadow upon our first parents, as they hastened, guilty and trembling, to quit the paradise they had forfeited, doth hover grimly even over this fair land. Death is ever busy in the midst of us; and many a house for the dead was hollowed on this lonely shore ere yet the first foundation was dug of an abode for the living.'

'He is ever thinking upon his wife,' said Bradford in an undertone to Johnson, next to whom he was sitting; 'she died, poor lady, but a few brief months after our landing from the *Mayflower*.'

At this mention of Allerton's wife, who had so soon fallen a victim to the hardships endured by the colonists, Isaac Johnson turned pale, and moved uneasily in his seat.

'My wife, the Lady Arbella,' he said hastily, 'doth seem somewhat indisposed from the voyage; she is ill accustomed to the perils and discomforts of a boisterous sea; but she will speedily revive in this warm, clear air.'

'Bring the good lady unto my house at Salem, brother Johnson,' cried Endicott heartily; 'though it boasteth but poor accommodation, yet is it the

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most commodious dwelling on the plantation; and there shall she repose, while we betake ourselves to the little township of Boston, there to choose a spot for the planting of your own hearthstone. It is scarcely fit to take a tender woman thither, though it may well suit rough and hardy men like ourselves. Come to Salem, friend, and may it prove a haven of peace to you and yours, as well as to all who elect it as their home, and who help to build its walls!'

Johnson thanked the kind-hearted Endicott, and gladly promised to conduct his wife to the house of his friend without delay; but after this, an acute observer might have perceived that he talked less and looked graver than before.

'But, I pray you, friend Winthrop,' now put in Bradford, 'tell me somewhat of the nature of your charter; for I fain would know the conditions upon which it hath been granted. King Charles hath, peradventure, weighted it well with many a restriction and hindrance to the perfect freedom which is our much-prized privilege.'

'The conditions are not grievous,' was the answer of the newly-elected Governor; 'the King is too sorely beset by manifold perplexities at home, in the heart of his kingdom, to give much heed to the internal workings of our little colony; and it is forcibly borne in upon my mind that he is glad to be rid of us Puritans upon peaceable terms. I am well convinced that dark days are in store for the crowned monarch of Great

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Britain. King James' notion of kingly power is fast developing in the mind and practice of his son, and its fruits are ripening with amazing quickness. What those fruits will be, time alone can decide. Whether the King will succeed in riding, in absolute and unquestioned sovereignty, over the necks of his prostrate subjects, or whether the men of Britain will rise in overwhelming force to wrest their liberties from the iron grasp of the tyrant, who can tell? God knoweth.'

'Said I not,' exclaimed Brewster—'said I not, nigh upon twelve years agone, in the very dining-hall of Master Isaac Johnson's house, that the time was nearly come when warfare must be waged for liberty of conscience, and for the freedom of God's people? The sound of the trumpet is already heard, bidding them make themselves ready for the battle; the hour is at hand in which it shall be decided, even to a man, who is on the Lord's side.'

'I fear me, Master Brewster,' said Winthrop gravely, 'that the question is a wider and a deeper one than even that of conscientious differences as to the forms to be observed in worshipping God, or of poising the creeds of the Church in a just balance between the doctrines of Luther and Calvin. The matter now hangeth upon the question, whether the ancient charters of our country, granted nearly four centuries ago, are still to hold good, or to be declared null and void. Who can foresee what will be the event of the



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contest?—for it will surely shake the throne unto its very foundations.'

'But the charter, Master Winthrop,' interposed Allerton; 'we have heard something of its provisions, which seem not unreasonable, and we would gladly hear from you, the bearer of the document itself, confirmation of our favourable surmises.'

'Your suppositions have not led you very far astray, brother Allerton,' replied Winthrop; and producing a copy of the charter from the capacious pouch beside him, he began to read it aloud. It was very similar in character to that which had already been granted to the Plymouth colonists, and permitted the settlers in the new territory of Massachusetts to elect yearly their own governor, assistant-governor, and magistrates. The people were also at liberty to make what laws they should consider suitable to the requirements of the community, provided such laws were not contrary to those of the mother country. The colony was also obliged to pay, as tribute to England, a fifth part of all the gold and silver that might be found in the country.

Long and grave was the discussion which followed the reading, but the majority of the party seemed satisfied. Before the little assembly broke up, Johnson had arranged with Endicott that the Lady Arbella should be the guest of the latter at Salem; while Johnson himself decided upon accompanying the rest

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of the newly-arrived emigrants to the wild and wooded districts about Boston and Charlestown, in order to explore the country, and to choose a suitable place whereon to build a dwelling, which, as the event proved, he was never to occupy.

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## CHAPTER II.

### REST IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE July sun was beating with fierce ardour upon the vast plains around Salem, and scorching the foliage of the great forest trees. Birds and beasts had retreated to the thickest tangles in the woods, and the streamlets were running low in their pebbly beds. Above, the sky appeared like one solid vault of seamless glittering blue; for no fleecy cloudlet, borne upon the wings of a refreshing breeze, sailed gently over the glowing expanse to relieve its intolerable brightness. So fervent was the heat, that one could almost have feared that it would burn the houses which lay scattered about, for they were built of inflammable pitchy wood. Some of them, however, were painted, the better to resist the searching beams, and covered balconies, or verandahs, offered some slight shelter and protection; without these defences, the interior of these wooden dwellings would have been unendurable.

Most of the houses were no better than huts; others had some pretensions to substantial comfort, and



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seemed to denote that in time, when the battle for each day's bread should be less constant and exciting, the little township would assume an aspect of something like neatness, if not of actual beauty. One abode was distinguished from the rest, both by its greater size and the superiority of its appearance. The verandah was ornamented with trellis-work, while upon the walls were trained a few climbing plants, which, however, looked parched and dwindling. Perhaps they had grown from seeds brought over from some sweet English garden far away, and were unsuited to the new climate.

Within a spacious apartment of this goodly dwelling, an apartment in which all the luxuries and valuables (but these were not numerous) of the household seemed to have been collected, sat a lady, scarcely past the bloom of youth. A small embroidery-frame was beside her, but the delicate hands were folded listlessly, and the needle lay idle upon the canvas. A curiously-wrought casket of ebony, lined with rich satin, stood upon the round table, and jewels flashed from among the rosy folds. The massive, high-backed elbow-chair in which the lady was seated, was of elaborately-carved oak, as were also a few other articles of furniture, which strikingly contrasted with the rough pine-wood benches, looking strangely out of place in the wooden mansion.

Of what could that lady be thinking, as her slender fingers toyed with bracelet or ring? Would she clasp

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that band of milky pearls around her graceful throat, or deck her noble brow with the sparkling diamond pendant? Jewels would ill beseem those wild surroundings of the far west. Rubies and sapphires were indeed to be found there, but they gemmed the breasts of gorgeous birds that flew abroad when the heat of day was spent, and evening had come in balmy mildness to revive and refresh the sun-baked earth.

Had the love of costly adornment followed that high-born dame to the new and primitive country, far from the pomp of courts, and of splendid pageantry?

Ah no! for after a while aigrette and chainlet, necklace and ring, are gently laid by in their soft little niches, and the lady merely sighed as she closed the casket, and locked it with a tiny silver key.

That fair and stately woman was the daughter of an English Earl, and those jewels had once belonged to her mother. All had she given up for the cause to which her husband had devoted himself;—wealth, ease, brilliant position, all save those few relics, sacred and dear, with which she could not part; and those few familiar objects, cabinet, table, and chair, which had stood in the halls of that stately home which she never more should behold.

Hour after hour glided slowly onward, yet still the Lady Arbella sat there, lost in a bitter-sweet dream of the happy past. Now and then the sunken cheeks flushed, and a faint smile played upon the patient lips,

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as though some blissful memory were flitting across her mind; but the brightness quickly faded, to give place to a touching expression of settled suffering. Presently she looked up, and gazed from the window upon the scene before her,—the same scene that had wearied her vision for so many mournful days. There were the unfinished houses, the Indian wigwams, the cloth-covered tents of the latest arrived settlers; while upon the sensitive ears fell the same monotonous sounds of the stroke of the hatchet and the ringing of the axe upon the stems of sapling and tree. As the Lady Arbella looked and listened, she shrank from the view of the rude farming and field operations; the cries of the men to their oxen seemed strange and frightful; and as she resumed her seat, Lord Lincoln's daughter owned to herself, with a sigh, that she was unfitted for the hardy life of the woods.

But no murmur escaped her gentle lips. She had ever smiled with sweet grace and courtesy upon all who sought to cheer and comfort her, and every little office performed in her service was rewarded with unfailing kindliness. As the summer evening drew on, she ofttimes rose from her chair, to walk with feeble steps to the window which commanded the best view of the uneven track—it could not be called a road—that led to the few poor, straggling huts which collectively bore the name of Boston. She watched with restless eagerness until the well-known figure of her husband appeared in sight, erect and active as that of the

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robust-looking man who accompanied him. Both were sun-browned, and covered with dust.

Isaac Johnson and John Endicott had been absent for some days, and now they were returning with the tidings that a site had been fixed upon for the new dwelling; and Johnson exulted as he thought how patiently and unweariedly he would labour until a home was prepared for his gentle wife. Not, indeed, such a home as that to which she had been accustomed in the halls of the Earl of Lincoln, or in the luxurious English mansion of her husband; but still a home, tight and weather-proof, in a healthful spot, and furnished with what simple comforts the struggling colony could afford.

But as the careful husband looked at his wife, and saw what ravages had been produced by sickness, even during the days of his brief absence, his courage died within him, and the chill of a terrible dread fell upon his heart. It was, nevertheless, with a cheerful air that he seated himself by the Lady Arbella's side, and proceeded to unfold to her his plans for their new life together in the strange land. She listened to all with a sad and gentle smile, sympathizing with her husband's lively interest in the subject, and encouraging him by her judicious counsels and suggestions.

'Hear her!' cried Endicott, with hearty good humour, as he paused for a moment in passing through the apartment to listen and approve; 'I warrant, friend Johnson, that your good lady will

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"They dug her grave among the pine trees."
—*Mayflower Stories*, page 90.

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prove one of the stoutest and bravest colonists among us!'

Yet, even as he said this, the conviction lay deep in the lady's heart that she would not live to behold the scenes which her husband was describing.

As the conversation continued, it took a still graver, quieter tone, and as the sun sank behind a belt of sombre pine-trees, the husband and wife were almost silent.

'Do you regret leaving your home to accompany me to this rough and uncivilized country, sweet wife?' at length asked Johnson, kindly taking her hand.

'My home is with my husband,' was the gentle reply.

The shadows of evening began to creep over the landscape, and to steal into the room where the pair still sat, engrossed in thoughtful, unspoken musings.

. . . . . .

Two toilsome, busy weeks have passed, and we enter another apartment in Endicott's house; a bare and empty-looking chamber, in the centre of which stands a huge bed, canopied with tapestry bearing the device of an English coat-of-arms worked in gold and silken thread. Several persons are gathered around, but their voices sound low and subdued, and an air of deep, solemn stillness pervades the chamber. Upon the unwieldy couch reclines the Lady Arbella Johnson; her dying eyes are turned towards her husband, who kneels beside her, voiceless and motionless. Presently

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the group divides, and a tall, grave-looking personage, clad in a square velvet cap and long black gown, approaches. It is Higginson, the minister of the congregation at Salem, and he has brought the last consolations of religion to the dying woman. The prayers are softly murmured, the holy rite administered, and one by one the bystanders step sorrowfully and noiselessly from the room, leaving husband and wife to their last interview upon earth.

The pallid lips move, and Johnson bends over to hear the expiring accents.

'You have brought me to seek a home in a far-off land,' she faintly whispers; 'I am about to start for a still more distant one, where you will shortly join me.'

. . . . . .

They dug her grave among the pine-trees, and as they tenderly laid her in the warm, dry earth, stern eyes wept, and strong men bowed their heads in grief for the fate of the sweet and lovely lady.

In one brief month from that day, the soil was once more turned, and Isaac Johnson found a resting-place near the wife whom he had loved so well, and whose loss proved to be a trial greater than his bodily strength could bear.

The house which he had planned for the Lady Arbella and himself was never built; the land upon which it was to have been erected received his remains, and in time, those of others who expressed a wish in departing to be interred near him,—for, during his life,

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Isaac Johnson had been greatly beloved and revered. And thus, the patch of ground which had been selected with thoughts of a happy home in prospect, became an abode for the dead, and formed the first burial-ground of the future city of Boston.

Such is the melancholy story of the Earl's daughter and her husband, whose graves were dug upon the very threshold of the new life that they believed to be before them. Could we search the New England records of those times, and be made acquainted with their annals, we should doubtless meet with many another episode, deeply pathetic and sad, of persons in lowlier life who encountered a similar fate, amid the hardships of the twenty years which followed the eventful day upon which the *Mayflower* deposited her first freight of passengers on the unfriendly strand. But the names of such sufferers do not stand prominently forward in the archives of the colony; and the history of the founding of Boston is inseparably associated with the touching incidents above narrated—of the rapid fading and early death of the home-sick lady, and of their fatal effect upon her broken-hearted husband.

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# CHAPTER III.

## A CONTRAST.

IN founding the colony of New England, the Puritans wished to establish a community in which there should be no differences of opinion in matters of religious doctrine. For this end, therefore, shortly after the arrival of Mr. Endicott, whose coming had heralded that of a party of emigrants, numbering about fifteen hundred, the ministers and elders drew up a confession of faith, to which every European inhabitant of New England was expected to subscribe. It was also decreed, at a general court held in 1631, that no person should be admitted to the corporation, or be allowed the privilege of voting, who had not made a public profession of religion, and become a member of some church.

It would seem as though, almost at the outset of their career in America, the Puritans began to manifest that very spirit of intolerance and bigotry, tending to persecution, which, exercised against themselves by king and bishops, had been the means of driving them



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from peaceful, happy homes in the old country; and the measure thus passed gives us some insight into what would have been, had the position of the two parties of Puritan and Anglican been reversed. Nay, a very few years were to show that, in too many cases, there was little either of meekness or forbearance dwelling beneath the severely simple garb of the Puritan. Supreme power is a temptation to tyrannical dealing which few, either parties or individuals, can successfully resist; and the great body of the Puritans formed no exception to this rule. In the day of their prosperity, they forgot the wise and Christian counsels of such of their leaders as the pious John Robinson of Leyden, and fell into the same error, the effects of which, when turned to their disadvantage, they had so resolutely and bravely resisted.

In the present case, however, whatever may be thought of their want of liberality, the right of the New England settlers to pass the enactment to which reference has just been made was indisputable. The projectors of the original scheme for emigration, the first Pilgrim Fathers, were as nearly as possible agreed upon theological questions; and were unanimous in the intention that such views as they professed should be the governing creed in their settlement. They purchased the land with money drawn from their own private resources, and thus had a perfect right to make what laws they chose for the arrangement of the internal affairs of their colony. But in their regulations

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they omitted one item which ought to have entered into their calculations: they forgot to take into account the nature and inclinations of the human heart. In consequence of this oversight, their failure in the attempt to reduce all men's minds to the same level and measure was as complete as that of those persons in all ages who had tried the experiment before them. The very strictness and straitness of the bands in which these lawgivers sought to confine the souls and consciences of their flocks, caused the fibres to snap; and those who escaped from their restraint launched forth into various fanatical extravagances. It is not improbable, also, that the impulse to cast off all fetters in that wild and free country had its share in promoting the follies into which certain misguided people plunged, leading others after them into the same quagmire of error.

The first notable example of departure from the straight line of Puritan orthodoxy occurred in Boston, about ten years after the founding of that city. By that time, a certain air of comfort and order had begun to pervade the earliest towns of New England; streets had sprung up, and rows of houses lined the now level thoroughfares.

In strong contrast to the gentle Lady Arbella, who, wearied and dismayed, so soon closed her eyes upon the dreary prospect of primitive life in the backwoods, appears the figure of another lady of a very different type—one who possessed the true spirit of an American

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colonist, and who might have served as a model for New England women of a later date.

On certain days in the week, about the year 1637, a large apartment in one of the chief houses of Boston was wont to be thrown open, in order that the women of that town might assemble there for the purpose of hearing lectures upon matters connected with religion, or rather with religious doctrines. The most prominent character in these meetings was the lady of the house, Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, the most learned and influential woman in Boston, who loved to gather around her her fellow-townswomen, and to discourse to them upon the sacred topics which principally occupied the attention of the New England ministers of that day, and which formed the subject-matter of their pulpit addresses.

At stated times, then, this learned and energetic lady took her place in a large, high-backed chair, beside a table on which were a large Bible and sundry materials for writing. The quick-glancing, keen grey eyes, filled with solemn, earnest meaning, riveted the attention of her audience, while the smooth, high forehead bespoke intellectual power of no mean order. Deep was the interest depicted on each face as the group of primly-attired women listened to the utterances of their gifted sister.

Seated at Mrs. Hutchinson's side was frequently to be seen a young man of brilliant appearance—brilliant notwithstanding the sober hue of his dress, the stiff, thick ruff encircling his neck, and the peaked beard

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upon his chin. It was in the courtly manners, and in the ever-varying expression of the youthful features, that dwelt the charm which rendered Henry Vane the pride and admiration of the New Englanders. He had taken their hearts by storm on his first landing on those shores, little more than a year before the period of which we write; and so great was the impression made by him upon the colonists, that after a very short interval they exalted him to the office of Governor, though he was then but four-and-twenty years of age. A sad career was that of Henry Vane—stormy and changeful, and destined to end one dark day, years hence, upon the heights of Tower Hill, where the comely head was laid down upon the block.

The youthful Governor, easily influenced by enthusiasm, had soon bowed beneath the charm of Mrs. Hutchinson's mental gifts, and quickly became one of her most devoted adherents. Had that lady limited the subject of her addresses to her own opinions concerning religious truth, even had those opinions been at variance with those laid down by the Puritan divines, she might perhaps have been permitted to expound them unmolested; or, at all events, the punishment of her heresies might not have been so severe. But it was her custom to select, as the basis of her remarks, the sermon which had been preached the previous Sunday by one of the leading ministers of Boston; and to expose, with unsparing severity, the errors which she considered to have been therein contained.

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She spoke with ready eloquence and a display of real talent, though these gifts were marred by a displeasing air of self-confidence and an assumption of intellectual superiority. Her ascendancy over the minds of her hearers was remarkable, and she gained many converts to her peculiar views.

Now at that period the ministers of New England took a very important part in the civil government of the colony, and we cannot be surprised that they were deeply offended at the slur cast upon them by one who possessed such wide influence, and who had even gained Governor Vane himself to her cause.

A meeting was called, to which were summoned all the ministers in Massachusetts. A far different assemblage was this from those which took place in Mrs. Anne Hutchinson's house. It was no assembly of admiring, impressible women, with a sprinkling of enthusiastic, imaginative men. This was a synod of grave, stern doctors, gathered together to inquire into a serious breach of Church discipline. It was an unheard-of thing that a woman, however learned or eloquent, should presume to stand up as a public teacher of the people. But, worse than this, she had declared strange and unauthorized doctrines, and perverted many precious souls.

'Shall a woman,' exclaimed one venerable pastor, trembling with indignation—'shall a woman be permitted thus to steal away the sheep from the fold? Nay; herself a member of the flock, is she not as a



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wolf in sheep's clothing, trespassing upon our province; and, as if this were not sufficiently abominable, is twisting the words of our faithful preachers to serve her own evilly-imagined doctrines,—doctrines which are a snare to entrap God's chosen people? Hath not the Apostle himself forbidden a woman to teach? A shame and a sin were it indeed to suffer such things in our community of Massachusetts, wherein purity of belief should be as the chief corner-stone of our prosperity. Have we quitted our native country, and the soil of our forefathers, only to allow our faith to be attacked, perverted, destroyed?'

'I protest, brother,' exclaimed another minister, 'the faith of our fathers hath been rudely handled and greatly damaged of late years. It is not only the woman Anne Hutchinson who hath made breaches in our walls. The enemy hath crept in through crevice and chink, and the godly counsel of Master John Robinson hath been sorely disregarded. He enjoined upon us not lightly to admit novelties, but to prove all things, as doth well become wise and sober men. Alas! we have fallen away from the strait rule of our professions, to hearken unto vain babblings and old wives' tales.'

After this manner did the Massachusetts ministers lament and mourn over the degeneracy of the times in religious affairs. But they did not confine their proceedings to vague regrets and indefinite longings for the perfection of past days. Witnesses were called,

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who deposed to heretical sentiments uttered by Mrs. Hutchinson; and every morsel of evidence was strictly and severely sifted by the judges. In the course of the trial it was decided that, owing to the baneful influence of that lady, and of others of less note, no less than eighty-two articles of false belief had been intruded among the propositions originally agreed to at the founding of the colony.

Long did the reverend counsellors deliberate, but after such a conclusion concerning the manifold points of error, no mild verdict was to be expected. At last their sentence was made known—Anne Hutchinson must be silenced. But Anne Hutchinson's numerous powerful friends and followers had no mind that their heroine and teacher should be thus put down. These disputed the decree of the ministers as unjust and tyrannical. Strife ensued—strife so fierce and bitter, that it was feared that blood would be shed. It was the first serious dissension that had taken place in the colony, and one which must therefore be suppressed with a strong arm. Bravely did Mrs. Hutchinson's adherents, with Governor Vane at their head, maintain her cause; but the ministers proved more powerful than they. The leaders of the threatened rebellion were disarmed and cast into prison—for prisons were already among the number of the civil institutions—and Mrs. Hutchinson and her family were sentenced to banishment.

Banishment! A fearful doom in that new and un-

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settled country. It meant being sent beyond the precincts of civilization into the lonely woods and awful forests,—being sent to brave the terrors of Indian ferocity, and the fangs and claws of wild beasts.

Forth wandered the unhappy group, widowed mother and helpless children, homeless and houseless,—banished from the hardly-won home in the newly-built city, to the woods which encompassed it as with a dark, mysterious belt. Onward went the forlorn family; and as night drew on, they were glad to find a miserable shelter in a deserted wigwam; or, when less fortunate, were fain to protect themselves from the sharp night air beneath such homely wraps as they could carry with them. Who can describe the sense of desolation which descends like a pall upon the heart of the wretched mother? The night-breeze moves sadly among the branches, and the stars shine out in solemn, soft radiance. In the distance is the faint glimmer of an Indian bivouac-fire. The stillness of the hour is broken by the wailing sound of children's voices; the little ones are frightened, cold, and hungry.

Hour after hour passes. The light is gone from the Indian encampment; the voices of the children are hushed, and it is only the mocking cry of the jackal that echoes amid the tall pines and graceful birch-trees. Then are heard strange cries and horrid yells, coming ever nearer and nearer, filling the hearts of the trembling fugitives with an unspeakable anguish of terror and apprehension. The danger passes, and they con-

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tinue their journey, affrighted, but unharmed; yet surely the risk of such perils, and the condition of utter destitution to which they find themselves reduced, are heavy penalties to pay for vanity of eloquence and pride of intellect!

But the brave and dauntless spirit of Anne Hutchinson did not long quail before the terrors of her position. Her courage had indeed failed her when she beheld the whole company of Massachusetts ministers and elders rising up in judgment against her. When driven to roam in the wild forests, whereby her children as well as herself were exposed to nameless dangers, natural instincts rose above the resigned despair of the philosopher, and the mother trembled for her offspring. Her depression and fear were of short duration, and her wonted energy and decision came to her aid in the day of need.

When the sentence of banishment was pronounced, Mrs. Hutchinson had resolved to make her way to a settlement recently formed by a minister named Roger Williams, who had sympathized with her religious views, and who had, in consequence of these opinions, and of his unpopular notions regarding civil government, been expelled from Massachusetts some time previously. The perilous journey through the woods was to lead the wanderers to Providence, for so the plantation of Roger Williams was named. But though received with a cordial welcome, Mrs. Hutchinson soon decided that Providence was no secure abiding-place

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for her and her family. She therefore resolved to travel further from what she deemed a dangerous vicinity, and to fix her dwelling-place in a remote Dutch territory. But alas! she had only escaped from the dangers of persecution to fall a prey at last to a still more terrible enemy. For a few brief years the dethroned heroine of the women of Boston dwelt with her family in peace and comparative comfort in the asylum she had chosen; then came the final catastrophe, sharp, sudden, and fatal. . . .

It was night. The full moon shone down upon a scene of domestic serenity and tranquillity. The neat Dutch farms, with their warmly-thatched dwellings and neat, trim fences, lay dotted upon the plain. Long, low-roofed sheds were suggestive of sleek, snugly-housed cattle, and strongly-built barns contained the fruits of an abundant harvest. An evening hymn of praise to the Giver of all good gifts had been sung in many a prosperous homestead, and now the tired limbs of the husbandmen were stretched in well-earned repose; sounds of life and activity had ceased, and the village was wrapped in silence and repose.

Suddenly harsh sounds echoed from the distant woods, filling the calm night-air with their awful, discordant din. Torches glared and glimmered through the trees; weapons were rattled and brandished in the uncertain, lurid light; and dreadful shadows, looking gigantic in the shadowy moonbeams, advanced with savage dance and menacing gesture.

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The Indians had been irritated by some act of injustice and violence on the part of the Dutch governor, and were coming to wreak their deadly vengeance, no matter upon whom,—upon the innocent, if they could not reach the guilty.

It was upon Mrs. Hutchinson's solitary house that their first fury was expended. The conflict was brief. A handful of women and children could do little to resist the murderous onslaught, and the pitchy wood of the doomed dwelling burned well. The yells of the Indians drowned the shrieks of their victims; all was confusion, terror, dismay. Tomahawk and clasp-knife did their rapid work; the aged woman, the tall stripling, the tender child—not one was spared; and the dark-skinned savages shouted in triumphant glee as they finished their deed of blood. . . .

When the moon had set, and night had given way to dawn, the yellow beams of the rising sun fell upon a scene of horror. Charred, blackened timber and smouldering ashes marked the spot where had stood, but a few hours before, an abode of happiness and contentment. It was the silence of desolation which now reigned in the dim light of early morning. The myriad drops of sweet, refreshing dew, sparkling in the faint sunshine, were mingled with dashes of crimson, and the long grass was trodden and bruised. A tomahawk, a plume of gaudy feathers, a broken musket, lay scattered about; while close by, in ghastly stillness, were extended the disfigured remains of human beings.

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Terrible indeed was the death they had died; but all was over, and the unconscious upturned faces gleamed in dreadful whiteness from among the tangled herbage.

Thus ended the career of the ill-fated Anne Hutchinson and her unfortunate family.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE APOSTLE OF THE INDIANS.

SUCH revolting deeds of bloodshed as the one just narrated, thrilled the hearts of the European settlers with horror, and led them to regard as their deadliest enemies the savage natives who could be guilty of such atrocities. There was, however, one individual among these stern New Englanders upon whom such dreadful occurrences produced a different effect,—one whose tender heart bled with pity as he pondered over these sad events, and who yearned to lead the poor, ignorant savages into a better way. His soul burned with holy zeal and an ardent desire to teach the benighted Indians the story of the Cross and of the Saviour's love to mankind,—to gather these forlorn and neglected sheep into the blessed fold of the Christian religion.

This man was John Eliot. He had joined the colony in 1631, and had at once been entrusted with the spiritual care of the congregation at Roxbury. The early colonists had brought the red-skins to acknowledge the authority of their earthly sovereign; Eliot longed to



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secure their allegiance to the Lord and Father of all. It seems strange that, among so many pious men, he was the first to think of bearing the message of salvation to those darkened souls among whom their lot was cast.

Throughout a life chequered with many cares, Eliot had no thought for himself. His large, benevolent heart was overflowing with love to God and charity towards his neighbour, and he soon gained for himself among his fellow-ministers and colonists a high reputation for singleness of purpose and extreme simplicity of heart. His domestic anxieties were few, for he was mated with one who was in all respects worthy of his love and confidence, and in his family he was singularly blest. Of his wife it may truly be said that she was the choice of his youth and the staff of his old age.

So well known was the generous and self-denying character of Eliot, that it would seem that those about him were in the habit of taking kindly thought for his temporal interests, which he was so little capable of guarding himself. Thus it is related that on going one day to receive his salary from the treasurer, whose duty it was to pay him, that functionary placed the money in a handkerchief, which he tied in many complicated knots, hoping by this means to prevent Eliot from reaching it too easily, and giving away too large a portion of the money before he arrived at home. The precaution proved vain. On leaving the trea-

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surer's house, the minister called to see one of his flock who was sick unto death, and greatly in need of temporal comforts. The handkerchief containing the salary was instantly produced, and Eliot proceeded to the task of untying the knots; but they were too firmly knit, and baffled his skill. After a few fruitless attempts, he abandoned his efforts, and handed the bundle to the sick woman. 'Here, my dear, take it,' said he; 'I believe the Lord designs it all for you.'

As soon as Eliot's missionary scheme became known, it met with hearty approval; and numerous ministers offered their assistance in taking charge of the congregation at Roxbury, in order to enable Eliot to absent himself, and carry out his charitable intentions. Money was also sent by religious societies in England to forward the plan.

The moral and social condition of the people whom Eliot sought to evangelize was of the lowest order. Within the range of the New England territories were to be found about twenty tribes of Indians, each tribe speaking a distinct dialect, though there was so little difference among these forms of speech as to render each one the key by which all the others might be easily understood. Nothing indicates more clearly the debased state of mental culture among these savages than the fact that, situated as they were in a country possessing almost boundless resources, they had always been dependent upon the chance arrival of Europeans

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on their coast for many of the necessaries of life. Metals of various kinds lay hidden beneath the surface of the ground on which the red men walked, but the rich treasure remained undisturbed in its earthy bed; and rude weapons and tools of stone were in use among them in place of more durable articles, the materials for which could have been so speedily obtained. Leaving the broad veins of precious yellow ore untouched, beads of different colours served these simple backwoodsmen instead of harder coin, when they drove bargains and negotiated an exchange of commodities.

The dwellings of the Red Indians were in keeping with their wild and savage habits, and consisted of wretched tents, covered with coarse matting or the skins of wild beasts, the flesh of which had furnished the inmates of these wigwams with food. Besides the product of the chase, maize formed a staple article of the Indians' diet, while water constituted their chief beverage. Surrounded by magnificent forest trees which might have furnished the finest timber for ship-building, these children of the wilds contented themselves with canoes made of bark, or formed from the hollow trunks of trees; and in these frail vessels they navigated their rivers, or ventured on the waters of their bays and creeks.

The religion of these aborigines was a kind of polytheism; that is, they believed in the existence of a number of gods, who were supposed to divide the

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earth among them, each one presiding over a distinct portion of it. Every human creature was supposed to possess an immortal soul, destined to eternal happiness or misery, according to its owner's career while upon earth; and the Indian's notion of celestial enjoyment consisted in a great feast, whereat the faithful servants of the chief god, Kautantowit, were to revel in perpetual delights. The soul that was counted unworthy to dwell in this paradise, was doomed to wander alone in restless horror for ever.

The first step towards the labour of love that Eliot proposed to himself in connection with these benighted savages, was far from being an easy one. He well knew that the Indians would give but little heed to any instructions addressed to them, unless imparted in their own language. But the minister of Roxbury was totally ignorant of the Indian tongue, which was a very difficult one to learn, as it bore no resemblance to any of the languages of Europe. Nothing daunted, Eliot hired an intelligent native to teach him the most common of the numerous dialects.

By means of hard study and amazing perseverance, he at length succeeded in reducing the language to rules, and actually compiled an Indian grammar. This done, he set himself to a still greater task, gigantic indeed in its proportions. He commenced a translation of the Bible into the native tongue; first of the New Testament, after which he purposed preparing an Indian edition of the Old Scriptures.

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John Eliot was no longer young; he had, moreover, to discharge the ordinary duties connected with his congregation, and he could command neither secretary nor amanuensis. But faith sustained him, and he devoted himself cheerfully to the great work. Early and late he laboured, allowing himself no respite, lest death might step in to interrupt his toil ere yet his task was accomplished. At last, after many years of patient, unwearied industry, he was able to lay down his pen and to declare the work finished. Let those who are inclined to shrink from the difficulties involved in the prosecution of some worthy object, and to desist in consequence from the attempt to achieve a noble enterprise, take fresh courage to persevere in the good cause when they think of John Eliot and his Indian Bible.

But, at first sight, it would seem as though his pains, though praiseworthy, were ill-bestowed upon so small and fast-dwindling a people as those few poor Indian tribes; yet we may be sure that Eliot would not have deemed his labour vain, had his work been the means of saving a single soul. Then, so noble an example of persistent endeavour for the love and glory of God could not fail to produce valuable results, even though some of those results might be imperceptible to short-sighted human vision.

Eliot did not, however, wait until he had finished his translation of the New Testament before commencing his mission. As soon as he could express himself

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fluently in the native speech, he prepared to preach his first sermon at Nonautum, now called Newton, in the autumn of 1646.

The discourse which the missionary delivered to his picturesque, dark-faced congregation, was a brief one. He described in few and simple words the character and sufferings of our blessed Lord, told his hearers of the dreadful day of judgment, and besought them to receive Christ as their Saviour. He further explained the nature of prayer, entreating them to call upon God.

At the close of his address, the preacher asked his audience if they had understood what he had spoken; and on their declaring that they had comprehended his words, he desired them to ask any question that they liked to put. Thereupon he was surrounded by curious inquirers. Some questioned him with reference to his discourse, others were anxious for information concerning sundry natural phenomena,—as, for example, why the sea is salt while river water is fresh, and so on. One demanded whether God could understand prayers addressed to Him in the Indian tongue; while an old man stepped forth, the tears trickling down his face, and inquired if it was not too late for him to repent and to turn unto God.

Eliot was a scholar as well as a Christian; and he was therefore capable of returning satisfactory replies to the questions upon scientific points as well as to those relating to the soul; and this was doubtless in

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part the secret of the influence which he speedily gained over the native tribes,—an influence greater than that of any other missionary who afterwards preached to them.

In his mode of procedure with his new converts the pastor of Roxbury pursued a course of true wisdom. He took for his starting-point such broad principles of their Indian faith as were not in opposition to the Christian religion,—such, for instance, as the powers of good and evil,—and worked up from them towards the light of the gospel. He also laboured to make the arts of civilization go hand-in-hand with progress in spiritual things, persuading the newly-baptized to give up their savage habits and customs, and teaching them better ones.

He, moreover, won their affection and confidence by devoting himself to their temporal welfare as well as to their spiritual good, thereby accustoming the poor savages to look upon him as their friend and protector in every relation of life.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Eliot was allowed to carry on his evangelistic work free from opposition; and the greatest difficulties which impeded his path were by no means those which sprang from the wild nature or the stupid indifference of his Indian flock. No sooner had he begun to proclaim the gospel tidings to the natives, than a powerful body of men rose up to hinder his efforts. These were none other than the Powaws, who saw in Eliot's Christian-

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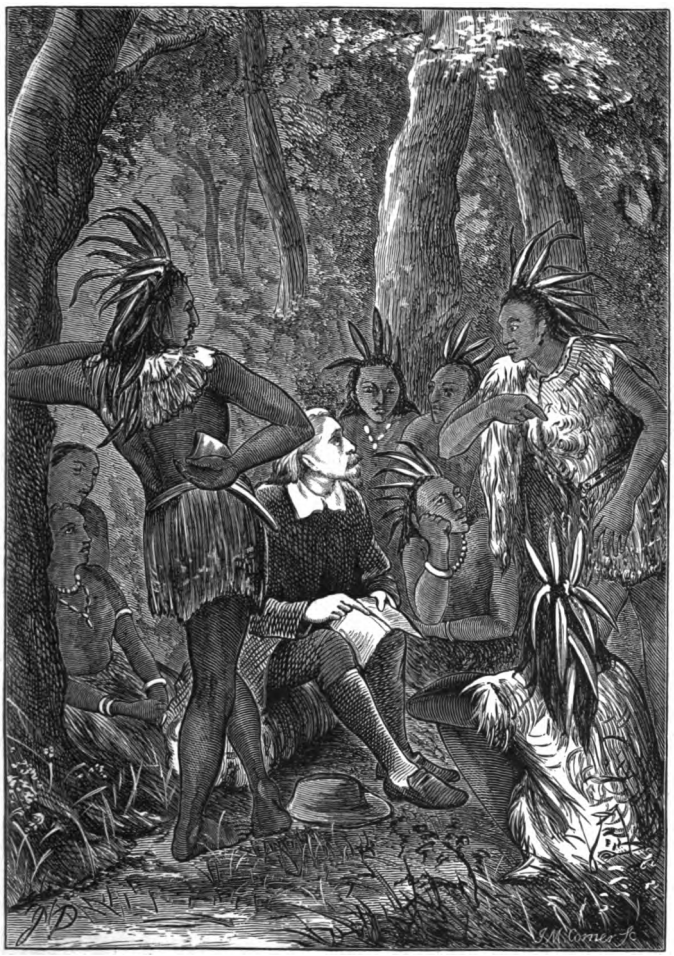

"Thereupon he was surrounded by curious inquirers."
—*Mayflower Stories*, page 111.

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izing movement a serious danger threatening their own power and influence.

Great were the perils encountered by this first missionary when, as not unfrequently happened, he was surrounded by the angry priests, deep in the woods, and far from the habitations of white men. But he held steadily on his way, 'patient in tribulation, rejoicing in hope.'

'I am about the work of the great God,' said he on one occasion to an angry sachem; 'and my God is with me; so that I neither fear you, nor all the sachems in the country. I will go on; do you touch me, if you dare!'

In this spirit he laboured on, and his work prospered.

The first Indian church was founded in 1660 at Natick, upon the model of the New England congregational churches. Other societies were built up in due time, and these Mr. Eliot visited at stated periods, though he devoted himself chiefly to the care of the first church which he had established. Ere his locks grew white and his strength failed utterly, he had the happiness of seeing the great work which he had originated flourishing and increasing; more than twenty of the Indian converts became his fellow-preachers of the gospel.

When, at length, the hour of his summons arrived, he departed full of years and honour, and sincerely mourned, not only by those of his countrymen who



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formed the congregation of Roxbury, but also by the dark-skinned natives of the soil, in whose behalf he had expended the best energies of his life.

Among the noble names which adorn American history, and of which New England may be proudest, few, if any, shine with so bright, so pure, and so mild a lustre as that of John Eliot, the apostle of the Indians.

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# CHAPTER V.

## THE RED CROSS.

THE little town of Salem presented an unusual appearance of gaiety and bustle. People were to be seen hurrying to and fro, or rather, hastening in one direction; the fields were deserted, and everything seemed to indicate that some event of public interest and excitement was taking place. All the strong, able-bodied men of the neighbourhood were clad in military costume, and the sun shone brightly upon helmet and pike. As they marched through the streets with a martial air, the women, children, and grey-haired men stood aside to let them pass, and gazed with awe and admiration.

What could be the cause of this military display? Were the people of Massachusetts preparing to make war upon their French neighbours, or were they about to fall upon the Indians, and exterminate them from the land? Hardly this latter; for many a dark, oval visage and plumed head mingled with the crowd, wearing a like expression of pleased wonder. These



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warlike movements are but as the faint foreshadowing of troubled days to come; for, as yet, the colony is undisturbed by the harsh din of war.

The commotion in question is merely caused by a muster of the soldiery to be held that day on the plain beyond the town; but such gatherings are at present a novelty to the colonists, for the little army has not long been organized;—thus their harmless manœuvres attract much of the public attention.

By noon, a considerable extent of the sward was covered with armed men, the number was completed, and drill commenced. It was a pretty sight, although the accoutrements were clumsy and worn, and the movements of many of the recruits awkward and uncouth. The burnished steel of cap and breastplate flashed like silver in the joyous sunbeams, and every face was imprinted with an expression of bold but firm and steady courage. The banner of Great Britain floated broad and free above the soldiers' heads,—that banner which they had planted in this far western land, and which they had sworn to defend with the latest drop of their blood.

The old banner of Britain! As it fluttered there in the wild breeze of their adopted country, it seemed as though each man in that small but trusty band loved every thread that was woven into its gorgeous device, and as though its folds were the talisman which would nerve them to great and noble deeds, and to glorious enterprises, which would result in the

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acquirement of new and rich possessions for the dear native country.

But there is one figure, clad in an officer's uniform, who stands somewhat apart; as he eyes the banner, an ominous frown gathers upon his brow, and he turns aside to whisper with another personage, who wears the clerical garb. This officer is John Endicott, who also holds a commission as magistrate in the colony; the pastor is Roger Williams, for as yet he has not been banished from the territory of Massachusetts.

'It is an accursed thing,' mutters this latter; 'and for my part, brother Endicott, I dare not ask the blessing of God upon the going out or the coming in of those who raise it on high.'

'And I,' returns the sturdy Endicott—'God forbid that I should be left behind in zeal for our pure religion, or that courage should be lacking to enable me to take a bold step in the matter!'

''Tis a rag of Popery,' rejoins Williams, with a still deeper frown; 'down with it, say I, down with it, even unto the ground! I tell thee, brother Endicott, it were a sin and a shame for Christian men to fight beneath the idolatrous symbol.'

'Neither will I, for one, suffer it to remain to disfigure our national flag, and to proclaim us the minions of Antichrist.'

So saying, Endicott advanced quickly to the spot on which the bearer of the standard was stationed, took

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the banner from the hand of the astonished ensign, and, drawing his sword, deliberately proceeded to cut out the red cross which formed a part of the British coat-of-arms.

Thereupon ensued a hubbub which baffles description. Newly-learned discipline was forgotten, the ranks were broken, officers and privates crowded around the defaced flag with confused question and answer; all was disorder and uproar, bordering upon riot. Had Endicott been seized with a sudden frenzy of madness? Had one of the gravest and most efficient magistrates of Massachusetts, holding a commission from his Majesty King Charles' own hand, turned rebel and traitor, without reason, without warning?

Mad Mr. Endicott certainly was not. Nothing could have been calmer than his demeanour, as he stood there, unmoved amid the general clamour, the only cool person in the midst of that surging sea of eager and excited beings. Nor does his tranquil bearing change; his air of quiet determination does not forsake him when gauntleted hands are laid upon him, and he is borne off to gaol, to answer for his audacious and unaccountable deed.

There was no more drill that day. Order was hopelessly destroyed, and the soldiers fell into groups to discuss, with grave and anxious faces, Endicott's strange proceeding. What would be the consequences of such an action? Would Endicott lose his head? Would

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Massachusetts lose her charter? Such were the points canvassed by those knots of hardy-looking, sun-browned men of the sword and pike, as they crowded the parade-ground; such were the questions repeated in every homestead in Massachusetts, when it became known that John Endicott had cut the cross from the national standard of Great Britain.

. . . . . .

Endicott remained under arrest, waiting for his trial, until a meeting was convened of the General Court; and it may be here remarked that already (1634–35) the inhabitants of the colony had become much too numerous to admit of a general assembly of all who were eligible, by age and discretion, for taking a personal part in the government, as had been the case for some years after the landing of the pilgrims. The colonists had therefore resolved to follow the example of the mother-country, and to choose a certain proportion from among the population, who should form a house or chamber of representatives.

The court was all the more disposed to deal severely with Endicott's offence, because they desired to display their zeal in the cause of loyalty to the British King. Hence it was with great ceremony and solemnity that they entered upon the inquiry.

Richard Davenport, the unlucky standard-bearer, was first called upon to show cause why the ensign committed to his charge had been thus outraged. But his innocence with regard to the transaction

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quickly appearing, he was dismissed, and the whole burthen of the affair was justly laid upon the broad shoulders of Endicott.

The uncompromising Puritan stood before the tribunal with unbending rigidity, ready to face the consequences of his rash deed, and perhaps not without a suspicion that, at heart, his stern judges did not wholly disapprove of the action.

'How now, Master John Endicott?' began the president of the court, addressing the resolute culprit. 'How now? What have you, a grave and reverend magistrate of this town of Salem, to answer for this act of violence and disloyalty, which doth make every leal subject of his Majesty King Charles tremble at its audacity? What have you to answer for yourself?'

'Disloyal am I most surely not,' was the firm reply; 'yet did I deem it right, if not lawful, to cut out the obnoxious emblem, and to trample it under foot.'

'He hath trampled under foot the blessed sign of our Redemption,' timidly interposed one of the magistrates, whose heart still clung to the traditions of his forefathers, and in whom Puritan bias had not entirely stifled early attachment to the forms and discipline of Episcopacy; 'shall not such sacrilege be visited by God's bitter and speedy curse?'

'Nay, fear not God's curse upon an action which was an honest one, and no unrighteous or profane dealing with a sacred emblem,' spoke out Endicott boldly; 'not to do despite to the cross did I cut out

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the tawdry picture. I would fain ask who first did put that sign into our national colours? Was it a pious and holy father of the Church who placed it there, to remind us, amid the pomp and vain splendour of earthly show and magnificence, that we are soldiers of a greater Captain than any who hath led our hosts to the field of battle and the plains of victory? Was it placed there in token that we should manfully fight under Christ's banner, and serve Him as His faithful soldiers until death should end our warfare? Or was it branded upon our national standard as a mark of our shameful servitude to the Papal Antichrist, to show that we, who as Britons do greatly pride ourselves upon our freedom, were in gross bondage to the powers of darkness, as embodied in the person of the triple-crowned Bishop of Rome?'

'It hath long figured in the flag of Britain,' cautiously observed the president, 'nor hath any one of our Protestant sovereigns been minded to discard it; and methinks it were an act of strange presumption on the part of Master Endicott to lay hands upon what hath been undisturbed for ages, even until now.'

'Ay,' fiercely exclaimed another functionary, darting a look of bitter anger and jealousy at the accused; 'and doth it not cast a blemish upon all of us magistrates of the good province of Massachusetts, that he should find fault with that which we have suffered in all quietness and contentment? Are we less zealous

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for pure religion than this over-hot magistrate of Salem?'

'Yea, truly,' cried a third magistrate, taking courage from the rudeness of his fellow; 'and shall Salem be the one favoured spot to be purified by what our squeamish brother doth deem an offence to the purity of our faith? Were it really for reform, and no movement of fractious rebellion, methinks he should have sought to do away with the Popish symbol from every banner throughout the length and breadth of Massachusetts.'

'I pray you, calm yourselves, my masters,' interrupted the president; 'for I am well persuaded that the action proceeded from no malice, but rather from over-much zeal for our religion. We must, however, await the decision of the English tribunal; and greatly is it to be hoped that this rash deed may not bring dire misfortune and ruin upon our fair and prosperous colony.'

And thus the debate proceeded, seasoned with much contention, and embittered by many angry words.

For some time the fate of the colony trembled in the balance, and it was feared that a terrible punishment would fall from the hand of the British monarch upon the devoted community. Charles was, however, too much occupied with the affairs of his kingdom, to pay much heed to New England politics. Thus, an occurrence which might have been followed by the most serious consequences, was treated as a trivial

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matter, and little notice was taken of it. Seeing this, the majority of the members of the General Court of Massachusetts were loth to pass a severe sentence upon one so universally respected and loved as John Endicott. They therefore inflicted upon him a light penalty of suspension from all public offices for the space of one year, and the affair soon blew over, and fell almost into oblivion.

But seen in the light of subsequent history, that cutting out the cross from Britain's standard was a proceeding full of deep significance. No shadow of disloyalty lurked in Endicott's heart as his sword did the random work; but it was the first link, though an undesigned one, in the chain of events which were to terminate, more than a hundred years from that time, in results of which the colonists little dreamed in those early days of unquestioning loyalty to their distant sovereign, and of filial dependence upon the mother-country. As yet the delights of that country were still fresh and green in the memories of the oldest members of the community of New England.

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# III.

# TERRORS OF THE UNSEEN WORLD.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE TREASURE-SEEKER.

SIR WILLIAM PHIPPS occupied the chair of state in the province of Massachusetts. He had just succeeded Governor Bradstreet, during whose administration the colony had suffered great and grievous reverses.

Simon Bradstreet, 'the last of the Puritans,' had emigrated to the New World in company with the earliest of the settlers; he had been the friend and associate of Winthrop, of Brewster, of Bradford, of Endicott, and of all those who had been most active in forming the colony and in framing its laws. One by one, this patriarch Puritan had seen his friends fall from his side and sink into their graves; yet still he



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lived on, and at the age of ninety he stood alone, the last of his generation. Twice had he been called to the chair of authority, and in the interval between the first and second period of his administration, the president's office had been filled by Dudley, a *protégé* of King James the Second. This monarch was little disposed to favour the Puritans abroad; at home, he persecuted all who thought as they did with relentless bitterness. With a view to curbing the liberties of the American colonies, he dissolved their charter, and assumed the right of naming their presidents; and thus old Simon Bradstreet lived to see the first darkening of the shadow which was for a time to eclipse the prosperity and freedom of New England: a prosperity and freedom which Bradstreet and his compeers had won by bravery, perseverance, and unremitting toil.

A strong contrast to his venerable predecessor did Sir William Phipps present, as he sat in his capacious arm-chair, on a certain day in August, his ample figure arrayed in brave attire, while the massive links of a heavy gold chain are arranged in showy display upon the rich velvet of his embroidered waistcoat. It would seem that the unwonted cares of state weighed heavily upon him; for an anxious, perplexed look contracts the features of his broad, jovial face, as he leans forward and rests his head upon his rough, toil-reddened hand. While he sits there, deep in cogitation, we will take the opportunity of giving a brief sketch of his career; not that such a retrospect is essential to our story, but

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because some of the events of his past life are sufficiently remarkable to render them worthy of being recorded.

Sir William Phipps, then, was the son of plain New England parents, and had passed his youth in tending sheep among the hills and forests of the province of Maine. He had received little or no education, and his intellect was rather below than above the average order. Yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, his mind was possessed by a strong and steady desire to improve his condition. The life of a shepherd was too dull and monotonous for his bold, enterprising spirit; seeking, therefore, a more active employment, he apprenticed himself to a ship's-carpenter in Boston.

If, however, Nature had not been bounteous to the young adventurer in favouring him with mental gifts, she had, at all events, bestowed upon him a pleasing exterior, coupled with a free, cordial manner; and these advantages aided him in obtaining the hand of a widow, who owned sufficient money to enable him to set up in business for himself. But after a brief period of prosperity, reverses came, and he lost all that he had;—all except his brave, bright energy, and strong, muscular hands,—treasures, the possession of which induced him to prophesy that, notwithstanding the present frowns of fortune, he would yet amass riches, and build himself 'a fair brick house' within the precincts of the city of Boston. In announcing this conviction. it was to no idle prediction or fortune-

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teller's tale that he trusted, but to his own honest industry and dauntless perseverance.

Years passed, but riches did not come. Phipps had grown weary of his quiet artisan's life in Boston, and sailed the seas in a merchant vessel, hoping, no doubt, to find his way to fortune more speedily in the adventurous calling of a sailor, than in the plodding trade of ship's-carpenter.

At length an enterprise which seemed worthy of his daring spirit suggested itself to his mind. A Spanish vessel, reported to have contained a quantity of gold and silver, had recently been wrecked off the Bahamas; and Phipps thought that he would be well repaid for his trouble if he were to go in quest of the valuables. He therefore chartered a ship, and sailed to the spot. But the expedition proved a failure, and the treasure-seeker returned poorer than when he went out. In the course of his travels, however, he had been told of another vessel which had been wrecked near the same spot, fully fifty years previously, and which was said to have been laden with a rich cargo of precious metals and jewels. Such a prize as this would, if secured, render the finder one of the richest men of his day. Nothing daunted by recent disappointment, Phipps repaired to England, and boldly presented himself before James the Second, who at that time occupied the British throne. Laying the case before his Majesty, the sailor entreated that a ship might be placed at his disposal, so that he could go and search

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for the costly prize. James, ever on the alert when his own personal advantage might be secured, listened graciously to his suppliant's story, and granted him the use of one of the ships of the Royal Navy, called the *Rose Algier*. Filled with new hopes, and sanguine of success, Captain Phipps set sail for the West Indies. For nearly two years he cruised about, but without finding any trace of the old Spanish wreck. The crew of the *Rose Algier* grew weary of the apparently fruitless undertaking, and endeavoured to persuade their captain that a much surer and speedier method of seeking and finding a fortune would be to turn pirate on the high seas, and plunder any richly-laden vessel that came in their way. Phipps turned a deaf ear to their suggestions, and continued his diligent search. The sailors threatened mutiny; the captain quelled their turbulent spirit. But a more powerful agency than the insubordination of his crew obliged Phipps to think of returning. The *Rose Algier*, supplied by the thrifty and economical King James, was not among the number of the most serviceable and seaworthy vessels at his command, and by this time she had become so leaky as to be almost useless. The homeward voyage was therefore commenced, with many precautions and not a few misgivings, and Captain Phipps reached England a baffled and disappointed man.

He could fain have prevailed upon the monarch to furnish him with another and a trustier craft; but James, provoked at the failure of a scheme which had



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promised him a considerable accession of wealth, declined to afford any further assistance; and the enterprize upon which the mind of the bold adventurer was so persistently bent would have fallen to the ground, had not a few British noblemen—impressed, no doubt, by the firmness of purpose displayed by Phipps, and his own confidence in the ultimate success of his researches—undertaken to furnish him, at their own cost, with a vessel sound and tight, manned by brave and determined sailors.

This time the captain was not content with seeing that his ship was well supplied with food and other such necessaries. He rubbed and polished his old tools that he had used long ago in the dockyard, and served out to his men a number of similar implements, the use of which was thereafter to appear. No sooner had he arrived near the scene of the almost forgotten shipwreck, than he and his crew set to work with saw, adze, and plane, to fashion a tolerably capacious boat, by means of which they could run in among the rocks and creeks and inlets, where it would be certain death to attempt to steer a ship.

As the stately vessel cruised among the clustering islands, the inhabitants looked on in wonder and pity,—wonder at the strange undertaking, and pity for what most of them deemed the crazy infatuation of the man who conducted it. One aged person, however, came forward with the information that he perfectly remembered the circumstance of the wreck, and could point

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out the exact spot where the Spanish vessel had sunk beneath the waves. His directions were minutely followed; but still no trace of the treasure. Down, down sank the hearts and the courage of the crew. Once more Phipps seemed on the eve of failure. Over and over, round and round the fateful spot sailed the ship. Continually was the captain to be seen leaning over the side of the smaller craft, intently gazing into the green waters: gazing as though he would compel his eyes to pierce to bright depths which, beneath the surface-glitter, were yet so secret and impenetrable. Sometimes, when the waves were still, and the joyous sunbeams shone upon gentle ripples scarce crested with a wreath of spray, the wistful watcher would fancy that he could descry the changing sparkle of a gem, or the uneven form of an ingot, far down among the sunken rocks and tangled sea-weed. But the gem would prove to be nothing more than a speck in the rainbow-tinted skin of some scaly creature darting from its hiding-place, while a sudden movement of the boat would cause the supposed ingot to assume another shape, or to vanish in the deep shadow.

Gradually the unwelcome conviction forced itself upon the mind of Captain Phipps that he must return to England, empty-handed as when he set forth upon his quest. Preparations were made for the homeward voyage, and the ship was on the eve of departure. 'Go,' cried a sailor who was idly watching the play of the waves, to one of the Indian divers who had been

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hired to fish up the sea-buried treasure—'go, fetch me that weed that is growing below there in the clear water; 'tis a pretty plant, and the only kind of treasure one is likely to find in this fool's expedition.'

The diver obeyed the behest, and plunging below the billows, he detached the root from the rock to which it clung. Was it indeed a rock? The man examined its dark surface for an instant, and then hastily gave the signal to be drawn up. He threw down the weed upon the deck, and rushed towards the captain's cabin.

'How now, fellow?' exclaimed the sailor who had ordered him to dive; 'has the greatness of the prize upset the smallness of your wits, and do you mistake the diamond-drops which fall flashing from its branches for real and solid jewels?'

'A ship's gun, master, a ship's gun,' was all that the diver could articulate, as he paused in his rapid career; then, recovering somewhat from the combined effects of his exertions and his haste, he proceeded to explain that the substance to which the sea-plant had adhered was not rock, but iron,—a cannon, in fact, though but for its shape it would have been difficult to distinguish it from mineral substance, so thickly was it encrusted with marine deposit. From its condition, and from the size and appearance of the graceful weed, it was evident that this cannon must have been under water for a considerable number of years.

As the sailor listened to the man's account, his face

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lighted up with sudden exultation. 'God grant that it may be the very spot we seek!' he exclaimed; 'but not a word of this to the captain. Dive once more, and see whether there be any other trace of the Spanish wreck.'

The diver again sprang into the sea. In less than sixty seconds (the interval seemed more like a quarter of an hour to the expectant sailor) the rope was jerked, and the signal for ascent given. The Indian was drawn up, clasping in his arms a huge, irregular mass of metal; it was an ingot of silver of extraordinary size, and the finder declared that the sandy bed was strewn with cannon, arms, gold, and silver.

'Give hither the prize!' cried the tar; and seizing the precious booty, he ran to impart the news of the discovery to several of the ship's officers. After the first burst of joy, these latter resolved to play a little trick upon their captain. Secretly conveying the ingot to one of the cabins, they so placed it that it might easily be revealed to sight at a given moment. They then sent to beg that their commander would preside over a consultation that they wished to hold.

Phipps having joined them, the officers detained him by long and tedious discussions, murmurings, and regrets concerning the weary and fruitless enterprize in which they were all engaged. The captain listened with patience for some time to these complaints; but at length, grown tired of the vexatious subject, his temper showed symptoms of forsaking him. He was

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about to break forth into an angry speech, when one of his lieutenants, by a movement of his foot, pushed the lump of silver so as to disclose it to full view.

The ruddy, weather-worn face turned pale, and the courage which had upheld the hardy mariner through so many dangers and disappointments seemed to desert him. The strong man trembled.

'For God's sake,' he faltered, 'what is this? whence comes it?'

Then they told him all.

'Now God be praised!' he ejaculated; 'we shall make our fortunes, every man of us.'

With this he hastened to give orders to all the divers to prepare to descend immediately into the watery depths. Instantly all was animation and excitement. The boats were lowered, and in a few minutes the treasure-seekers had cast themselves into the waves. Eagerly did the divers toil, and no less eagerly did the expectant sailors await every fresh discovery; for the results of the search did not belie their hopes, and the lump of silver was but an earnest of the rich prizes that were to follow. Gold, silver, jewels wrought into beautiful devices or pure and uncut from the mine, swelled the glittering heap. Wildly the sailors exulted, madly did the divers grasp their hard and shining prey. Many a fragment of decayed humanity was disturbed in the quest for spoil; not seldom was a brainless, fleshless skull mistaken for an ingot of precious metal; often was a little heap of human bones pushed rudely

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aside, or hastily scattered in the search for sordid wealth. It was as though the living were disputing the glittering baubles with the dead. But little thought did they cast to the fate of those who had once owned these vast riches, and who now lay silent and motionless upon the weedy floor, their eyeless sockets taking no heed of the reckless plunder that was going on around them. In one part of the vessel there was a pile of stone-like objects, which on being carried to the deck of the explorers' ship, and struck with a hatchet, proved to be canvas bags thickly crusted over. When the petrified fabric gave way, there gushed out a stream of heavy silver dollars.

For several days did the divers continue to fish up new treasures to add to the already rich store; the sailors shouted in triumph, and one man lost his reason in consequence of the excitement. At length, even that abundant store was exhausted, and orders were given to set sail for England with the booty.

When Captain Phipps stepped upon British shores once more, great was the joy of his noble patrons at the success of the enterprise; indeed, they showed their appreciation of his labours by appropriating by far the larger proportion of the spoil. But enough yet remained to secure to Phipps a comfortable competence, and to enable him to build for his wife and himself that 'fair brick house,' which had formed so prominent a feature in his early dreams of prosperity. King James, notwithstanding his disappointment at having

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no share in the treasure, knighted the brave captain, who returned to Boston, rich and famous.

Although now become titled and wealthy, it is nevertheless evident that Phipps did not disdain his former associates; for no sooner was his new brick house completed than he made a great dinner, and invited all the ship's-carpenters in Boston to be his guests.

After his return to New England, Sir William engaged in military exploits against the neighbouring French colonies, and conquered the province of Acadie; an achievement which won for him great fame among those who account warlike glory the sum of human greatness. But he did not attain to the full measure of his dignity until the year 1692, when King William the Third appointed him Governor of Massachusetts. Although, with his commission as governor, he also received the new charter for the colony, restricting in some respects, as we have elsewhere shown, the liberty hitherto enjoyed by the settlers, this abridgment of prerogative sate lightly on the broad shoulders of the jovial, good-natured knight; for he was on good terms with the king, with his country-people, with his fortune, and with himself.[1]

The cloud, therefore, which we observed upon his brow at the commencement of this chapter, was an

[1] To serve the purposes of this sketch, the arrival of Sir William Phipps is anticipated by a few months. He did not in reality take his seat as president until after the first council upon witchcraft had been held.

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unusual visitor there; and to ascertain the cause of his evident perplexity, we must retrace our steps a little, and take our first glance at one of the most melancholy and mischievous delusions that ever caught the human mind in their snare, and led it captive in their shameful fetters.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE PASTOR AND HIS FLOCK.

'HAVE not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?'

Such were the words which echoed with fierce emphasis in the ears of the congregation at Salem one Sunday morning early in the spring of the year 1692. The soft, balmy air, scented with many a sweet perfume from wood and meadow, told of pleasant days, bright with sunshine, and instinct with reviving warmth. The chirping of birds was faintly heard from bush and thicket, and the orchard trees were giving promise of autumn abundance in the rosy tips of the folded petals, just peeping forth from their rough green overcoats. Streams were springing joyously over their pebbly beds, dancing and gleaming in the sunlight; flowers were raising their delicate heads in sheltered nooks, and the meadows were spread with a carpet of tender green. Lambs bleated in the sheepfolds, newly-ploughed furrows sent up their fresh and healthful odour, and rural prosperity seemed to have found a home in and around the little township.



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The streets and lanes were silent and deserted; though here and there might be seen some aged man, with sparse and snowy locks, sitting before his door in the sweet sunshine, and watching the distant flocks and herds, being evidently too infirm to join the company of worshippers in the little bell-turreted meeting-house. Or it might be that the white-haired grandsire was reading in the pages of the great volume that lay open upon his knee, and explaining the strange wood-cuts with which the huge tome was embellished to some little child, standing grave and demure at his side; for the tiny, three-year-old Puritan well knew that on the Lord's-day the voice of play must be hushed, the tempting toy laid aside.

If all around was so fair and peaceful, whence came it, then, that the faces of that assemblage gathered together within the walls of the house of prayer seemed little in harmony with such a calm and tranquil scene? 'Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?'

As the preacher, angry-eyed and menacing, again thundered out his text, a scared look settled on the countenances of his hearers; and their furtive glances seemed to indicate that they feared some enemy who might even then be lurking among them, crouching at their side, or peeping over their shoulder.

'A devil!'

As Samuel Parris repeated the terrible word with malevolent accent, a universal shudder seemed to run

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through the awe-stricken congregation. Their pastor's prayers that morning had been little else than impassioned appeals for deliverance from the powers of darkness, active in the midst of his flock, lying ambushed at their thresholds, and weaving their wicked spells at their very hearthstones. But it was of no abstract influence that the preacher spoke, no subtle imagination of the heart's own hidden iniquity; it was, he averred, a dreadful, tangible reality, stalking abroad in hideous human form. A blight had fallen upon that fair land, and the sin of witchcraft—that sin denounced as deadly by the ancient Jewish law—had invaded their very midst.

The sermon which followed that strange text was long remembered in Salem. Loudly and at length did Parris dilate upon his theme; violent were his invectives, deep his anathemas. A mysterious terror seized upon the people; their nerves were excited to a high pitch, all the superstition common to their nature, and fostered by tradition, was worked upon. While they listened, it seemed as though they were held in thrall by some fascination of half-defined fear. . . .

'Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?' cried the preacher once more, with increased violence, and fixing his small, piercing eyes upon one of the female members of his congregation.

The woman was already much agitated; her pastor's strange glance bewildered her. Uttering a shriek, she

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rose from her seat and essayed to leave the building. This sufficed to bring about a catastrophe. 'Behold!' triumphantly exclaimed Parris; 'she is possessed! she hath a demon! She cannot brook the words of Holy Scripture. Out upon the accursed creature, pursue the unclean thing which hath given herself up unto Satan. Bind her in fetters, and cast her out, that she may no longer offend the people of God!'

But Parris soon ceased his harangue, for most of his audience had quitted their seats and rushed towards the doors. An eager, excited group had speedily formed around the unhappy victim, who had sunk, half fainting with affright, upon the steps.

'To the river!' cried some.

'A witch, a witch!' shouted others; 'let us burn her!'

'Away with the hag! she will bewitch our cows and kill our poultry,' screamed several farmers' wives; and the little children added their sharp, shrill voices to the tumult, making rude grimaces, and stamping in mimic fury.

'Nay, hath she not already bewitched mine only son, that he doth now bark like a dog, now purr like a cat!' quoth a stout, ruddy-cheeked woman, pressing forward, and shaking her fist almost in the very face of the presumed sorceress. 'Satan himself hath gotten her in his power, and—'

'Peace, woman!' exclaimed the stern voice of Parris at her elbow; 'such clamourings ill befit the Lord's-

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day; we will quickly take order with this accursed beldame, and may God deliver us all from her wiles!'

With this, he rudely raised the drooping form of the wretched woman, and called upon the bystanders to aid him in binding her hands until the officers of justice could take her into their custody.

'Alack! be merciful to me, a sinful woman,' faltered the unfortunate victim; 'I am not what ye think me.'

'She owns to it,' cried Parris, in tones that were absolutely savage in their exultation, and heedless of her last words; 'she doth acknowledge her black craft. Bind her with cords, lest her malice destroy us!'

'Cords will not avail to fetter her evil imaginations, Master Parris,' exclaimed a short, thick-set man, from the outer edge of the crowd; 'her eye hath already travelled over our numbers, and who shall say which of us hath been stricken by her unholy spells?'

'Mercy, mercy!' shrieked the woman, making violent struggles to free herself from the rough hands that sought to restrain her movements. 'Will no kind Christian take pity upon a miserable outcast, and deliver her from the hands of the oppressors?'

'Make her pray,' hooted a sharp-visaged man of malignant expression. 'Make her say the Lord's prayer, that we may see whether she be a witch or no.'

'Loose me! let me go, I am no witch,' protested the poor creature with convulsive effort; 'yet can I not

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repeat prayer or verse, for my memory hath clean forsaken me in this cruel uproar.'

'It is proof, it is proof! what need have we of further testimony?' cried several voices with ferocious eagerness; 'let her say the Lord's prayer, or we will have her to the water's brink ere she can cast another spell from her witch's eyes.'

'"Our Father"—oh! I cannot,' wailed the unhappy woman, striving to clasp her already pinioned hands; 'the words do dance together in my brain in strange unmeaning medley. Have pity on me, good gentlemen; I pray you let me go, for I have knowingly harmed none. Oh! mercy, mercy!' she screamed in rising agony, as cruel hands seized her to drag her towards the river. '"Our Father"—"Thy name"—oh! I cannot—oh! God—'

'Unhand the woman; what would ye do?' was demanded in a voice of thunder; and Parris felt his arm seized as in a vice. 'What would ye do, cowards and miscreants? Do strong men make war upon weak and defenceless women here in this vaunted free colony of New England? Shame upon you all, and especially upon you, a minister of the gospel, for such I deem you to be,' continued the new-comer, a short, wiry man of bold bearing and determined mien, addressing himself to the astonished and even dismayed preacher. 'Do ye not perceive that the woman is ready to faint beneath your cruel and dastardly usage? Far have I journeyed, but never such a scene have I

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yet beheld, of stout men thus handling a helpless female.'

'She is a witch,' stammered the abashed Parris, the malignant lustre of his eye giving place to a cowed expression of fear and mortification; 'she cannot suffer the test of the gospel; the holy words do drive her into strange fits and convulsions.'

'Her tongue refuseth to utter the Lord's prayer,' put in an officious individual, who had been most active in procuring the means to fasten the hands of the hunted victim, but who now slunk away, as if with a view to speedy escape; 'she hath cast her enchantments over sundry innocent children, who have quitted their natural voice and manner for the barking and yelping of curs.'

'Curs ye are all,' was the scornful retort; 'little wonder were it, then, that the offspring of such should do honour unto their parentage.'

'Who dareth thus to interfere with our liberties?' murmured more than one voice in the crowd; but the accused woman writhed, seeking to disengage herself, and to cast herself at the feet of her champion.

'Loose her and let her go,' was the stranger's command, brief and stern.

'Who is he that doth meddle after this manner with our concerns?' again muttered some of the foremost in the excited group.

'It is the prince of witches,' mysteriously suggested a bystander of timid aspect; 'it is Satan himself.'

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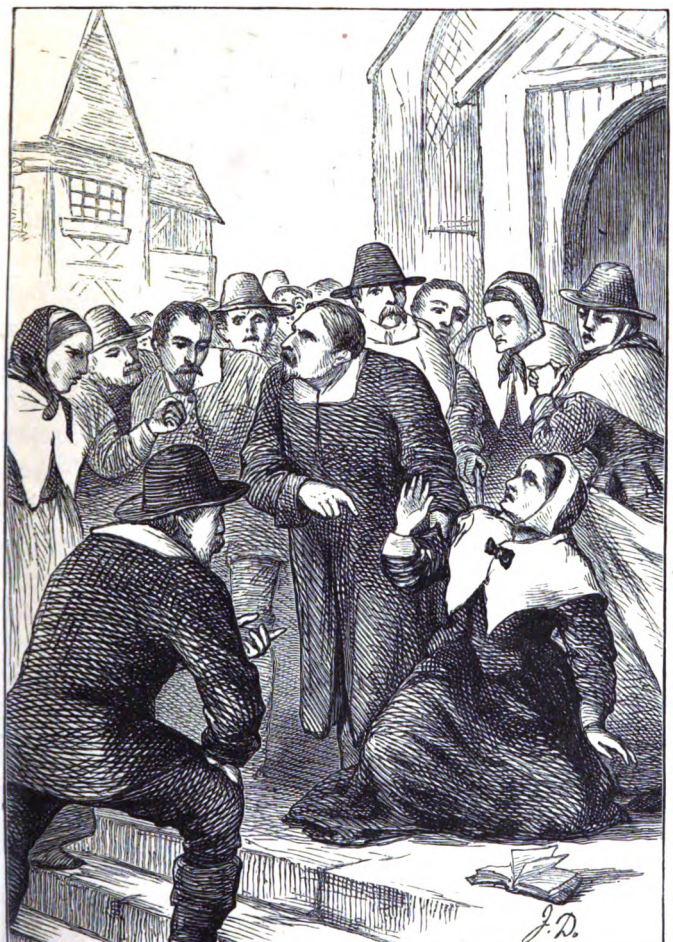


"Alack ! be merciful to me, a sinful woman."
—*Mayflower Stories*, page 142.

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'She hath summoned to her aid her familiar spirit,' boldly declared Parris; though his heart quaked within him.

'"Familiar spirit!"' echoed the stranger with scornful laugh; 'nay, fool, I thank God that I am not yet familiar with such knavish superstition, which doth cause to bind and accuse the helpless and the innocent.'

By this time the woman was freed from her bonds, and had turned to thank and bless her preserver; but it was evidently not the humour of that individual to relish the public exhibition of gratitude.

'Tush!' he impatiently cried; 'away with you, good woman; get you home to your husband and children, if haply you have any. But, at all events, get you hence, lest fresh dangers arise.'

Now, however, some of the multitude, emboldened by the stranger's prompt interference, and rather ashamed of the unmanly part they themselves had played in the foregoing drama, approached the woman, to lead her, not ungently, from among her persecutors. More than this, one of the women, encouraged by the presence of an advocate for the cause of the defenceless, advanced, and placed the shrinking arm of the exhausted sufferer within her own.

'Cheer up, sister Cloyce,' she kindly said; 'heed not the inventions of malice and wickedness. The witchcraft of which they accuse you doth dwell in the iniquitous imaginings of evil men.'



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'Sister Rebecca is right,' assented several, stirred to admiration of the woman's courage in thus publicly expressing her belief in her friend's innocence. They also felt a secret sympathy with her contempt for a delusion which most of them regarded as a fatal and terrible scourge; for who might be the next to fall beneath the fell suspicion?

'Away with the witch, away with the witch!' clamoured the mob; but a little knot of protectors had already gathered around the intended victim. Parris had disappeared.

'It is a foul plot to revenge himself upon his enemies,' asserted a broad-shouldered farmer, who at the first moment had been foremost in the endeavour to capture the witch, but who now seemed little inclined to boast his former prowess. 'Master Parris is a false shepherd, who doth let a wolf into the fold to prey upon the sheep of the flock—the wolf being none other than his own vile malice and spleen.'

'What say you of vengeance?' inquired the stranger sharply; 'what manner of pastor is this that seeketh such ignoble ends among the flock entrusted to his care?'

'There have been bitter strifes and dissensions among our people,' returned a quiet-looking man, who had hitherto had but small share in the angry scene. 'This witch-hunting divine hath been greatly worsted in the matter, and sister Cloyce and her friend did most chiefly oppose him in the strength of their own piety and godly conversation.'

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'A fair reward, methinks,' observed the stranger with quiet irony; 'a fair reward for the display of Christian graces. Is it ever thus in your good colonies of New England?'

'Nay, the power of the evil one hath surely broken forth,' affirmed two or three voices; 'little children are tortured and tormented with strange pinches and unearthly vexations, losing their natural senses, and conceiving wild fancies. It was but last week that the pious and reverend Master Cotton Mather did go and pray beside one of these afflicted little ones, and the child straightway became deaf as he poured out his supplication beside its bed; nor did it recover its hearing until the petition was ended.'

'A farce and a play on the part of the little imp, who loves mischief better than prayers, I'll be sworn,' was the contemptuous comment, as the Englishman prepared to remount his horse; 'but I counsel you all to disperse, and to let these two poor worthy creatures wend their way in peace and safety to their homes. Nay, I have bethought me—'

But his speech was interrupted midway. A firm hand was laid upon his collar, a strong arm was wound about his throat; and ere he could disengage himself from the rude embrace, he beheld two Government officials advance, make their way rapidly through the crowd, secure and lead off the unhappy goodwife Cloyce.

'They are taking her to prison to be tried for witch-

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craft,' murmured the bystanders in an awe-stricken whisper.

Meanwhile the stranger had made violent resistance to the sudden attack upon his personal freedom, and, after a brief struggle, had partially succeeded in extricating himself from the grasp of his unlooked-for adversary.

It all seemed but the work of a moment. The next instant, a heavy blow from an unseen hand had stunned the unknown champion, and laid him senseless upon the ground.

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## CHAPTER III.

### OF WITCHCRAFT AND WITCHES.

THE idea of witchcraft existed from the earliest ages of the world; and we frequently find it figuring in the pages of history as a powerful agent in the hands of the strong for oppressing and intimidating the weak. The annals of the Middle Ages, to plunge no further into the past, furnish us with terrible accounts of barbarous crimes and revolting cruelties, perpetrated under cover of this superstition; and the reality of direct demoniacal influence was as firmly believed in by the vulgar, and indeed not by them alone, as any dogma of the Christian faith.

The Puritans did not show themselves more enlightened in this respect than the rest of the world. Claiming to have established their society upon the ancient Jewish model, they had founded their belief in witchcraft upon a misconception of certain passages in the Mosaic law, and had clung to the delusion with characteristic tenacity. Nor can they be altogether blamed for this. The fatal notion had never yet been



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separated from its supposed connection with religion, and they simply accepted it as a matter of course, as an unchallenged article of common belief. When they migrated to the New World, they carried their superstition with them, though for a time it remained in abeyance, no circumstance occurring to awaken it to full vitality.

But at length the horrible cry of witchcraft arose in the land, having its origin in some trivial events, which were turned to account by persons who had an interest in fanning and cherishing the enkindled flame.

The great body of New England ministers looked upon the presumed manifestations of the author of all evil as a rebuke to the growing spirit of free thought; for already were they fain to confess with sorrow that their flocks had begun to depart widely from the strait paths of their Puritan traditions. They also regarded the revival of witch-commerce as a visible proof of the reality of certain facts which many seemed disposed profanely to deny. Some members of the clerical fraternity, with regret be it spoken—and these were unscrupulous and designing men—made use of the popular delusion as a formidable instrument for endeavouring to raise the declining influence and authority of the ministry to its former level; for, as the tendency to laxity of belief and discipline gained ground, so did the weight and political importance of the clerical body necessarily decrease, and the pastors observed with alarm that a new order of things was

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threatening to undermine the paramount influence hitherto enjoyed by them. Were not these very calculations a fatal sign that some, at least, of the Puritan leaders were themselves falling away from the old standard, and becoming the prey of worldly considerations and a crafty spirit?

The panic spread. Not by the ministers alone was the belief in witchcraft used as a tool for gaining selfish ends. In it malice found a willing servant; revenge a ready instrument. Did one man bear ill-will against another? He had but to declare that his enemy, whether male or female, had been seen abroad in the moonlight gathering herbs, or had been heard to utter words of doubtful or menacing import, and the charge of dealing with the great Father of Evil was held to be satisfactorily established. Neighbour suspected, denounced neighbour; and the testimony of wayward and malicious children was sufficient to procure the condemnation of any person whose only crime was that of old age, poverty, or bodily deformity.

The first outcry upon the subject was raised in Boston in the year 1688. A young girl, only thirteen years of age, charged a laundress with having committed some petty theft. The mother of the accused vehemently defended her daughter. In order to secure revenge, the false speaker pretended to become bewitched; nor was she content with feigning the demoniac visitation in her own person. Instructed doubtless by her, some younger brothers and sisters of this malicious girl

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adopted the same pretence, and counterfeited blindness, deafness, and other afflictions; while their natural voice was exchanged for the barking of dogs and the mewing of cats. It was, however, a significant fact, had any one chosen to take note of it, that the children's appetites were unimpaired by their strange malady, nor was the soundness of their sleep disturbed by the Satanic possession.

The alarm went forth, far and wide, and cases multiplied. The ministers of Boston met together, prayed, and fasted. They visited the afflicted families, experimented for themselves, and announced their conviction that the wicked one had cast his spells over the land. Witchcraft became the universal theme of the pulpit. Even some of the most distinguished among the Massachusetts divines committed themselves, heart and soul, to the cause; thundering mighty denunciations, exhausting grave arguments, and entering upon the crusade against witchcraft with all the fervour of vehement, passionate conviction.

But the crusade was not confined to pulpit denunciations. Civil trials were instituted, sentences of death pronounced. The boasted freedom of New England was no security for her unhappy children; and the gallows, long a hated memory of dark days in the old country, became once more a terrible and present reality among them. The stern, unyielding spirit of Puritanism, which had served as a strong cement to bind together the members of a persecuted party, was

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no whit softened or modified when directed against individual members of that very community, if any such happened to fall under the ban of suspicion and evil report. It was a severe mother, harsh and relentless towards the errors, real or imaginary, of her own children, dealing out what she esteemed to be justice, untempered by mercy, with hard and unsparing hand.

It was at this juncture that Sir William Phipps was called to rule over Massachusetts; and we cannot wonder at the perplexity stamped upon his brow as he sate, good, honest man, amid the unwonted grandeur and solemnity of Government House. It is probable that his thoughts on that occasion reverted to the days of his careless, happy youth; to the days when he sang or whistled merrily over his work in the dock-yard, his sole care the completion of his daily task, his only ambition that of possessing in some happy and distant future that 'fair brick house' which crowned the summit of his hopes. As not unfrequently happens, the abundant fulfilment of his wishes brought in its train an unlooked-for penalty. He had desired a fine house; he found himself the inmate of one so large and grand, that it seemed as if each stone were made of lead, and as though the massive walls would contract and crush him beneath their ponderous weight. On the morrow he was to appear as president of a high court appointed to judge several important cases of alleged witchcraft; and as he sighed and turned uneasily in his chair, he was no doubt thinking what a

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much easier task it would be to set to work upon the planks of some goodly ship, or even to undertake the discovery of another sunken treasure. As the large, solid hands of the Dutch-looking clock in the hall of Government House performed their rounds, slowly but surely, the bluff, simple-minded Governor anxiously reflected how few hours yet remained ere they would point to the time assigned for the opening of the puzzling and vexatious business.

But all his perturbations did not retard the steady course of the iron pointers so much as a single second. Hour succeeded hour with inexorable precision, and in due course Sir William retired to a couch which proved to be anything but a refuge of ease and repose. When he rose from his broken slumbers, it was with the consciousness that the dreaded moment was close at hand. Slowly and reluctantly the worthy Governor donned his official costume, and betook himself to the court-house.

The sights and sounds which greeted him on his passage by no means tended to re-assure him. The streets were crowded by multitudes of excited persons, talking of what was about to take place, and all of them eager to obtain a glimpse of the accused.

'Down with the witches!' cried some.

'We will see whether Satan or good Massachusetts law will prevail,' hooted others. 'A sound whipping will drive out the evil spirits!' shrieked one.

'Whipping? nay, hanging, neighbour!' responded

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another; 'nought but a stout rope of hemp will cure the foul distemper.'

Suddenly the crowd divided, to give passage to the solemn procession. The Governor advanced with measured and important step, while behind him marched five magistrates and several ministers. Chief among these walked Parris, with slow and pompous gait, his face bearing the tokens of malignant triumph and sinister determination.

The court opened. Governor Phipps was installed in the principal seat, surrounded by a group of magistrates and officers of the law. Ministers of religion stood near, in grave and earnest expectation, talking in subdued but eager whispers. Breathless crowds had pressed within the walls to hear the impeachment, and to look upon the culprits; for the trial offered more than the usual amount of morbid interest to the idle frequenters of such scenes. (New England already counted a proportion of the idle among her inhabitants.) There was a tinge of supernatural horror and unearthly mystery about the coming proceedings, which had attracted many of those who revelled in strange, weird stories; while some deemed it their duty to be present in order to bear testimony for what they held to be pure and undefiled religion. This latter class was represented principally by ministers. Few among all this concourse of spectators would have pleaded guilty to the motive of sheer curiosity; none to a desire for the

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gratification of malice or party spirit. Yet more than one face lowered darkly amid the crowd, while malignant gleams shot from eyes which in vain tried to look calmly indifferent, or to assume a merely wondering expression of curiosity.

But where, meanwhile, were the delinquents,—the formidable agents of Satan, with whose misdeeds Massachusetts was ringing? Where were those unholy beings, powerful to do evil, whose wicked spells had caused strong men to grow pale, and tender women to languish and pine? There was a hush, a pause—all eyes were turned in one direction. The witches, strongly guarded, were about to enter. . . .

Parris, seated near the Governor's chair, looked fiercely towards the door; and as the accused came forward, his dark, narrow brow contracted more closely. There they came — three drooping female forms, neatly clad, and modest of aspect. Far different did they appear from the wrinkled, decrepid hag, yellow with age and shaking with palsy, the supposed type and model of a witch. If they shook, it was with agitation, mingled with fear, indignation, and dread of what might be in store for them. When a little recovered from the first shock of confronting so great a multitude, they stood there calm and stedfast, to listen to the charges about to be brought against them.

There were a few introductory speeches, a few hurried scratchings of quill pens upon crackling parchment; then Parris stood forth.

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In a long and violent address, he represented the sufferings of his innocent children. The laughing, healthful babes, he declared, had been suddenly transformed. Their childish features had been distorted, their infant voices strangely altered; they had seen ghastly visions, their flesh was tormented by mysterious prickings and pinchings. In the middle of their play they would suddenly cry out that invisible hands were torturing their bodies, that hideous faces were pressed close to their own. When learned and pious ministers, he averred, did pray and recite portions of Scripture, the afflicted children became deaf—a clear proof that it was the devil that was tormenting them, and hindering them from hearing the words of the gospel.

Parris then proceeded to bring his statements to a more definite point, and to accuse the women standing there before the court of being the cause of all these strange calamities. More especially did he dwell upon the machinations of one of them, named Rebecca Nurse, denouncing her as the most mischievous of all the dealers in witchcraft.

At this mention of her name, Rebecca raised her head, which had hitherto been bowed upon her bosom, and fixed her eyes steadily upon the speaker's face.

'You lie!' she said in a low but distinct tone, audible in the remotest corner of the building—'You lie! and you accuse me thus, because of the deadly hate which you bear me.'

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As the woman thus spoke, Parris changed colour; but he sought to hide his confusion by vehemently interrupting her.

'Heed not the witch's words,' he exclaimed; 'she would fain cover her guilt by reviling a minister of God's holy word. Oh! thus do the powers of darkness contend with the light, and seek to extinguish its bright beams in the foul mire of their own pestilent imaginations. Step hither, Tituba,' he added, addressing one of his Indian servants, who had also incurred the suspicion of witchcraft, but whom it was considered more expedient to retain as a witness; 'or let thine husband come forward; he will surely proclaim the truth with boldness, for he hath not shrunk from bearing witness even against his own flesh and blood.'

'Believe him not!' here cried another of the victims, Sarah Cloyce, whom we have already seen among Parris' congregation; 'heed not his words, for he doth perjure himself for gain, nor hath truth any hold upon his corrupt mind.'

'Nay then, corrupt thyself, thou witch!' was the retort; 'but an thou wilt not credit him, here is one who can confound thee in thy wickedness, and that right speedily.'

'I am innocent, Master Parris,' protested the trembling woman. 'I pray you, have me set at large; I am innocent.'

'Nay, we will shortly see whether thou be innocent or no,' savagely replied the minister of Salem;

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'yonder stands my young niece, who shall presently declare what she doth know of thy black arts.'

Thereupon the accuser's niece, Abigail, a child in years, but whose unchildlike countenance seemed already narrowed with shrewdness and cunning far in advance of her age, stood up to utter her false testimony.

The magistrates seemed inclined to interpose, and to refuse the evidence of so young a girl; but the crowd, on the alert for all that was new and astounding, cried out that the child ought to be allowed to proceed.

Abigail, with the assured air of one who had well studied her part beforehand—an air which would have better become a woman of fifty than a girl of thirteen—began to relate an extraordinary story of the accused having been carried miraculously through the sky to attend a meeting of witches, where horrible rites were performed, and divers plots contrived for the vexing of God's people. The witness gave various details of the incantations and spells employed at this strange assembly, and the readiness of her speech impressed her hearers with the truth of her statements. To a less prejudiced audience, her fluency might have suggested the idea that her tale had been learnt by heart, taught her by some person who had an interest in procuring the committal of the unhappy prisoners.

As these malicious and fantastic accusations fell from the childish tongue, Cloyce trembled visibly, and

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grew paler. To the crowd, her agitation seemed to be the confirmation of her guilt; they hooted and shrieked vile words of condemnation. The uproar increased, and the Governor vainly endeavoured to restore order. Voices rose in harsh discord, accusing, disputing, confounding each other. Amid the tumult, the wretched woman feebly begged for water; she was fainting, and presently sank into unconsciousness.

'Her spirit is gone to join her fellow-witches!' shouted the brutal mob. Parris exulted in her defeat, but the kind-hearted Sir William Phipps ordered his attendants to bear the inanimate form gently out of the court, and to bring restoratives and cordials. Energetic rather than dignified, he presently succeeded in partially quelling the disturbance; and the trial, if such a mockery of justice could be so designated, went on.

Wilder and more hideously absurd became the statements of the false witnesses. Parris believed it to be the hour of his triumph. The excitement waxed higher. But, calm and unmoved, Rebecca Nurse waited until her voice could be heard; then gazing full at her accuser, she repeated her denial of the charges brought against her.

'It is all false,' she asserted; 'false, and shamefully imagined against me. You, Master Parris, have surely the best reasons for so foully belying me, and having me silenced in the dungeon, or mayhap upon the gallows. Your conscience can ill brook the sight

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of me; for am I not a living reproach, knowing that your life and conversation do ill beseem your calling as a minister?'

'Now, away with the witch!' cried the exasperated preacher, 'for her tongue beareth false and spiteful witness. The evil one hath put it into her heart to do me this hurt, and I pray you heed not her wretched calumnies. Hear rather the words of the innocent child Abigail; shall not her tender age gain credit for her story?'

But ere the thin, childish voice could make its shrill accents heard in fresh untruth and malignity, the eyes of all present were riveted upon a figure which had risen as if to address the assembly. It was the form of a venerable man, bending under the weight of years, and withered in limb. The silvery hair shaded a wrinkled countenance, but the stedfast, searching eyes were kindling with the fire of a more vigorous age. At the first words that fell from his lips every other voice was mute, for the aged speaker had once, nay, twice, claimed the allegiance of the colony.

'Men and brethren,' said Simon Bradstreet; 'what is this that ye would do? Ye are come together upon a grave matter, and one which doth most seriously affect the well-being of our state. I see among you ministers of religion; I hear the holy name of God invoked; but I would ask you, are ye indeed sure that your cause is of God? Verily, witchcraft is an abomination in the sight of the Lord, and hath ever been visited



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with the most terrible judgments of divine wrath. In the Jewish economy, upon the model of which, as ye know, our colony of Massachusetts hath been founded, there were certain provisions made for the punishment of witches; but I would ask you, what proof have ye that any such spiritual disorder be come among us in this present time? Are the statements of a few froward children deemed sufficient to establish so weighty a matter? Credit not their puerile lispings. If the sin of witchcraft be truly rife in our midst, then will it declare itself more plainly ere long. In the mean season, I beseech you, commit not yourselves unto severities which, on so slight evidence, must appear as cruelties, and which may cause our God to turn His face in displeasure from the land of our adoption.'

The old man resumed his seat.

'Nay, then,' exclaimed Phipps, obviously glad of some decided opinion from so respectable a quarter to guide him in his counsels; 'I think, Master Bradstreet, that you speak the words of soberness and truth. Verily, it were a manifest wrong to condemn these poor women, who, for aught we know, may be honest and decent persons, on trivial testimony; and right glad should I be—'

'Trivial testimony!' echoed Parris, his features almost livid with disappointed malice, and his limbs actually trembling with fear lest his prey should after all escape him; 'I appeal unto this court at large, and above all, to the reverend ministers here assembled,

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whether the witness borne against these abandoned creatures may be called "trivial." Speak up, niece Abigail, and tell us further of their wicked doings.'

'An it please your worships,' responded the girl thus appealed to, 'these witches have plagued us by day and night in divers ways, tempting us to join in their dark arts. That one,' she added, pointing to one of the accused, 'hath often entreated me to sign the devil's book, and so become his sworn servant.'

'Dear child,' cried the poor woman indicated, 'it is not so. Oh! speak not so falsely; remember, child, there is another judgment than this, when we all shall be judged.'

'Speak not blasphemy!' thundered a grey-headed minister, who had been watching the trial with closest attention, and who had spoken most strongly at the opening of the proceedings against all witches, wizards, and unclean spirits of what kind soever, and who had most strenuously urged a rigid course of conduct on the part of the judges. 'Ye have sold yourselves unto the devil; what have we to do with you and your judgments? But it seemeth to me a judgment shall surely fall upon the land if we suffer such abominations to continue. The devil is ill-pleased that the true and pure gospel doth so greatly flourish in Massachusetts, being preached with power by godly and devout ministers; therefore hath he raised up these, his minions, to assail us, and to work us harm. Nay, I would even regard this assault as a particular defiance

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unto myself; but in the name of the Lord, I will make a good fight and destroy them. They shall be cast out, root and branch, and our land purged of their wickedness. Let the ministers judge this cause, which is no civil indictment, but doth most clearly belong unto our province. Leave unto the preachers of the word the charge of dealing with the direct enemies and assailants of God's kingdom.'

'Our venerable brother is right,' exclaimed Parris; 'he speaketh well. How say you, your Excellency, is not this a wise and reasonable proposal?'

The Governor turned to his nearest neighbours with an evident expression of relief, and whispered for a few moments.

'I consent,' he presently declared. 'Let a council of ministers be called to deal with this matter. Until then, let the accused be remanded unto prison, to await the decision of the reverend council. And,' added the kind-hearted knight in an undertone to one of the warders, 'see they be treated with as much leniency as may be while sentence is pending.'

And so the question of witchcraft, thus revived in New England, in place of being quashed by timely and resolute action, such as would have been heartily seconded by the majority of the people, was cherished and raised to high importance, by being placed for judgment in the hands of those who had most interest in perpetuating the contemptible but mischievous superstition.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### A MOONLIGHT RIDE.

'AY, strange that the sun should shine so brightly over field and forest, and all look so gay and cheery, when the darkest days that our colony has known are beginning to cast their thick and gloomy shadow over the land.'

Thus spoke a matronly woman who was standing at the gate of a neat homestead, towards sunset on a lovely and tranquil afternoon in early autumn. As she uttered the words, she raised her hand to shade her eyes from the golden glare, and looking over the wide expanse of meadow and woodland, seemed to be expecting the return of some one. At her side, and clinging to her skirts, was a rosy-faced baby of three; while through the open door of the wooden dwelling could be seen an older child, a girl of some ten or twelve years, spreading a substantial-looking table with materials for the evening meal. Crouching on the threshold, his nose half buried in his huge paws, was a great, shaggy dog, apparently asleep; though at any unusual sound the red eyes opened, and the ragged



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ears were on the alert. 'Dark days,' repeated the mother, still straining her gaze in the direction of the township of Salem. 'It is time that my husband returned,' she added; 'he said he would be here, God willing, ere the sun should have set behind the wood.'

'They are certainly dangerous days for the unwary traveller,' returned a man at her elbow, in whom we recognise the stranger who had been so roughly handled on the occasion of goodwife Cloyce's arrest; 'my poor bones do still bear in painful remembrance the somewhat untender nature of my reception in Salem. The town doth sadly belie its name, for little of peace doth there seem to be within its log-built walls.'

'Peaceful was it until lately,' replied the woman; 'nay, a very paradise of harmony and concord. But things changed when Master Parris came to Salem. A strife arose between him and my husband; and I would venture to say that in these present troubles of witchcraft, jealousy hath done more on his part than any belief in the reality of the alleged afflictions to fan the flame of superstition and vulgar terror.'

'What!' cried the stranger; 'is it possible that any man could be so wicked as out of sheer malice and jealousy to bring destruction upon numbers of his fellow-beings?'

'You speak thus to prove me,' replied goodwife Burroughs, for such was the name of the woman, who now slowly turned to re-enter the house; 'you cannot

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surely be ignorant that no stronger motives than these have brought about some of the greatest public calamities in the world's history. Why, what stronger passions are there in the human heart to call forth all that is worst and blackest in that deceitful member? But come, the meal is nearly prepared; I bid you welcome to our poor table, sir. George is late, mother,' she observed to an aged woman who sate in an elbow-chair in the wide chimney-corner, near a blazing fire of pine-logs; 'but he will not tarry long behind his time.'

'You interested me by what you were saying ere you bade us to table,' pursued the stranger, whom we will call John Luscombe; 'and I would fain know the ground of dispute from which have sprung such fell consequences.'

'It was nothing very remarkable or very difficult of explanation,' answered goodwife Burroughs; 'Parris looks upon my husband as his rival. You may be aware that Parris is minister of the congregation at Salem; but it were greatly to be wished that his behaviour and conversation were more agreeable unto his calling and profession; for his example is far from tending to the edification of his flock. Some years ago, my husband preached at Salem, and his words and bearing did so greatly recommend him unto the congregation, that the larger number desired him to settle among them. There ensued a division among the people, and Parris never forgave either my husband

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or those who desired his presence among them. May God forgive me if I misjudge him, but I am firmly persuaded that he is using this cry of witchcraft as a handle whereby he may wreak his vengeance, and punish those whom he esteems his enemies. Some of the persons who, at his instance, are at this moment most hotly pursued, are of the number of my husband's friends, and of those whose Christian walk is most conformable unto their profession. But that is my husband's voice without; he will be here anon.'

As Burroughs entered, a glance at his countenance sufficed to show that he was the bearer of no good tidings. After briefly saluting his guest and the members of his family, he seated himself at table, and the meal commenced in silence. He only roused himself from his absent mood once, and then it was to lift his youngest child to his knee, after which he relapsed into his former taciturnity. Presently he pushed his plate away. 'Matters are going badly,' he said, with a deep sigh.

'Have these sapient hunters of witches started fresh game?' asked Luscombe lightly. 'I had imagined from all accounts that this New World had been supplied in sufficient abundance with such commodity, without recourse being had for sport to its good citizens.'

'Jest not on so sore a matter,' reproved Burroughs with some asperity; 'this singular and grievous malady of men's minds is much on the increase. Bitter indeed

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is it to me to see my brethren in the ministry giving their favour and countenance unto so gross a superstition.'

'It is a judgment,' suddenly spoke the ancient dame in the chimney-corner, raising her head, and spreading out her hands before her in earnest deprecation.

'Ay, then; how now, good mother?' said the minister soothingly; 'truly, our national sins may be many, but hardly such as to bring down so signal a punishment upon our land. I should rather attribute it unto the malignity of a few and the ignorance of many; from which ignorance may it please our God shortly to set us free, by sending among us the pure light of His word in ever-increasing effulgence. The Lord is faithful, and His anger shall endure but for a season. Doubtless it is in inscrutable love that He doth permit us so to be plagued, and we must take His corrections with meekness.'

'Son George, it is a judgment,' repeated the aged woman with increased energy; 'the Almighty is wroth, and therefore doth He so visit us. This colony was founded in sin and rooted in iniquity; the fruits of sin are sorrow, and the wages of iniquity destruction.'

'Heaven forbid!' breathed the mother of the household, in an undertone, glancing quickly towards her husband; 'our New Englanders are a God-fearing people.'

'God-fearing?' echoed the grandmother in an accent of scorn; 'they would fear God in their own way,

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forsooth, setting aside His divine ordinances; they are reaping their reward—and it is well.'

'Is not your judgment something severe, madam?' asked the guest in a tone of deference; 'was not the sin to which, I opine, your words do point, forced upon the founders of this colony?'

'They were guilty of schism, John Luscombe,' was the stern reply; 'can aught of blessing attend their steps? My mother, who followed her husband unto this far country through wifely duty, hath often told me how her heart misgave her that the movement was not of God. Well do I mind me how she would relate at large the incidents of those sad times. She dwelt in the household of the old Lord Lincoln, and when his daughter, the Lady Arbella, espoused Master Isaac Johnson, my mother went with her to her new home. An honest and a godly man was Master Johnson, and a good husband withal; and deeply did his lady wife love him, they say. But he took up the new notions of disloyalty to Church and king, and the blessing departed from his house. Full often have I heard my mother tell of the day when he acquainted the Lady Arbella with his resolve to quit his native land, and cast in his lot with the pilgrims. "Canst thou make up thy mind to follow thy husband, sweet wife, beyond the seas, through peril unto hardship?" And she laid her hand in his. "Thou art my husband," she said; "where thou goest, I will go." But her heart was broken. Maybe it was full as much

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grief for Master Johnson's falling away and desertion of his Church, as hardship and homesickness, that sent the poor lady to her early grave in the wilderness. They forsook God, and now hath God forsaken them.'

'Prithee, say not so, mother,' interposed Burroughs respectfully; 'it was no defection, but a righteous protest against the tendency towards Antichrist which was creeping into our Church, and threatening to overturn all the work of the blessed Reformation. We asked for freedom of conscience, and they put us in prison or drove us into exile.'

'And what are prisons and exile, that they should make men turn traitors unto their Church?' retorted the dame, with a degree of energy remarkable for her years. 'Schismatics are ye, every one of you. Who consecrates your churches, who celebrates the holy rites, who ordains your ministers? Ay, the ministers, son George? Child of mine though ye be, yet never will I acknowledge your right to exercise the holy functions. Usurpers are ye, all the sort of you; preachers without a licence, sacrilegious sons of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, who, with their company, were swallowed up in the yawning jaws of the earth! Can a blessing be the fruit of such evil blossom?' demanded the staunch old Episcopalian with kindling eye.

As his mother thus spoke, Burroughs breathed a heavy sigh.

'If we so regarded it,' he gently replied, 'should we

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dare to stand before our congregations? We have laboured for liberty of conscience and purity of religion. Our trust is in the Most High, who will not always be chiding, neither keepeth He His anger for ever. But the cloud hovers darkly above us—'

'Have you learned any fresh tidings of weighty import, husband?' now inquired the minister's wife, who had hitherto been occupied in superintending sundry housewifely duties, performed by her elder child.

'The cry of witchcraft is heard through the country in all quarters,' was the answer; 'several executions have already taken place, and more will certainly follow. No one is safe. A word, a look—God knows how slight a sign—may be taken as a fatal indication. Not a pulpit but doth echo with denunciations. The Governor is fairly puzzled, and hath called a council of ministers. Little doubt of their verdict. All their testimony doth go but the one way, and so the wretched infatuation doth gain breadth and strength. Children witness against their parents, husband against wife. If neighbour have aught against neighbour, he hath but to breathe the suspicion, and his wrongs are amply avenged. My former rival—for in such light doth he view himself—is working in the cause as if mad; but I sore misdoubt the alleged afflictions of his children. If it be as I surmise, he hath much to answer for. But whither will not a man's blind passion of revenge and jealousy lead him? They say

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that torture is soon to be used as an incitement unto confession; if this be true, may the Lord have mercy upon us, for we are undone. The judges have recently taken the testimony of a child only seven years of age against her own mother, and the unhappy mother hath been condemned upon the accusation of her sons, whom the magistrate had ordered to be tied neck and heels until they could no longer endure the torment thereof. It is dreadful!'

As Burroughs spoke, his wife clasped her youngest-born more closely in her arms, and an involuntary shudder shook her frame.

'Methinks,' she observed, 'that the pangs thus inflicted upon the mother's heart would be sharper and more deadly than any inflicted by torturer or hangman. God succour our unhappy country!'

'It is a judgment—a judgment,' muttered the aged occupant of the chimney-corner, who, after her somewhat long discourse, had sunk into a state between sleeping and waking—'a judgment. Doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth. Judgment must ever follow sin.'

'I must see that the horse and cattle have their fodder,' said Burroughs, rising from his seat; 'I pray you, good friend, to excuse me.'

And he quitted the room.

'I fear me, my husband is over bold in thus speaking his mind, and professing his unbelief in the doctrine of witchcraft,' sighed goodwife Burroughs. 'The other

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ministers are strong in their pursuance of the matter, and opposition is but ill-relished by them. It were well to have a care. But hear you not the tramp of horses' feet?' she suddenly exclaimed. 'Who travels so late in these unsettled times?'

The tramp came nearer; firm and heavy the sound of iron-shod hoofs rang out upon the silence of the night. A sudden dread seized the heart of the pastor's wife; and as the horses were heard to halt, and an impatient hand rapped at the gate, she seemed ready to swoon.

'Do not fear,' said Luscombe kindly; 'I will ask the business of these belated visitors;' and quietly possessing himself of his pistols, he quitted the room.

Meanwhile the knocking became louder, and angry voices were heard demanding the cause of the delay in answering their summons.

On stepping across the threshold, Luscombe encountered three men, two of whom were on horseback; the third had dismounted, and thrown the reins over the gate-post. He held in his hand a roll of parchment, which glittered in the moonlight; for that luminary had not long risen, and now beamed broad and red above the horizon.

'What may be your errand?' inquired Luscombe briefly.

'We seek Master George Burroughs,' replied the spokesman. 'Are you he?'

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'What want you of Master George Burroughs?' was the evasive rejoinder.

'That is not Burroughs,' gruffly put in one of the men on horseback. 'It is—'

'Ha!' cried John Luscombe, interrupting him, 'I think we have met before, friend; I believe I am indebted to your gallant arm for the blow which levelled me with the dust of your heroic land the other day. An it like you to descend from your steed, I will even now acquit myself of the obligation.'

'Come, come, no talk of fighting,' cried the man with the parchment, who seemed to be in command of the other two; 'where is Master George Burroughs? Tell us that, in order that we may proceed with our business.'

'Here is George Burroughs,' said a mild voice close at hand; 'I pray you, what may be your business? I trust it is not such as shall hinder you from alighting, and partaking of my poor hospitality.'

'We are in haste,' answered the chief, speaking in an embarrassed and half-mollified tone; 'but we must ask you to come with us, Master Burroughs.'

'And to what end, good sir?' asked the pastor with unmoved tranquillity.

'You will learn that soon enough,' replied the man with surly impatience; 'it is not my business to stand parleying.'

'But surely, friend,' persisted Burroughs, 'it is in some measure unreasonable to call upon me to accompany you at this hour of the night to an unknown

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destination on an unrevealed errand. Willard, is that you?' he added, in some surprise, as the third member of the party, who had not yet spoken, now sprang from his horse, which he had reined up close to the palings, and, under pretence of doing something to the saddle-girth, was endeavouring by mysterious signs to attract Burroughs' attention.

'Master Burroughs,' said the man in a rapid undertone, 'they are come to arrest you, and I would fain be of service to you. Let yonder hot-headed stranger engage them in an altercation—an affray, if need be—and do you meanwhile escape. I will take care that you shall not be caught; for I will play them false, and lead them far afield in their pursuit.'

'"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion,"' was Burroughs' stern and unlooked-for rebuke. 'Sore doth it grieve me, John Willard, to behold you in such company, on such a business. You, once one of my own flock, one of the children of my prayers—you consort with those who come out against me, to deliver me unjustly into the hands of the persecutors? For I cannot be blind to the object of these men.'

Before Willard could answer, the man with the warrant turned and addressed the preacher.

'It is time we were off, sir; there must be no further delay.'

'Doth that parchment in any way concern me?' asked Burroughs.

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'Ay, truly,' was the sneering reply; 'it is the instrument by virtue of which we have made you this unceremonious visit to-night. It empowers us to carry you before the council of pious and reverend ministers to assemble to-morrow at Salem, there to answer for your slackness in joining the cause of religion and fighting against its enemies. So mount, sir, without more ado.'

But Luscombe rushed forward, and wrested the warrant from the hand which held it; almost at the same moment, he pressed a pistol into Burroughs' hand.

'Defend yourself!' he exclaimed. 'I will settle this fellow here; and do you, meantime, reckon up your accounts with yonder bully, whose courage seemeth to reside chiefly in the breadth of his belt and the length of his spurs.'

'Touch me not!' cried the officer; 'or, in the name of the law, I shoot you through the head like a squirrel or a 'possum. This man is my prisoner.'

'Nay, interfere not, kind sir,' interposed Burroughs earnestly; then he added in a whisper, 'I beseech you, make no disturbance, or it will be the worse for me; but remain to protect my wife and babes, and my aged mother. See, there comes my wife even now; poor woman, may God support her! Good wife,' he cried cheerfully, 'these gentlemen will constrain me to ride with them, whether I will or no; so, for the present, I must bid thee farewell. But, an thou lovest me,



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bring hither the children, that I may kiss them ere I go.'

As he spoke, the unhappy wife threw herself into his arms.

'They are leading you to your death!' she gasped in terror. 'I will go too; they shall not separate us.'

'Nay, cheer up, dear wife; I have done nought that is worthy of so harsh a sentence. I trust soon to return; and if thou accompany me, who shall watch over our sweet babes? I charge thee, on thy wifely obedience, make not my departure more difficult.'

The woman clung to her husband, but did not speak. It was evident that a violent struggle was taking place in her heart between wifely love and motherly duty. Luscombe turned aside to conceal his emotion, and even the horsemen waited in silence.

'They will kill thee! they will kill thee!' moaned the unhappy wife at length, almost sinking from the encircling arms. But Burroughs held her in a close, firm embrace.

'Wife, bring hither my children, that thou and they may bid me farewell,' he said in tranquil accents, though his face betrayed that his heart was less calm than his words.

'Here are thy children, George Burroughs,' struck in a harsh, cracked voice; and there, tall and gaunt in the moonlight, stood the pastor's mother; in her arms she held the youngest-born, while the elder stood trembling with fear and wonder at her side. 'Here are

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thy children, and well mayest thou bid them farewell! Go to torture and to death! A curse is on the land; misery and death are its fruits. But woe unto them,' she cried in loud and weird tones,—'woe unto them who are the instruments of our punishment! The curse shall fall upon them in double measure, and sudden destruction shall be their end.'

'She deals in curses,' exclaimed the officer to his subordinates, in a voice which apparently indicated regret for his momentary softness; 'it seems she hath a mind to ride with us; and were it not that I should but poorly relish the close companionship of the sour-tongued hag, she should presently take the moonlight ride with us, mounted pillion-wise upon this sturdy sorrel. But we have lost too much time already. Remove that woman, and—forward!'

But the wife's arms were still tightly clasped about the prisoner.

'They shall not separate us,' she shrieked; 'I will go with thee, even though it be to death! Who shall part us—George—my husband!'

Yet even as she thus spoke in her agony, a cry pierced her ear; it was the voice of her child, raised in affright and distress.

She shuddered. Burroughs kissed her fervently, and then gently unwound the clinging arms from his neck. He pointed to their children.

'Farewell!' he whispered.

'Farewell!' she echoed, with dry, colourless lips,

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that almost refused the sound—'farewell!' was the despairing cry of her heart, as she felt herself released from his clasp.

And the group rode off, the prisoner's horse being secured by a double rein connected with the bridle of the leader of the party; and as they went, they were followed by the shrill invectives and voluble upbraidings of the aged grandame. But Luscombe had taken the wife's insensible form in his strong arms, and carried his burthen into the house.

The wailings of the children were stilled, and they slept soundly, while, through the long watches of that night, the pastor's mother and his unbidden guest bent over the couch whereon was laid a figure from which it almost seemed that life had departed.

When at length, with dawning day, consciousness returned, bringing in its train full recollection of the events of the preceding evening, the wife awoke to the sharp agony of intolerable suspense and apprehension. Nor could her watchers reassure her; for they knew too well that her fears were not the chimeras of a nervous and disordered imagination.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE WITCH AND HER ACCUSERS.

WE must now ask our readers to accompany us to the prison at Salem; and passing the outer gate, to enter with us a cell, in which is confined another victim of epidemic terror and well-considered malice. The apartment is small and dark, and its atmosphere vault-like and damp. A bundle of straw in one corner is evidently intended to do duty as a bed, while a chair, table, and pitcher complete the furniture of the wretched chamber. The tiny window, closely barred, offers no possibility of any variety of scene to the inmate, for it is situated high up in the wall, far beyond the reach of any person of ordinary height. The light struggles to find free entrance through this grated aperture, but it can only penetrate in a slender and broken beam; sunshine has never fallen on the rough, bare walls, or gilded with a gladdening ray the black, uneven floor. Judging from the slimy tracks which traverse this apartment in every direction, it might be concluded that slugs and toads find it a convenient abode.



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With such a miserable dungeon, did we suppose it to contain an inmate, we should naturally associate the idea of some abject, cowering wretch; a mere living skeleton, with wolfish, attenuated features, ragged, unkempt hair falling in elf-locks over the scarcely human face, and furtive, glowering eyes; of a creature reduced by long captivity and cruel neglect to a condition but little above that of some chained and prisoned wild beast of the forest. Far otherwise is the reality.

The cell is tenanted by no such unsightly apparition. Upon a single chair of rude workmanship is seated a woman of middle age and apparently tall figure, though her form is slightly bent, as her eyes are fixed upon the pages of a book that lies open on the table. It is evident that this person belongs to the peasant class, if one can distinguish classes in a state of society where all are professedly on an equality. The large, broad hands which support the head are brown and toil-stained, and the dress is coarse and plain. But every line of the figure expresses native, untaught dignity, such as would not have ill become a captive queen. The thick dark hair is coiled closely round the large, well-shaped head; but the features cannot clearly be discerned, being partially concealed by the stooping attitude. Only for a while, however. Steps resound in the passage, then pause at the cell door; there is a slight noise, as of the turning of keys and drawing of bolts, and the prisoner looks up in

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expectation of visitors. The expression on the proud face now disclosed to full view promises no cordial reception to the intruders, whoever they may be.

It is some minutes before an entrance can be effected, for the locks and hasps seem to be rusty, and in the meantime we may examine the features of this rather singular woman. Large, but not coarse, there is something masculine in their bold outline, which leads us to suspect that more of manly energy than womanly softness dwells beneath the severe exterior. A prisoner detained on a false charge, there is more of the defiance of a fettered warrior than the meekness of a captive martyr in the firm set of the stern mouth and the haughty carriage of the head.

The last bolt at length withdrawn, the last lock forced back, the cell door creaked upon its heavy hinges, and gave admittance to three individuals.

As they entered, the prisoner cast a rapid glance at the trio. It would seem that they were no strangers to her; for with the momentary look of recognition was mingled an expression of angry scorn and contempt. The flash passed over, leaving the countenance calm, even to blank indifference.

One of the men advanced. We have seen those sharp, ferret-like features, those small, glittering black eyes, that low, contracted brow, before. The minister of Salem is about to address the occupant of the cell in words of admonition and rebuke. His companions remain in the background, for they are deacons of the

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Salem congregation, and are come to witness the triumph of their pastor,—for such, they consider, will be the result of the interview.

'Unhappy woman,' commenced Parris in his most solemn tone, 'I am come hither, such being my bounden duty as a faithful minister of God's word, to upbraid you with your hardness of heart, and to exhort you unto a better frame of mind. Wherefore I do hereby call upon you to repent of your stiff-necked opposition to the decisions of the reverend council, and to submit to their decrees.'

During this harangue, its object remained immoveable; though a close observer might have perceived the faintest dawn of a smile upon the closed lips—a smile of bitter meaning, such as was not pleasant to look upon. But it escaped the notice of Parris.

'Hear you not,' he continued with heightened voice, 'the warnings of religion, the voice of God, speaking by the mouth of one of His ministers? Or is your heart so hardened as to be insensible to repentance?'

'Would *you* call *me* to repentance?' the woman answered at length, in a low, deliberate tone, as she turned her searching eyes full upon her admonisher.

Beneath that steady gaze Parris quailed. But the deacons were at his elbow; he must show no signs of misgiving in their presence. He rallied his courage.

'And wherefore should I not?' he retorted, assuming an air of boldness; 'who more fit to call you to repentance than I, an accepted minister of the word?'

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'Of whose word?' was the unexpected query, in calm, unchanged tone.

'Of whose word?' echoed Parris excitedly. 'Do you hear her?' he cried, turning to his supporters; 'the woman is surely sunk deeply in depravity, and is doubtless a partaker in all the most impious abominations of witchcraft. She hath been conveyed hither and kept fast by reason of her obdurate persistence in unbelief in the demoniacal power which is now rife among us. I fear me, she is one of the unholy sisterhood.'

As Parris gave expression to this conjecture, his attendants stepped backwards, and seemed to meditate a speedy exit from the cell; but curiosity and a look from their superior, who had no mind to be left alone with his antagonist, retained them on the spot.

'Listen,' pursued the spokesman. 'It is the word of God, hardened and abandoned woman, which doth proclaim itself through me, an humble and unworthy instrument thereof.'

'I thank you, kind sir, for making the matter thus plain unto me,' replied Martha Cory in the same accents of withering sarcasm; 'otherwise I should have supposed, judging from our past acquaintance with each other, that your words had drawn their inspiration from an opposite source.'

At this keen thrust, Parris, beneath his scaly armour of self-righteousness and insolence, winced; and for a moment he was at a loss for a reply. One of his deacons, seeing his discomfiture, stepped forward, and

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began to attack Mistress Cory with a volley of coarse and malevolent abuse. His pastor, however, deeming any such intervention an intrusion upon his own privilege, recovered himself, and silenced his over-zealous ally. Summoning all his assurance to his aid, he again urged the haughty prisoner to repentance, and for the moment his earnestness seemed genuine. But his eloquence produced no more effect than his previous exhortations had done.

'Of what should I repent, and to what end?' was all the reply he could elicit. As the question fell quietly from her lips, the two deacons could not restrain their angry impatience, and both broke forth into expressions of indignation and astonishment. But the ebullition was checked as before, and they relapsed into silence; for Parris was accustomed to obtain, through the energy of his will, a certain obedience, although he could command neither high respect nor affection from those with whom he came in contact.

'You know upon what accusation you were taken, and on what indictment you were found guilty,' he answered sullenly; 'your refusal to add your testimony to that of the faithful against the disorders which have lately distracted our congregation, and your obstinate and wilful unbelief concerning their Satanic origin. What can be supposed from all this, but that you are yourself of the accursed company, and that you also do deal secretly in their shameful practices?'

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'Good sir,' was the unmoved rejoinder, 'I have one reason which alone would convince me that the belief in witchcraft is a delusion and a fallacy. If the powers of darkness were indeed, as you say, stalking unrestrained in our land, I cannot but think that they would ere this have claimed kindred with you; for of my own certain knowledge I can confidently aver that you have faithfully served the prince of evil, while professing to own another Master, even an heavenly. Hold, rebuke me not for my over-plainness of speech; being already condemned, I may assuredly claim that one privilege. You exhort me to repent, and to declare my belief in a hideous and mischievous lie. Nay, seeing that the gallows is already prepared for me—for I utterly distrust all promises of mercy (mercy, forsooth!) in case of submission—I will at least die guiltless of that sin; my conscience shall be unburthened by the weight of so gross and flagrant an imposture.

'Samuel Parris,' she continued, rising from her seat, her whole tone and manner changing from the repose of scornful composure to the energy of stern and fiery reproof, 'you do not believe in the witch-delusion yourself. You countenance it for a purpose—a purpose more demoniacal and horrible than the arts which you so cruelly punish. Malice is the mainspring of the action which you have taken in the affair; and now, look round upon our land, and behold the desolation which disfigures its face. Who are they that have been most hotly pursued in our unhappy town of

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Salem? Those who have lifted up their testimony against the ungodly tendency of your life and conversation. Your rival, Burroughs, a godly man and a faithful minister, hath been cast into gaol and condemned to die. Yes, tidings can pierce even these grey and dingy walls. I know that he is here at this very moment, within a few yards of us. He might almost hear our voices and perceive the tread of our feet. Wherefore hath this fate come upon him? Because, first of all, he was preferred before you—a thing not to be endured by your proud and jealous spirit. Next, because the ministers of Boston, which city is also overrun by superstition and witch-madness, have committed themselves unto the popular side, and cannot suffer one of their brethren to show himself wiser and more prudent than they; though I am sorely mistaken if some of them do not already wish themselves well out of the business. Are they mad, that they thus give themselves up to frenzy and spiritual intoxication? For could sober men act as they are doing? Speak not!' she cried, with imperious gesture, as Parris attempted to interrupt her; 'I charge you to be silent. Now is the saying amply fulfilled, that a man's foes shall be those of his own household; not alone in the narrow sense of separate families, though son doth rise against father, daughter doth testify against mother, and husband against wife,—but the household of God's people doth suffer from the presence of traitors and false brethren. Yea, faithless pastors

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and false shepherds, which do deliver the sheep of their flocks unto torture and death, though they are guiltless of aught that might merit such wolf-like dealing. But woe unto the guilty ones; woe unto you, Samuel Parris, for you shall in no wise lose your reward! Your triumph shall endure but for a season; your end shall be cursing and bitterness. Go to, Judas; you have betrayed your Master—the traitor's reward shall be yours!'

With this Martha Cory resumed her seat, and relapsed into her former quiet demeanour; she withdrew behind her veil of stony composure, almost as though she had not spoken.

But Parris was beside himself. He had once or twice endeavoured to interrupt the impassioned discourse, but the energy of the speaker and the justice of her words had overborne opposition. Now, however, that she had ceased, a degree of self-possession returned to the disconcerted accuser.

'She must be excommunicated!' he exclaimed to his deacons, in accents that were almost breathless with wrathful agitation and excitement; 'she can no longer be counted a member of our community. I declare you excommunicate,' he continued, turning towards the captive; 'and these witnesses here present shall testify to the sentence.'

'I cast your sentence from me, and trample it under foot,' was the response; 'I have borne my testimony to the truth in the face of the whole congregation. What is it to me if you come hither to vex and annoy

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me with the petty shafts of your impotent spite? You can do no more,—my sentence is passed. I go with contented heart unto my death, for I no longer desire to abide in this troublesome and inhospitable world. Therefore, farewell, life! with all thy crosses, disappointments, and terrors of the flesh! Welcome, death! Welcome, kind release from the tyranny of the oppressor! Welcome, death, that shall be the gate through which I may pass unto life eternal,—into the presence of God and His angels,—where mine eyes, no longer weary with beholding iniquity, shall see the King in His beauty, and the Lamb upon His throne! Oh! welcome, thrice welcome, happy death, which shall open unto me the gates of life everlasting!'

As these latter words passed her lips, the face of the condemned glowed with strange exultation; but she quickly checked the brief outburst of joyful anticipation, and, re-opening the Bible which had engaged her attention at the entrance of her unwelcome guests, she appeared to be wholly absorbed in its sacred pages. Nor could any words of Parris or of his companions extort so much as a glance from the rigidly-composed features. The pastor, therefore, after several fresh attempts, less confident and arrogant than his former ones, to move his victim to some expression of what he termed repentance, desisted from his efforts.

Downcast and abashed, he quitted the cell, followed by the two deacons, whose courage had been sorely shaken by the stormy interview.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### ON THE HEIGHTS BEYOND SALEM.

NIGHT hung, heavy and dark, over Salem. A thick mist, rising from the valley, obscured the dim summer starlight, veiled the hill-tops which overlooked the little town, and bathed the low-lying farms and homesteads in sluggish, close-clinging vapour. No sound disturbed the dread silence. All was as still as though no living creature inhabited the solitudes of hill-side and forest, and as if the houses nestling together on the plain had been so many abodes of the dead. There was not even the echo of the pattering of rain-drops upon the myriad leaves of the forest trees, for the moisture of the atmosphere had not yet resolved itself into the fertilizing shower; and not a breath of wind was stirring to wake a low, mysterious, wave-like murmur among the standing corn. Hour after hour rolled on in the same awful stillness, in the same blank, death-like solemnity.

Suddenly a shrill cock-crow in the distance proclaimed that night was passing, and that day was at



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hand. The eye of the watcher might have perceived that gradually the curtain of sable was becoming less dense. A light breeze rustled among the dew-laden foliage, while, towards the east, black obscurity was slowly giving place to a leaden grey. The upper edge of a momentary rift was faintly silvered, and then the morning-star looked forth for an instant, startling the surrounding gloom with its diamond sparkle. The rift closed—the trembling ray was withdrawn; but lighter and lighter grew the eastern horizon. The dim outline of hills began to be visible, the forests to stand out like black masses against the early morning sky. There was a fluttering and chirping of birds; a general movement was heard in farm-yard and meadow, as of creatures awaking from sleep, and the curling blue smoke began to ascend from the roof of cabin and cottage.

Ere long, a pale, struggling beam gilded the landscape, or rather, painted it with a sickly, yellow tinge, like the ghost of departed sunshine, and then the watery gleam retreated into a bank of cloud. Not, however, before it had had time to cast a shadow, ghastly and terrible, on the slopes of the swelling heights,—a shadow ominous of horrors to come, of dreadful scenes to be enacted, where as yet all was so silent and still. A gaunt shaft rose above the hilly summit, with long black arm outstretched in grim significance. It was the gallows, waiting for its prey. In another half hour the whole landscape stood disclosed in the hard, stern distinctness of cold, sunless daylight.

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On this particular morning, the people of Salem were early astir and afoot. It was evident that the joyless dawn heralded the approach of some unusual occurrence; for a degree of excitement was to be observed upon every countenance, and indoor business was soon despatched, in order that neighbours might assemble in groups to talk over the coming event.

Amid the general bustle and movement, one solitary figure was to be seen walking rapidly through the streets with an air of earnest preoccupation, as though bent upon some errand of vital importance. He was wending his way in the direction of Salem prison-house; and as he hastened onward, he took no heed of the little knots of garrulous townspeople—for John Luscombe was a stranger to them and to their concerns. Even were it otherwise, the business that he had on hand that dull August morning was such as would have rendered him little disposed to tarry and join in their idle chatter.

His destination reached, he knocked at the massive gate, pressed a coin into the hand of the warder who opened to him, and having thus purchased the good offices of that functionary, he proceeded without hindrance to the door of a certain cell at the far end of the dingy corridor.

It was a small, bare room, utterly devoid of all the appliances for comfort or even of the commonest necessaries of life. But although the daylight was not more than two hours old, the inmate of the dreary apartment



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had already risen from his hard couch, and was pacing the narrow floor as if in deep thought. He is paler than when we last saw him on that moonlight night a month ago, but no trace of sullenness mingles with the settled gravity that shades his brow. George Burroughs has been tried and condemned, and the day of his execution has arrived.

When Luscombe entered the cell, the prisoner looked up in pleased surprise, and advanced towards him with cordially-extended hand. As the two men thus met, a spectator might have supposed that it was Luscombe who was about to suffer the extreme penalty; for he was much agitated, while Burroughs seemed tranquil, and almost cheerful.

'It was thoughtful of you to come,' he said with a kindly smile; 'I have now but few hours of life remaining, and the presence of a friend may do much to render smooth the last bit of thorny and troublesome road between time and eternity.'

'Tell me,' asked Luscombe, 'can you bear the trial that is before you? are you strong enough to face without flinching the hooting of the mob, the cruel gaze of heartless curiosity, and, above all, the last painful pangs?'

'Why do you thus picture forth the unavoidable troubles which must intervene before my final release?' questioned Burroughs mildly; 'I am innocent, I fear nought. I suffer unjustly,—and yet not so; for although guiltless of what is laid to my charge by false and malignant tongues, I have committed many

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errors in my past life, for which one sharp agony were a light punishment. But for such I have humbly sued, and I hope obtained, pardon, through faith in the redeeming blood of Him who died upon the tree of scorn. Therefore I die with readiness and joy, nothing doubting that I shall be sustained in the dread struggle with the last enemy that is to be overcome.'

'I marvel at your firm reliance,' spoke Luscombe; 'and yet scarcely so, for I know whereon your trust is stayed. But, my worthy and reverend friend, it was not to set before you the terrors of the coming hour that I thus early sought your cell; though I was not unwilling to assure myself that you were nerved to meet them. I had a more practical object in view; even that of ascertaining whether there be any last service that I might render, any last message of which I might be the confidant?'

'I thank you heartily for your good-will, friend,' replied the prisoner; 'but my earthly affairs are all arranged, and I now have but to occupy myself with the things of eternity. Yet, one last message you may bear, one matter remains in which your kindness might pleasure me. I would entreat you to convey unto my most dear partner the dying love and affectionate remembrance of her faithful husband. Tell her—'

But as Burroughs thus began to speak of his wife, his strength and composure gave way; and, hiding his face in his hands, he wept aloud for a few moments in uncontrollable grief.

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'God alone knoweth, besides myself,' he resumed, when he had recovered his speech, 'how loving and tender a helpmeet she hath been unto me. The true partner of my life, of its joys and sorrows, she hath ever helped me on the heavenly road by her abundant sympathy and cheerful encouragement. Never once, throughout our married companionship, hath she forgotten that here we have no abiding city, but are merely travellers through this world unto a better. Whenever my spirit hath been like to faint, by reason of the crosses of my earthly lot, there was she always at my side, to give what aid an arm of flesh might afford. Verily, in taking leave of so admirable a woman, the bitterness of death is past; for the grim Destroyer can inflict no fresh pang.'

'I thought, friend,' suggested Luscombe with some hesitation, 'that—in fact, such was the chief motive of my coming—that, in short, it might not be wholly inconsistent with your views and wishes if I procured for you (I have some credit here) one more interview with Mistress Burroughs; and—'

'No, no,' answered the pastor, mournfully shaking his head, 'I thank you heartily for your kind thought; but, in truth, I desire it not. The agony is past; why tear open afresh the still bleeding wound? I have looked my last upon her, and upon our precious babes, on this side of the grave. I must now think solely of that meeting which is at hand—that betwixt the weak and erring creature and his all-wise, all-seeing

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Judge. The time is brief. Deem it no lack of courtesy, kind sir, if I say that I would fain be alone. I thank you truly for your goodness. Farewell. Eternity now must claim my thoughts; all other interests must sink, all earthly emotions be stilled, before the awful approach of the supreme hour.'

'Farewell,' responded the Englishman; 'to-morrow will behold me far on my way to distant scenes; but the memory of this day will dwell in my heart until my breath yields up its latest sigh.'

And he turned to quit the cell. Ere he passed the threshold, he saw the dying man fall upon his knees, and begin to pour out his very soul in agonized prayer. The last struggle of human affection, the final conflict between the will of the creature and submission to that of the Creator, had commenced. Such anguish is rarely witnessed by mortal eye as that which now bowed the strong man, and shook him in its iron grasp like a bent and fragile reed.

. . . . . .

The grey morning wore on towards cheerless noon. The mist had cleared away, leaving a sky of dead, unbroken grey, against which the hills showed hard in outline, treeless and bare; while above them towered the hideous black object, terribly suggestive of the scene that was so soon to be enacted there. The chains which dangled from the projecting beam swung idly in the breeze, clanking together, and making dismal music. Before the day was far advanced, the ground

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began to be dotted with people; then gradually the little isolated moving patches seemed, as seen from the distance, to thicken, until the sward was covered with living beings; and one marvelled that the small town of Salem could send forth so many sight-seeing inhabitants.

But the spectacle about to be witnessed was a novelty; and the holiday costume of many of the gazers proved that the occasion was deemed an extraordinary and solemn one. Chief among those who were to pay the forfeit of their life that day upon the fatal tree was a minister, one to whose words most of those people now congregated on that grassy plain had listened,—ay, listened with reverence and edification; and the execution of a minister of the gospel was a thing hitherto unknown in the history of the New England colony. Some of the bystanders talked sadly one with another, telling over the virtues and recounting the good deeds of the condemned pastor; others looked sternly on, and spoke not a word; but the greater part of the assembled crowd chatted loudly and lightly of what was about to happen, making it evident that, so long as the spectacle to be witnessed was of an exciting nature, it mattered little to their morbid curiosity whence it derived its tragic element. Then, too, this latter class of spectators knew that their own personal safety was assured by their careless demeanour; for to weep or appear sorry for a witch-victim, would expose the sympathizers to most serious suspicions, resulting very likely in a similar fate for themselves.

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As these wonder-gazers talked together, nothing could be more absurd than the phrases, or fragments of phrases, that were distinguishable above the monotonous murmur; each seemed to vie with the rest in relating the most extravagant details concerning the supposed behaviour of the sentenced sufferers; and frequent mention of 'witches' meetings,' 'flights in mid-air,' 'afflictions of deafness and loss of speech,' etc., proved that the accusations upon which the unhappy victims had been condemned were no less puerile and ridiculous than the grossest superstitions of the dark ages themselves.

At length, 'They come!' pronounced in an eager, agitated whisper, that went quickly from mouth to mouth, proclaimed that the great scene in this mournful drama was about to begin; and all faces were turned in the direction of the town. There, in truth, they came, the procession of condemned criminals, marching in close order, and surrounded by magistrates, sheriffs, and other officials.

Foremost walked George Burroughs, calm and erect, supporting the uncertain footsteps of an aged man who had been committed on the evidence of his own granddaughter. The wretched girl afterwards owned that, frightened by the threats of the magistrates, she had confessed things 'contrary to her conscience and knowledge,' and she lamented her crime with all the agony of unavailing remorse; for her words of penitence were disregarded, and her false testimony alone held worthy

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of attention and credit. In vain did she bewail the terrors of her 'wounded conscience'; she was doomed to see her grey-headed, infirm relative totter forth towards the place of execution.

After this couple came a woman,—a mother, who owed her conviction to the half-frantic ravings of her two young sons, tortured beyond what human flesh and their tender years could endure. She trode as in a dream, refusing the assistance of John Proctor, a fourth victim, and seeming to be but half conscious of what was going on. In the rear, firm and bold, went John Willard—he who had formed one of George Burroughs' guard on the night of his arrest, and who had kindly endeavoured to persuade him to attempt an escape. Great had been the surprise of Burroughs that morning, when, on quitting his cell and repairing to the courtyard where the sombre procession was to form, he beheld this man bound, and among his fellow-prisoners.

'Master Burroughs,' he had cried on perceiving his former pastor, 'they did suspect me of serving the devil because I refused to serve them. Methinks the trade of betraying innocent blood is more plainly marked with the devil's seal than any which I had previously followed.'

Such, then, was the little company that wended its way towards the fatal spot on that cloudy August morning. For Martha Cory, Rebecca Nurse, and her sister Mistress Cloyce, the moment of doom had not

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yet arrived; when it came, several other poor culprits were found to bear them company.

Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, the party was received by fierce hootings, derisive jests, and savage ribaldry. More than one of the condemned seemed dismayed. But Burroughs courageously mounted the ladder, then paused, and gazed unflinchingly upon the wilderness of heads below him. He made a sign with his hand that he would speak; and in a few moments the tumult was hushed sufficiently to allow of his words being heard by those in his immediate neighbourhood. Curiosity held the greater number silent; but not a few of those who had joined in the uproar were glad of this opportunity to show by their silence the hidden respect for the man whose cause they dared not openly advocate.

Grave and collected, George Burroughs prepared to make his last protest.

'I am innocent,' he said; 'and here upon this ladder by which I hope to mount unto life eternal, I protest that I believe witchcraft, as vulgarly understood, to be a delusion. I—'

'Silence!' cried a horseman from the crowd; 'add not blasphemies to the sum of your iniquity.'

'Friend,' replied Burroughs, 'my feet are tottering on the verge of eternity, and earthly things are passing away. It is to me as though a ray of glory from the unseen world did already begin to gild the distant horizon. The false fades before the true; beheld in

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the light of that heavenly beam, poor and base indeed do seem the petty interests of our human life. How, then, could a dying man persist in the utterance of a lie? Witchcraft is a delusion of the arch-fiend to lead the souls of men into his snare. All those who do believe in it, and condemn innocent persons on such charges as those which have lately brought some of our honest citizens unto their death on these gallows, are guilty of their blood. I tread this ladder with unshrinking foot, because I believe that, after a sharp but brief trial, I shall shortly appear in the presence of the great Judge of all men, who will not despise my cause. I shall then be beyond the reach of all human enmities, and I thank God for the hope which strengthens me in this last dread hour; I thank Him for the hope of salvation vouchsafed unto us through Jesus Christ our Lord. But even now, when I am so soon to step from suffering into rest, my heart doth bleed for those I leave behind; for those who, walking in gross darkness, do nurse and cherish this deadly and horrible viper of superstition in their bosoms, to their own hurt and the ruin of our country. Alas! my friends and brethren, be not in bondage to old wives' tales and evilly-conceived fables; cast the contemptible yoke from about your necks. But time presses. Farewell. I commend you all unto God, and may He of His mercy deliver you from the servitude of ignorance and imposture! Once more, I am innocent. It is said that no person dealing in witchcraft can pass the

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ordeal of prayer; yet my last breath shall be expended in praying unto my heavenly Father, and submitting myself unto His will.'

With this, Burroughs repeated the Lord's prayer with such great fervency and earnestness that many of the spectators wept. There was an uneasy movement among them. Vague murmurs began to arise. 'He is a godly man and a Christian!' 'He shall not be hanged! such death were a lasting shame and disgrace to New England men!' 'To the rescue! to the rescue!' and some of the spectators made a wild rush through the mass of living beings to the foot of the scaffold.

'Hold!' cried the rider, who seemed to possess some influence or authority over the populace, endeavouring to push his horse forward through the dense concourse. 'What would ye do, fools! It is a righteous judgment, a holy sentence; interfere not with the course of the law. To your business, knaves!' he frantically exclaimed to the executioners. 'At your peril, delay to do your office!'

Mad confusion prevailed. Burroughs himself beckoned with his hand, as though he would calm the fury of those who were rising in his defence. The horseman shouted, threatened, gesticulated; the people howled in fury; drums were beaten, individual quarrels arose, blows were exchanged, and some of the excited groups forgot the main object of the tumult in their anxiety to avenge their own personal wrongs and insults.

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'He is no true minister!' vociferated the advocate of the gallows, though his voice was almost drowned in the general riot. 'I declare unto you all that he is guilty; the devil can, for his own purposes, assume the form of an angel of light.'

More and more wildly surged the throng of human beings.

Suddenly, the dreadful din was hushed, as though a spell had fallen upon the people and stricken them dumb. Then, after a moment's pause, uprose a mighty yell of grief and indignation.

While the bystanders had been disputing and the horseman haranguing, the hangman had been silently preparing to do his office. When the hush fell, the lull was caused by a spectacle which thrilled each heart with awe, and checked the pulse with horror. The victim whom they sought to rescue was dangling above their heads, now beyond the reach of man's vengeance or of human sympathy.

. . . . . .

The sun had set, and night was again darkening; soon would the town of Salem be once more folded in its dusky mantle. The scene was much the same in outward seeming as it had appeared less than four-and-twenty hours before. And yet, in that brief space, the spot had borrowed a horrible association, a weird interest, which would cling to it through many a future year. Five souls had there parted from their dwellings of clay, had been wrenched from their earthly abiding-places in

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a sharp and sudden agony. Last night, the fatal tree had been barren; but now it bore its ghastly fruit—a rich harvest for savage birds, which, disdaining living prey, are wont to gorge their foul appetites with carrion.

A single traveller, well muffled in an ample cloak, was riding over the plain. An irresistible impulse had induced him to revisit, under cover of the night, the scene of the preceding day's excitement. He had chosen this gloomy hour for his visit, knowing that any such evidence of interest in the executed persons, openly displayed, would have led to the issuing of his own death-warrant.

But it was not impulse alone that had drawn him to the dismal place of suffering. It was a sad foreboding which had brought John Luscombe to the foot of the gibbet, whereon he knew that he would find the body of his late host. But for this, he had now been far on his way to a distant town.

Springing from his horse and tethering it to a tree, he approached the instrument of death. There hung the remains of the five sufferers, swinging gently to and fro as the wind stirred the chains; above were already circling dark birds of the night, greedy for their feast. As Luscombe peered about in the obscurity, undaunted by ghostly fear or nameless dread, the sudden growling of a dog warned him that he was not far from the object of his search.

'Ha! is it thou, Ranger!' he exclaimed under his breath; 'good dog! thou keepest faithful watch.'

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At the sound of Luscombe's voice, the growl subsided into a snarl; then the hostile demonstration was hushed, and a dark, shaggy form, scarce distinguishable in the intense darkness, came rubbing itself against the traveller's cloak. Having thus proved his friendly intentions, the dog bounded away again into the blackness, and Luscombe followed, guided by the noise of Ranger's panting; for it was evident that the animal was excited and eager. A few hasty steps, and the Englishman stopped short. On the damp ground at his feet was a prostrate figure, round which the faithful dog was snuffing and scratching with every sign of distress. Dropping upon one knee beside the still form, Luscombe gently raised the poor dishevelled head, and strove to pour some drops of strong cordial between the well-nigh rigid lips. His kindly cares were not in vain; for in a few moments a quivering sigh announced returning consciousness. Another draught of the reviving liquid, and the woman feebly raised herself, relinquishing the support of Luscombe's sustaining arms.

'Mistress Burroughs,' he said very gently.

At the sound of her name, the poor, stricken creature shuddered.

'It is cold here, and damp, and dreary,' he pursued in the same low tone, as if speaking to some sad and weary child.

But the new-made widow did not seem to hear him; she was gazing intently at one of those dark, inanimate forms, so terrible in their stark rigidity.

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Luscombe drew her arm through his own. 'Come home,' he whispered.

Home! The woman suddenly broke into a laugh, shrill and harsh, which struck horribly upon the silence of the black, weird night. Luscombe shivered involuntarily.

'Oh, come!' he urged, when the dreadful mocking sounds had subsided; but as he spoke, he started forward to uphold the tottering figure, for the sufferer had once more fainted.

When she again awoke to consciousness, the poor eyes were immediately riveted upon the fearful swaying form, and she seemed to have no perception of the living figure beside her. The faithful dog licked her nerveless hands and whined.

Some minutes, many minutes passed thus. Then Luscombe bethought him of an expedient.

'The children,' he murmured, as if to himself; '*his* children!'

A shudder, such as that which had convulsed her frame at the first mention of her name, made the unhappy wife tremble from head to foot.

'His children,' she repeated in a hollow whisper; 'his children—"Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow,"—Oh God! was it a curse, then?'

The grief-racked brain had given way, and many days were to elapse ere it recovered its balance. Yet as John Luscombe half led, half carried the poor woman to her desolate home and restored her to her

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fatherless children, he was conscious of a sense of thankfulness that the shattered life was still spared. And when he finally quitted the dwelling which he had first known, but so short a time before, as the abode of peace and domestic happiness, it was not without a hope that the great Consoler would afford a balm even for so heavy and crushing a sorrow; and that the strong instinct of a mother's heart would avail to call back to active life the brave, energetic spirit which had been bowed beneath the blow of so cruel and withering a calamity.

Tragedies similar to the one thus described in detail were of increasingly frequent occurrence; until the insane cry of witchcraft threatened to drown and overbear every prompting of reason and common sense throughout the colony. The fatal folly reached its climax in the accusation of the wife of the Governor of Massachusetts himself. Then men began to pause, to take breath, and to look back upon their hurried and ill-judged proceedings. They began to think that perhaps they had been mistaken (their mistake had already cost the lives of many of their fellow-men). Some of those who had taken a prominent part in the persecutions, manfully confessed their error and declared their contrition; and those who were still in captivity, awaiting their trial on the superstitious indictment, were set free.

A few narrow-minded, bigoted people maintained

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the fallacy to the last, however, and persisted in it with their dying breath. But these were exceptions; and within less than a year of the first turning of public opinion, the general voice condemned the monstrous delusion, and deplored the madness which had led to the sacrifice of many blameless and useful citizens. Parris had rendered himself so thoroughly obnoxious during the persecutions, that as soon as they ceased he was banished, and driven into life-long exile.

Sad and strange it is, that so base a superstition should have found a moment's resting-place among the bold and enterprising spirits of the New World; and brief as was the duration of the panic, it furnishes one of the most lamentable and humiliating pages in the history of the New England colonies.

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# IV.

# A FIRST TRIAL OF STRENGTH.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE CALL TO ARMS.

MORE than a hundred and twenty years had passed away since that dreary November when the *Mayflower* had dropped her anchor after her stormy voyage, and the brave old Pilgrim Fathers had waded through the freezing brine to plant their feet upon the rocky, inhospitable shore of Cape Cod. Vast and astonishing had been the changes wrought by persevering industry, dauntless energy, and patient, self-denying exertions, in that comparatively short space of time. Towns had sprung up, thriving villages were scattered over the land, and it might truly be said of the New England territory, that the solitary wilderness had been made



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to blossom as the rose. The narrow and exclusive spirit of Puritanism had in a great measure died out; various religious sects had originated or found a home in the great colony; and it is possible that the pilgrim-founders of New England, could they have revisited the earth and looked once more upon their adopted land, would have regarded much of what they saw as a falling away from the good old paths. But the spirit of stern endurance, of hardy enterprise and brave activity, had survived, to manifest itself, indeed before long, in a most unexpected way; and although the descendants of the early pilgrims may in their turn have deemed, as they looked back upon the works and ways of their ancestors, that some of their principles were over-rigid and strict, still their hearts must have been filled with proud exultation as they remembered their virtues and undeniable merits.

But although thus rapidly shooting up into national strength and influence, the people of New England retained in full force their filial love for the mother country. Loyalty to Great Britain, and to Great Britain's sovereign, seemed a fundamental principle of their being. During the dynasty of the Stuarts, grave fears had from time to time been experienced lest the civil and religious freedom which they had journeyed so far to seek should be snatched from them. We have seen how King James the Second deprived them of their original charter, and curtailed their liberties; and even William the Third was far

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from proving as warm a friend to the American colonists as they might justly have desired and expected. When, however, the Elector of Hanover was called to the British throne, the hopes of the New Englanders rose high, and they believed that a bright future was in store for the foster-country they had learned to love so well. As yet, they were far from suspecting what destiny really lay before them in no distant perspective.

The colony of Massachusetts was exactly one century and a quarter old, when a loud call to arms resounded, startling the forest echoes, and awakening the warlike spirit that slumbered in the bosoms of the hardy New Englanders. For that spirit had never become extinct. On more than one occasion it had been called into action, and the sons of the pilgrims proved that they had not fallen short of the reputation of their fathers—who, besides having waged fierce and deadly combat on the field of spiritual and doctrinal conflict, had also shown themselves bold and brave warriors, skilled in the use of weapons of earthly warfare.

Towards the close of the previous century, a short but sharp struggle had taken place between the British settlers and an Indian king named Philip, son of that Massasoit who had been so firm an ally of the colonists; and Indian craft had been forced to yield to the white man's courage and determination. But peace had reigned in the land since then, and no obstacle had

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since arisen to interrupt the progress of colonial prosperity.

This, then, was the state of matters when the war-cry was raised, and the colonists of New England hastened to respond.

War had been declared between England and France; and before the tidings could reach New England, a party of French soldiers from Cape Breton surprised a small English garrison quartered at Canseau. The invaders gained an easy victory, and carried off eighty men as prisoners of war to their fortress of Louisburg, after having brought destruction and ruin upon the small and poorly-defended town.

The ruler of Massachusetts at this time was William Shirley, formerly a lawyer of Boston; but notwithstanding the quiet and studious nature of his profession, he was a bold and energetic man, one well calculated to conduct successfully any spirited undertaking upon which he might consider it expedient to enter. Accordingly, the Governor called a council, and proposed an expedition against Louisburg. The prisoners taken from Canseau having, after a sojourn of some months in that fortress, been permitted to retire to Boston on parole, were able to furnish much information as to the strength and resources of the French fortification; and although, from their own account, it was evident that Louisburg was capable of making a very stout and obstinate resistance, a decision was given in favour of attempting the enterprise. The

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war-trumpet was sounded, and the people rushed to obey the harsh summons.

The Province House, or Governor's residence at Boston, was now crowded with eager counsellors; and matters were soon in training for the great result that was to ensue.

New England could boast no regular army. Well-drilled soldiers there were none, and but very few individuals in the country had any notion of military operations and tactics. Nevertheless, the will was there, seconded by strong muscles and sturdy limbs. Many of the volunteers who hastened to enrol themselves in the quickly-gathering army were first-rate marksmen; and having exercised their skill upon fleet-footed game in the forests, they were accustomed, from the hazardous nature of their huntsman's craft, to habits of keen watchfulness and long-enduring fortitude. Troops were embodied, regiments formed. Every village throughout Massachusetts was alive with the bustle; farm-labourers threw down their implements of peaceful toil to grasp a musket, or any other weapon that was forthcoming; forge-fires blazed high, and showers of sparks filled the air, while the hammer rang upon the anvil as the blacksmith plied his trade. Everywhere, and at all hours, could be heard the dull, monotonous sound of the drum beating up for recruits, and rousing the country with its ceaseless rattle. Mothers wept, children cheered and clapped their hands, aged fathers looked grave, as the young

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men quitted their homes and joined the crowds that were tramping on their way to Boston. So poor, indeed, was Massachusetts in professed military men, that Governor Shirley was actually obliged to fix upon a merchant, a certain William Pepperell, to take the chief command; but the event proved that his sagacity had made no injudicious choice.

Strange indeed was the appearance of the army as it was drawn up on the common outside Boston, to be reviewed by the Governor,—stranger, perhaps, than the little band which mustered at Salem on that memorable day when John Endicott cut the red cross from out of St. George's proud banner; for they, at all events, had donned the buff-coats, the breastplates and helmets of steel, which they had brought from their old home beyond the Atlantic. But the buff-coats were worn out, the steel had rusted, and these new recruits had no distinctive military garb; they wore the homely stuffs in which they were clad when guiding the plough and plying their trade, while their arms consisted of every variety of weapon, old and new.

Massachusetts having thus furnished her contribution of fighting-men, the other British provinces of America were not tardy in sending their share of assistance. New York supplied a few pieces of artillery, and Pennsylvania came forward with stores of provisions. Meanwhile the drilling went on briskly, and plans for the necessary military works—for digging trenches,

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building batteries, and placing encampments—were formed and matured. General Pepperell studied, thought, and reflected; exercised his soldiers, and made himself better and better acquainted with the rules and principles of warfare; while his army grew almost daily less awkward and more tractable, notwithstanding their homely coats and uncouth weapons. Still they were a motley assemblage, provoking shouts of derisive laughter from the Frenchmen posted upon the battlements of Louisburg, and clad in their smart uniforms and trim appointments. But, laugh as they would, the scornful enemy had yet to learn that beneath an unsoldierly exterior there was the true martial stuff; and that even long habits of discipline and routine, aided by well-ordered accoutrements and finely-tempered steel, are not always proof against steady determination, ingenuity of invention, and self-reliant bravery.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE ATTACK.

THE fortress of Louisburg was a very strong position, occupying the southern side of the harbour. Bancroft, the historian of the United States, tells us that its walls were forty feet thick at the base, and between twenty and thirty feet high, furnished with one hundred and one cannon and six mortars; while the moat that surrounded the edifice was eighty feet in width. So strong, indeed, and apparently impregnable was this castle, that it was believed that two hundred men could defend it against five thousand besiegers. It was further protected by an island battery of thirty powerful guns, and by the royal battery on shore, which was equally well provided with defences. The forces which garrisoned this citadel may well be excused if they looked forward to the attack with nothing less than contempt.

'What!' was the scornful exclamation of some, 'a handful of farm-labourers and shop-boys, headed by their merchant-general, coming to attack us with rusty



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swords and broken reaping-hooks? Dearly shall they rue their presumption.'

'Will they send a fleet of fishing-boats against us, and batter our walls with their oars?' suggested others; 'perhaps they expect to take us captive in their nets, and bind us with their cod-lines.'

'Or peradventure they will make the tour of the fortress, and expect the walls to crumble and give way at the sound of their cracked and tuneless drums, even as of old did the walls of Jericho fall at the shrill voice of trumpets.'

At last, one sunny April morning, the company of besiegers appeared in sight; the long-expected fleet sailed into the harbour—a fleet, not of fishing-boats, but of a hundred stately vessels. Shirley, prudent and sagacious, had no sooner resolved on the enterprise, than he arranged for a large number of vessels to meet on a given day, and proceed in company to the point of attack. Commodore Warren, having received orders from the British Government to render every possible assistance to Massachusetts, joined the expedition, and the result was the imposing spectacle which met the eyes of the French sentinels as they paced the ramparts on that fine spring morning. Astonished the French garrison must certainly have been; that they were also a little dismayed is not impossible.

The first proceeding of the besiegers on arriving in sight of Louisburg, was to lower a number of boats, which were speedily manned with soldiers eager to

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land upon the hostile shore. A force of Frenchmen hastened forth to meet them, skirmishes ensued, and the French were driven back. The New England swords, if rusty, were not useless; and even reaping-hooks became formidable weapons in the strong and resolute hands that wielded him.

On the following day, a party of four hundred men, commanded by a New Hampshire volunteer, took up their station on the northern side of the harbour; the next morning it was found that the French, panic-stricken, had abandoned the royal battery. Before long the conflict between the island battery, supported by the city forces, and the besieging army had fairly begun.

'Louisburg,' wrote an officer to his wife, far away in her New England home—'Louisburg is an exceedingly strong place, and seems impregnable. It looks as if our campaign would last long, but I am willing to stay till God's time comes to deliver the city into our hands.'

'Suffer no anxious thought to rest in your mind about me,' was the noble-hearted, unselfish response. 'The whole town is much engaged with concern for the expedition, how Providence will order the affair—for which religious meetings every week are maintained. I leave you in the hand of God.' If such brave words as these indicated the general feeling at home, it is little wonder that the hastily-drilled troops fought valiantly, and did their duty well.

Of military science they knew little or nothing; the

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terms used by veteran soldiers were strange to their tongues; but their sharp, shrewd common sense, rendered more acute by the alert, watchful habits of the backwoodsman, taught them how to dispose their troops most advantageously. Their bold and venturesome spirits were undismayed by the height of the battlements or the thickness of the walls; and it was in a mood almost joyous in its enthusiasm, that the besieging army applied itself to the task of reducing the frowning fortress. The derisive laughter of the Frenchmen became fainter and less frequent, and they began to think that, after all, that rabble-rout of fishermen and mechanics might prove to be an enemy not entirely beneath their notice.

Day by day the besiegers were to be seen moving hither and thither in ceaseless occupation. Sometimes they were drawn up in straight lines and regular squares, going through their daily drill; at others, they were collected in active groups, hard at work upon the construction of huts, building them of turf or brushwood—for tents they had none. Anon they might be observed starting off gaily, some with shouldered musket hastening towards the woods, there to keep up their skill in shooting by firing at the wild-fowl and such game as abounded in those regions; others seeking the level plains to engage in a wrestling-match, or to amuse themselves by running foot-races. Hunting parties were also formed; and these served the double purpose of providing fresh food for the army, and of keeping

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vigilant watch to prevent the garrison from sending out parties to harry and annoy the besiegers by a sudden sortie. Admiral Warren, on his part, took care that no such unpleasant surprises should be possible from a seaward direction. And so the days passed on.

In Boston, the utmost suspense and anxiety prevailed. The Governor looked eagerly for news of the army; probably he would have preferred joining in its manœuvres to pacing the dull apartments of Province House. Mothers, sisters, and wives thought with trembling apprehension, mingled with pride, of the dear ones far away; while prayers were offered in every place of worship for protection from the hand of the enemy, and a blessing upon the undertaking of the army. Boston schoolboys neglected to do their sums, and failed in construing their portions of Virgil, as they dreamed of fathers and elder brothers doing glorious deeds beneath the walls of Louisburg; and as soon as school hours were over they forgot the well-merited punishment but just inflicted by the master, in the excitement of forming mimic regiments, holding mock reviews, and marching through the streets to the sounds of imaginary trumpet and drum. When a messenger from Pepperell or Warren arrived at the Province House, the excitement grew to frenzy, and it was as though the few inhabitants remaining in Boston had lost their senses and gone mad.

But the tidings thus eagerly greeted were seldom of any high importance; sometimes they even told of

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defeat and repulse. Several attempts had been made to master the island battery, not one of which, however, had been successful. On one occasion the despatches told of a disastrous expedition by night, when a grand assault was planned; but the hardy little band had been observed by the watchful enemy, and before their boats reached the shore, a heavy fire had repulsed the bold adventurers, and sadly thinned their numbers. The brief, fierce battle which took place when a part of the assailants reached land, ended in defeat, with the loss of sixty men, and the capture of one hundred and sixteen prisoners.

Nothing daunted by failure, the inexperienced New Englanders laboured steadily on, digging trenches, throwing up fortifications, and continuing their military exercises. Still no real progress was made, and there was reason to fear that the whole attempt must result in utter disappointment.

Spring gave place to early summer. Some desperate measure must be attempted. After much deliberation, it was resolved that a number of the ships should sail close into the harbour and bombard the fortress, while the soldiers should endeavour to force an entrance within the massive walls.

At this juncture, a French ship, heavily laden with stores, was taken by the British within the view of the garrison. This incident was as the turning-point in the tedious and hazardous affair. The besiegers found an unexpected ally in the discontent of the garrison,

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for they were aware of what the New Englanders little suspected, namely, the inefficiency of their commander, Duchambon, their own weakness in point of numbers, and their deficiency in a spirit of brave and persistent resistance.

The month of June had not passed — it had run scarcely more than half its course—when the eyes of the besiegers beheld a signal, the meaning of which their senses at first could hardly credit. Against the intense blue of the midsummer sky, a flag was floating; not the banner that was wont to display so proudly the national device of haughty France. No gaily-coloured emblem flaunted in the sunshine; the fluttering sheet was colourless, blank. Was it possible? Could it be? questioned the beholders. Yes, there could be no doubt; it was a flag of truce.

Mighty was the shout which rent the air when the fact was realized. Then followed negotiations between the chiefs of the hostile parties. Messengers sped, bearing the joyful news far and wide. When the first courier reached Boston, and told his auspicious tidings, the city fell into a delirium of joy. The bells clashed and pealed in maddest fashion, the most solemn and deepest-toned among them were made to send forth a right merry note. From mouth to mouth, from house to house, were repeated the wonderful words. Louisburg the strong, Louisburg the impregnable, had surrendered.

Who were the gallant conquerors that had achieved

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such a proud and mighty success? Who but the husbands, sons, and brothers of those who now exulted over the illustrious victory? Those who, little more than three months before, had left their half-ploughed fields, their half-finished task in the workshop, who had thrown down the tools and implements of their every-day labour, to join the awkward squad which had excited so much mirth on the part of the proud and self-confident enemy.

As the victors marched into the subdued fortress, and only then realized its strength and formidable defences, they felt that it was no ordinary providence that had presided over their arms; and they knew that the siege of Louisburg would form a conspicuous page when the history of their colony should be handed down to succeeding generations.

But there was another truth which they might have learned from this signal triumph—one which, as yet, they scarcely noted, but which, in a few years' time, would certainly have its due effect upon their minds. It taught them their own strength. It was the first flight attempted by the young eagle, the first trial of the strong and mighty pinions which would never more be folded in timorous uncertainty, but would soar in proud security through many a storm, beneath many a dark and lowering sky.

New England had achieved her first great military success.



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# V.

# THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

## CHAPTER I.

### UNDER THE ELM-TREE.

THE reduction of the fortress of Louisburg was but the prelude to events of still greater importance. It is not to be supposed that Frenchmen would quietly submit to so remarkable a defeat without taking speedy measures for redeeming their good name as brave and redoubted warriors. Accordingly, an expedition was prepared for the retaking of the conquered stronghold, — an expedition which, however, turned out a complete non-success. In no wise discouraged, the French Government gave orders for the construction of a series of fortifications in the interior of the country, intending to bound the British possessions in North America by a



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wall of strength from Canada to Louisiana, and by these means to entirely hem in their English neighbours and rivals. Such a step was regarded by Great Britain as equivalent to a hostile declaration, and she therefore resolved upon the conquest of Canada. Troops were sent out, and the war commenced.

This struggle, called the Old French War, broke out in 1753, and continued with varying success for nearly ten years. In the earlier part of the war, the British sustained some very serious reverses; for the general of the French forces, the Marquis de Montcalm, displayed great military genius. Many bloody battles were fought, and for a long time the issue of the contest seemed doubtful. But the famous siege of Quebec, and the conflict on the heights of Abraham, where fell the heroic James Wolfe—a story too familiar to be repeated here—decided the victory.

The cost of the war was immense, and at its close Great Britain found herself enormously in debt. The national treasury was nearly exhausted, and the question as to what means could be devised for refilling it was one which sadly exercised the minds of British statesmen.

King George the Third was at that time a mere youth of five-and-twenty, having ascended the throne three years before; and his accession had been hailed by his New England subjects with almost passionate demonstrations of devoted loyalty. Perhaps there was a dash of sentiment and romance in this universal

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enthusiasm. To most of these colonists the mother country was as a far-off, enchanted dream, gathering additional beauty from the halo of tradition and imagination. It doubtless fared with the New Englanders in that great patriotic attachment, much as it often fares with individuals in their relations of friendship and affection. The absent relative or friend is viewed in a light which softens all imperfections and conceals all defects. The reality is changed by time, distance, and loving remembrance into an ideal, which rises far above the actual merits of the loved object. In the present case, the old 'king-resisting spirit' appeared to have utterly vanished; for, certainly, the feeling expressed for King George beyond the Atlantic was greatly in excess of the calm, moderate loyalty with which the young monarch was greeted in his home dominions. It might almost be thought that the crowning pinnacle was added to the edifice of American loyalty, just before that structure was destined to totter and fall in irretrievable ruin.

When the young prince was called to the head of affairs, there is no doubt that he entered on his high duties with a conscientious desire to promote the welfare and the interests of his people. He was honest, kind-hearted, and truly religious; a faithful husband, and an affectionate father. But, unfortunately, the virtues which would have won for him as a private gentleman the esteem and regard of neighbours and friends, availed but little in his capacity of sovereign,

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and his exalted station rendered the unfavourable points in his character only too prominent. 'George, be *king*,' was the advice perpetually impressed by his royal mother upon his not unwilling mind, ere yet his shoulders were enveloped in the purple mantle; and 'king' he determined to be. In his efforts to carry out his resolve when seated upon the throne, the headstrong inflexibility of his disposition was allowed to overrule his judgment; which indeed, as is generally the case with such characters, was considerably weaker than the will that professed to be guided by it. In fact, it soon became evident that the mental endowments of the young king were by no means adequate to his difficult position; and this deficiency of intellectual power, coupled with the quality to which reference has just been made, was destined to be the cause of much sorrow and misfortune, not only to the monarch himself, but also to the people over whom he reigned.

Boston, which we first knew as a collection of log-huts and miserable cabins, had developed into a fair and stately city. Its chief thoroughfares were broad, its houses large and commodious, its public buildings of substantial and imposing appearance. But it was the natural beauties of its situation which imparted its principal charm, and rendered it the most picturesque town of New England.

At the time of which we are about to write, a strange gloom pervaded its streets and overhung its precincts. From afar, signs of mourning could be

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descried in the half-masted flags of the ships in the noble harbour; and on approaching, the solemn sounds of muffled tolling fell upon the ear, saddening the heart with their dismal notes. Business was apparently suspended, and a stranger might have supposed that the loss of some high-souled patriot, eminent statesman, or mighty potentate demanded the tears of the citizens. Yet there was more of sullenness than grief in the countenances of the people as they hurried along, or stopped to look at printed placards that were plentifully distributed about the walls. We also will stop and ascertain the purport of the document which attracts so much of the popular attention.

A first glance teaches us that it is a proclamation, or rather the copy of one, issued by the British Government; for we at once recognise in the formalities of language at the head, and the august initials at the foot, the tokens of its official origin. But the arms of Great Britain are surmounted by the representation of a death's-head; and, turning at the sound of a hoarse voice, we perceive that the rough tones proceed from the lips of a man who holds a copy of the placard in his hand, and is declaring its contents to the public under the name of the 'Folly of England, and the ruin of America.'

But to gain a clearer knowledge of the evident discontent, we must follow the footsteps of some of the most resolute-looking among those who are hastening towards a certain quarter of the town, nor pause until

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we find ourselves beneath the shade of a huge elm-tree which stands in a conspicuous position near the market-place.

Many people are gathered under its protecting arms, but not for the purpose of seeking shelter from the burning rays of the August sun. In consequence, most likely, of its near neighbourhood to the market, this tree has long been a point of meeting when public affairs have been under discussion; and such a debate is being held there now, but upon a subject far more important than such topics as are usually canvassed under its ample shade.

Only a few hours had passed since the rising sun had revealed a sight which had startled those who witnessed it; the old elm-tree bore an unusual burthen, for two figures were dangling from one of its stoutest branches. The dismay occasioned by so revolting a spectacle was, however, greatly lessened when it was discovered that the suspended forms were merely effigies, and not ghastly, stiffening human bodies. This discovery was closely followed by another; for the eager gazers decided that these life-sized puppets were intended to represent two well-known personages, who had rendered themselves extremely obnoxious to the inhabitants of New England. One of them was a British statesman—no other, in fact, than the Earl of Bute—while the companion-figure was meant for a citizen of Boston, a certain Mr. Andrew Oliver. Why these two individuals had excited the indignation and

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resentment, thus strongly expressed, of the men of Boston, will be gathered from fragments that reach us of speeches which are being uttered by ready tongues in that closely-packed crowd.

As we draw near, we find, somewhat to our surprise perhaps, that it is no mere assemblage of buyers and sellers; of farmers come together to discuss the price of wheat or the prospects of the harvest; of idlers from the town, lounging away the hours of noon, and beguiling the heavy-footed time by watching the market bustle or exchanging small items of trivial gossip. Many such are certainly to be seen collected upon that favourite spot; but amid their dull-featured or vacant faces we can single out countenances of a very different stamp, — thoughtful, earnest countenances, terribly earnest just now, which attract notice and command respect; eyes beaming with intelligence and power, lips firmly pressed together, square and resolute brows. Surely some of Boston's best citizens are scattered in the throng; let us hope that their influence will carry weight sufficient to check every symptom of unseemly violence, and to curb the spirit of riot and revolt which, to judge from many a visage in the ever-increasing concourse, seems just ready to burst forth.

It is one of the most distinguished-looking men among the multitude who is now addressing his fellows; and every tongue is hushed, lest the calm tones should be overpowered by many-voiced tumult. Only at intervals an impatient movement proves that the

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general silence is not the quietude of apathy, but the result of deep attention.

'God forbid,' said the orator, 'that we should take up this question in a spirit of fractious discontent or petulant rebellion. An unrighteous measure has been adopted—an unjust tax levied by the parent Government; and it behoves us, as free men, to resist the imposition, for else we should merit this infringement of our liberties. But I beseech you, my friends and fellow-citizens, to do nothing rashly. Take heed how you rise in opposition to the will of the dread ruler of the land—we are loyal subjects. Where, throughout the length and breadth of King George's dominions, can be found more true and devoted servants of the Crown? His Majesty will doubtless consider this, and receive our petition with favour, when we humbly present to him our remonstrance, based upon sound reason and indisputable right.'

'Might is right where kings are concerned, neighbour,' rudely interrupted a stout man in the crowd; 'and what cares King George on his throne for the burthens laid upon us out here in New England?'

'A heavy burthen, indeed!' sneered a person who was evidently a stranger in Boston, for he seemed to have no acquaintance with any of those who elbowed him so closely, nor did a single individual in the whole assemblage address him in the familiar tone of friend or neighbour. 'A heavy burthen, in good sooth; yet methinks there is sufficient uproar raised over such a

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paltry sum. All this confusion and din for the sake of a threepenny tax! But I have heard that the New Englanders are frugal in their habits and notions.'

'This is no question of threepence,' exclaimed one of the bystanders with warmth; 'it is a matter of birthright. Do Englishmen submit to be taxed without their own consent having first been obtained?—without the sanction of their own representatives? The meanest subject of Great Britain knows that his interests are in the hands of those who have been chosen by the people to be their mouthpiece in the great national assembly. Have we any such mouthpieces to speak for us? Have we the power or opportunity afforded us of adding our voice to the general council, and resisting what is grievous or unjust? Except, indeed,' he added in a lower tone, 'such opportunity as we shall hereafter make for ourselves. When that time comes, let the King tremble upon his throne.'

'Are we in leading-strings,' cried another man, 'that we should be treated as infants? Our infancy is past, our childhood over; nay, our first youth is gone. Shall the vigorous and well-grown offspring of adult age still submit to the constraint of maternal dictation —ay, and of maternal tyranny? We have tried our strength, we are able to stand alone; what further need have we of Britain's protection? Protection, forsooth! Henceforth we will protect ourselves.'

'Treason, treason!' shouted several voices, but the accents lacked courage and decision.

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'We are standing under Liberty Tree,' exclaimed a stern-faced man; 'its branches have never sheltered slaves.'

'Hearken to the tolling of those bells,' said another speaker. 'Shall we calmly stand by while they ring the knell of our freedom?'

'There is a mighty hubbub here,' remarked a newcomer, joining the crowd; 'but I protest I am hard-set to know what 'tis all about. I am fresh from Pennsylvania, and little acquainted with recent politics. We leave such matters to the dwellers in towns, and concern ourselves with the welfare of our cattle and the condition of the crops in our peaceful forests and plains.'

'Peaceful now,' interposed an eager voice; 'but when the evil tidings reach there, the uproar will be as loud and stormy as here in Massachusetts. Our privileges as free colonists are infringed; the King has decreed a measure—'

''Tis my Lord of Bute's doing,' urged some of the more moderate spirits; 'it is by his advice that the measure has been proposed.'

'The Act—read the Act,' clamoured many tongues; 'let us hear King George's own words!'

'God save the King!' was murmured half involuntarily by some.

And the personage who seemed to be acting as president of the assembly proceeded to read for the public benefit the proclamation which had already

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been conned and learned by heart by most of those present. But it seemed that they liked to hug their grievance, and that they had a morbid pleasure in hearing again the words which had so strongly excited their indignation, and aroused within them so stubborn a spirit of opposition.

The paper set forth that the British Parliament had resolved to levy a tax of threepence upon all legal documents executed in the American colonies, and the paper upon which such instruments were drawn up was thenceforth to be marked with the royal stamp; without this mark, the transaction was to be declared null and void. The proceeds of the stamp-duty were, of course, to be paid into the King's impoverished coffers.

As the reader ceased, a hum of dissatisfaction pervaded the crowd.

'It is a just and righteous impost,' boldly asserted one who wore the uniform of the British army. 'Our troops have defended you against the enemy; it is but right that you should help to pay the cost.'

'We can defend ourselves, for that matter,' retorted at least fifty voices; 'and besides, we did King George good service with our best blood, yea, and with our money into the bargain.'

'A pack of sturdy rogues are ye, one and all,' was the wrathful answer; 'disobedient children, who have grown up into strength only to resist their parent and rebel against his wise decrees.'

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'Down with tyranny!' was the prompt rejoinder from many mouths.

'Down with the tyrant!' added a few voices.

'There is an age at which blind obedience on the part of the child ceases, and reasonable compliance begins, good friend,' calmly observed a man who had not yet spoken. 'We, as a nation, have arrived at that period; and although we yield to none in our loyalty and devotion to the land of our forefathers, and to the anointed sovereign of that land, we must nevertheless maintain our rights as free children, not bond-slaves. We would willingly sacrifice everything that we have, our lives and our possessions—to the last drop of blood in our veins, the last coin in our treasury—to the service of our King; but it must be sought by lawful means, and not by ruthless oppression.'

'A fine distinction, in truth,' was the contemptuous comment; 'but I doubt much if the acuteness of your New England logic will be greatly appreciated or relished at the Court of St. James'. Your allegiance—'

'We owe the King of Great Britain no allegiance,' called out a bold fellow who stood close by the president; 'our fathers were driven from England by persecution; they quitted their mother country at their own risk and expense. When a parent maltreats a child, neglects, starves, ill-uses it, is not every bond between child and parent severed? Even so is it between England and her American children—that is to say, these colonies. She afforded us no protection in our

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direst straits; then has she not forfeited our obedience? Charters were conferred upon us, it is true; but we accepted them because we were forced to do so, and no forced bargain can be binding. Our fathers—'

'Friends and fellow-citizens, we are wasting time in thus idly bandying words,' interposed a sturdy New England farmer, cutting short the words of the last speaker; 'what shall we do? The Stamp Act has been passed; it will shortly become law. That law must be resisted; but how shall our resistance be effected?'

'With sword and musket,' muttered more than one man in an undertone; but these were among the young and impetuous of the assembly.

'Let us first hang Andrew Oliver,' grumbled some; 'for he is appointed to distribute these stamped papers; yea, and he will, they say, make money by the business.'

'We will await the result of the petition of our colonies to King George,' suggested a more wary and prudent voice; 'such a combination has never before taken place since the several states were founded. Their joint voice must influence, not only the sovereign, but those who have so ill advised him. It will reach him as the voice of a nation crying to him for redress of her wrongs; he is gracious, and will listen to our appeal. To your homes; and let not the din of anarchy and confusion drown the dispassionate voice of reasonable remonstrance and calm protest. Great and mighty interests are at stake; let us behave

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ourselves as becomes rational and prudent men in so grave a crisis; not as wild and undisciplined school-boys, who rise in rebellion against their master, and strive to overcome lawful authority with clamorous but impotent noise. King George is the father of his people; he will not despise the prayer of his American children.'

And so, after a few more words, the meeting dispersed, more quietly than might have been expected from the violent nature of some of the demonstrations. It is possible that, the idea of disloyalty being so novel, none even of the most excited in the throng seriously entertained it; and, as is often the case with those who have been roused to excessive anger, measures were openly proposed and canvassed, from which, in calmer moments, the boldest would shrink with horror and dismay. Moreover, there can be little doubt that at this juncture implicit faith was placed in the success of the course to which reference had been made by the last person who had spoken—namely, the recent assembling of delegates from all the American colonies, with a view to submitting to King George a formal protest against the obnoxious Act, and entreating him to withdraw it.

The petition had already been framed, and forwarded to the British Court. It was a calmly-worded document, setting forth the reasons for the aggrieved state of feeling experienced by his Majesty's American subjects, and praying that the enactment might be re-

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pealed. The delegates had also addressed a memorial to Parliament to the same effect, in the confident hope that their proceeding would induce the King and his advisers to view the matter in a different light, and to desist from the unpopular measure.

King George received the petition, and deliberated. Meanwhile the more hot-headed of his colonial subjects attempted to take the law into their own hands, and to intimidate the home Government by acts of violence and outrage.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE BONFIRE IN KING STREET.

THE royal answer to the petition of the North American colonies was delayed; for before it could be made known, or even decided upon, many tedious debates were held in Parliament. The question of right or wrong concerning the taxation of his Majesty's colonial subjects had to be canvassed and scrutinized in all its bearings. The King's arbitrary will opposed a formidable barrier to an impartial settlement, and the protracted uncertainty sorely tried the patience of the New Englanders.

The arrival in Boston, and other important American towns, of Government officers commissioned to distribute the stamps did not tend to allay the general irritation; and we have already mentioned the very significant hint given to Mr. Oliver, who had consented to discharge this duty in one of the Boston districts, by hanging his effigy on Liberty Tree. Nor were the citizens content with this demonstration; for history records another meeting beneath the venerable elm-tree, at which Andrew Oliver was summoned to appear



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in person. There he stood like a culprit, the flowing locks of his peruke stirred by the chill September breeze, his lined face pale with anxiety and apprehension, murmuring confused words of loyalty to his sovereign, and conciliation towards those who were pressing him so severely to give a pledge which would sadly compromise his loyal professions. The rain descended in a sharp shower, and he no doubt wished most fervently that it would befriend him in this his dire predicament, by dispersing the resolute throng. But the popular mind was too persistently bent upon the desired object, to be diverted from it by a much heavier shower than that which pattered on their three-cornered hats, and brought the autumn leaves fluttering to the ground.

'You, Andrew Oliver, are required to promise here, on this spot, and without delay or hesitation, the said promise to be confirmed by solemn oath, that you will henceforth have no concern whatever with the stamps, neither distributing them, nor in any way deriving personal advantage from a transaction which is utterly repudiated by these colonies at large.'

In some such words as these did Richard Dana, justice of the peace and citizen of Boston, address the unfortunate Mr. Oliver. The excited crowd clamoured for the tax-collector's answer.

'God save the King!' feebly ejaculated poor Oliver.

'The oath!' reiterated the magistrate. 'Down with the Stamp Act! Down with the slaves of the Crown that dare to enforce it!' hooted the bystanders.

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'America and liberty! Massachusetts and freedom!'

'Remember the effigy!' mockingly shouted a man almost at Oliver's elbow.

'Liberty Tree has plenty of accommodation for traitors,' bellowed another; 'the betrayers of their country will find abundant room on its sturdy branches.'

And thus coerced by jeer and threat, the trembling Andrew Oliver, his brow damp with agitation, his features plainly expressing the dismay which caused his voice to falter, took the required oath, amid the acclamations of the populace. But their applause brought him no satisfaction, for his conscience refused to sanction the utterance of his lips, and he turned to quit the market-place a downcast, broken-hearted man.

It was, in truth, a cruel position in which many others besides Andrew Oliver, loyal and sincere subjects of the British Crown, now found themselves placed. Bound on the one hand, by their obligations as servants of King George's Government, to uphold unpopular measures, and to maintain what was deemed by their countrymen an unrighteous cause, and on the other hand almost compelled to yield to the force of public will, it seemed that they must choose between their duty to their sovereign and that which they owed to their fellow-citizens.

For the young country, rejoicing in its increasing vigour, and impatient of control, had begun to grow

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restive, and to chafe beneath the hand of kingly authority. Why, asked many leading men of the colony, should a great nation such as America seemed destined at no distant period to become, be subject to an island three thousand miles away, especially as it appeared to be the aim of the rulers of that island to enact such laws and enforce such regulations as should contribute to its own benefit, much more than to that of the daughter country? Unfortunately, the temper of King George and his ministers was not such as would lead them to a satisfactory solution of the question.

But while Andrew Oliver and some of the more obscure officials connected with the carrying out of the obnoxious Stamp Act were being reduced to submission, there was one man at least who considered himself to be far beyond the reach of popular discontent. Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson, the colleague or assistant of Sir Francis Bernard, who at that time held King George's commission as chief ruler of Massachusetts, was a kind-hearted, good-natured gentleman. In the earlier part of his public career, he had won a large share of the people's affection and respect, having shown himself ever desirous of promoting their interests and welfare. So thoroughly had he identified himself with the colony, that he had occupied many of his leisure hours in compiling a rather tedious but careful and accurate history of Massachusetts and its people. He felt that he possessed the general

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good-will, and was therefore blind to certain signs and indications which ought to have taught him how little dependence can be placed upon the favour of the multitude. He ignored, either from over-confident pride or from wilful self-deception, the evident fact that his popularity was declining; the people suspected, with reason, that they would receive no countenance from him in their lawless proceedings, and the grudge originating in this conviction derived additional weight from the circumstance that Hutchinson was nearly connected with Oliver. But notwithstanding many significant tokens, the Lieutenant-Governor felt so sure of his position, that had he been told that the time was close at hand when he must make his own choice between king and people, he would have laughed the suggestion to scorn, and treated the warning as an impertinence. A rude awakening, however, was reserved for him in a not distant future.

It was towards the close of the month of August, in that same year of 1765. The day had been sultry and overclouded, and the evening was drawing in gloomy and chill. From early morning the streets of Boston had been unusually thronged with restless foot-passengers, whose chief business seemed to consist in pacing the side-walks with hurried step, as though urged onward by some pressing motive; but from time to time the hasty footsteps would pause, and groups of people would gather together to converse in eager undertones. From the appearance of many

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of these idlers, one might have judged them to belong to that well-known class of persons who are ever ready to quit their lawful employment on the most frivolous pretext; and who embrace with alacrity the excuse afforded by any public demonstration, to rush from their workshops and counters into the open air, and, in case of disturbance, to add their voices to those of the strongest party.

Many, especially of this latter class, seemed to find great delight in reading aloud certain satirical poems, or, more properly speaking, broad and flippant doggerel, epigrams, puns, and the like, which were unsparingly distributed about the walls of the town; or in laughing loudly at sundry caricatures which in a similar manner adorned the public buildings, or were displayed in shop windows.

Other persons there were that day abroad in the streets and thoroughfares, whose countenances bore the marks of a more deeply-rooted purpose, and these moved amid the general tumult with deliberate step and important mien.

As the shadows of twilight began to fall, the hum and stir grew louder, and the people's words and gestures bolder and more threatening. King Street, or as it is now called, State Street, seemed to be the centre of attraction; and thither the populace hastened, many of them bearing logs, branches, and lighted torches. One might have supposed that a terrible conflagration had been planned, such as, originating in

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an accident, had five years before lighted up the whole city with the lurid glare of three hundred buildings all enveloped in one greedy, rushing, crackling flame. But no such dire catastrophe as this was to work ruin and disaster to the good town on the present occasion, which was nevertheless fated to be a memorable one. The combustibles were only intended to be laid in a compact heap on the pavement, splashed with tar, and then kindled into a ruddy blaze. Perhaps this bonfire was designed as a manifestation of defiance; or perhaps it was merely meant for a signal to attract all the malcontents to a common rallying-point. Be this as it may, King Street was soon so densely packed with people,—rough-looking sailors, toilers in the dockyards, beardless apprentices, and adventurous schoolboys,—that it would have been extremely difficult to force a passage from one extremity of the thoroughfare to the other. It was an exciting spectacle. The dancing, flickering flames flashed their capricious light upon the human forms that crowded to the glowing pile, imparting a strange expression to the clustering faces, and casting weird, distorted shadows. Loud jests and rude sallies provoked many a shout of wild mirth; and the deep inward agitation found its outlet in bold speeches and seditious allusions.

'A right merry blaze this for an autumn night,' exclaimed one of the bystanders with boisterous glee; 'pity that it is not enjoyed by one of his Majesty's bull-dogs.'

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'Ay, neighbour. See! there goes one of them, with his gold lace and finery; after him, boys, and force him to join our jovial circle.'

'But perhaps there would be a danger of his getting a little too near, eh, lads?' insinuated another with malicious grin.

'Ah, ha! I would rather by a good deal he were *in* it than *at* it,' roared a burly fellow, who looked quite capable of giving effect to his wish.

'Ay, ay!' cried half a dozen voices at once, 'and no great harm if there were a few of his fellows to bear him company into the bargain. And if the fire bade fair to be quenched with such dull fuel, we could poke in a few of their precious Acts and tyrannical laws; the parchments would make a fine crackling.'

'Little should we gain by giving their deserts to such small fry,' grumbled a sullen-looking individual, half under his breath; 'for my part, I should like to have the handling of higher game than those—old Bernard and Hutchinson, and my lord of Bute too, for that matter.'

'We'll make a new chapter for Master Hutchinson to put into his history,' laughed a merry-faced youth, pressing forward towards the blaze; 'and such a one as he won't much relish either.'

'Rightly said, youngster,' applauded a gigantic-limbed blacksmith. 'Come, neighbours, what are we standing here for, idling our time like a parcel of school-boys playing at fireworks? Let us be off to Hutchinson's house, and hurrah for the Boston boys!'

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'Hurrah for the Boston boys!' echoed a chorus of rollicking voices.

'But what to do when we get there?' asked a few of the more timid persons, chiefly from the background.

'We'll treat him to some Boston logic, and amaze his fine English ears. Hurrah! Down with oppression, down with tyranny; confusion to governor, sub-governor, and all the hateful crew! Come on, and we'll see what King George can do for his friends and slaves, when we men of Massachusetts are resolved to throw off their yoke, and trample our trammels under foot.'

'Hold! what would ye do?' anxiously inquired several of the more moderate ones, who had joined the riot rather from a love of frolic than for any seriously mischievous intention, and who now drew back in alarm on seeing the menacing attitude of the most fierce and determined among the mob.

'Are you for King George?' was the savage reply. 'Have a care, or you shall share in the supper that we will serve up to his Excellency in his aristocratic mansion.'

'I am for law, not violence; for liberty and not licence,' boldly answered a tall, powerful man, putting aside as he spoke half a dozen arms that attempted to bar his progress; 'I care not for your frowns, and threats, and ribald jests. What would you effect by this vain tumult? Think you that a parcel of lawless rioters are a match for King George's soldiers? Take

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my counsel while there is yet time, and return to your duty as good citizens; but first let us have a cheer for the King. God save the King!'

'Down with King George, and confusion to his ministers!' furiously responded the crowd. 'Lawless rioters, are we? We have right on our side; and we will teach the red-coats that bold Boston boys are not to be despised. And as for this fine fellow that sets up to teach us our duties, he'd be none the worse for a little scorching himself. So let's give him a taste of the blaze.'

With this, some of the most ruffianly in the troop made an effort to master the advocate of law and order, and to force him towards the fiercely-roaring fire; but others rushed in to prevent the outrage.

'Shame, shame!' cried some; 'so many against one is not fair!'

'Yes; in with him!'

'No, no; we are not assassins.'

'Let's singe his wig, and make it curl better!'

'He looks cold; a little roasting won't hurt him!'

'Hold! order! He is not the game for us. Have done with brawling.'

'God save the King!'

'God save the people!'

'Come, lads, let us be off to the corner house that we know of; it's rather late to pay a visit to such a grand personage as its master, but I daresay he'll excuse our lack of ceremony for once!'

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'We'll keep up the fire, though,' called out a grimy-faced apprentice, with a loud laugh, throwing on to the still ardent heap a huge piece of a tar-barrel.

A hoarse yell arose as the flames leaped up and the sparks flew out. Then the rioters began to move off in the direction of Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson's mansion. Anger and excitement had already raised their mood to a pitch of frenzy; breaking into a spirit-store on their way to Hutchinson's house, they passed mugs, glasses, tin pots, and pewter measures of the fiery liquors from hand to hand, from mouth to mouth, until a few were stupified, the rest maddened.

. . . . . .

The Lieutenant-Governor was seated in a comfortable arm-chair in one of the luxuriously-furnished rooms of his dwelling. Books, engravings, and costly trifles lay scattered about, while the rich furniture and valuable paintings bore testimony to the wealth and refined taste of their owner. There he sate, the master of that rich apartment, enjoying the delightful leisure of the evening hour, the cares of state put away and hidden amid the folds of sundry furred and velvet robes laid by in some remote corner of the mansion. The frown of anxious thought was smoothed from his somewhat haughty brow, and an expression of placid contentment had replaced the habitual look of harassing preoccupation. A statesman no longer, in the pleasant retirement of home the husband and father gazed around him with a well-pleased smile, for his eye encountered

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cheerful glances and loving faces. Opposite to him was his wife, serene and matronly, and near her were grouped manly sons and stately daughters.

'Father,' suddenly asked an intelligent-looking boy of some nine or ten years, 'what is the matter with the Boston people, that they are so uneasy and ill-tempered now? As I was walking through the street to-day, some boys pointed at me, and hooted after me some words that I could not quite understand about selfish aristocrats and heartless oppressors. What are aristocrats?'

'Aristocrats, my boy,' returned the father with a quiet smile, 'are persons of gentle birth, holding a higher place in the world than the common people, who are bound to look up to them, and, in many cases, to obey them.'

'But why must they obey them, father?' again questioned the lad; 'are the aristocrats their masters?'

'They are the people's superiors, George,' said the Lieutenant-Governor with unconscious hauteur; 'it was intended from all ages that the lower classes should bow to the upper ranks of society.'

'But why?' persisted the child, taking a low seat at his father's feet, and looking up with eager interest.

'Why are you bound to obey me, my son?'

'Because,' pondered young George, 'because you are my father.'

'And who ordained that children should obey their parents?'

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'God, didn't He, father?'

'To be sure; and so He has ordered that the highly born should rule over the lowly.'

'Then are aristocrats like fathers to the common people?' was the boy's next question.

'Humph,' replied the Lieutenant-Governor, rather at fault; 'well, George, I hope so; they ought to be, and I daresay many of them are.'

'Then what makes the people so cross, father? Don't they know that they must obey? Has nobody told them so?'

'They are jealous, my son. They came over to this country nearly a century and a half ago—that is to say, their grandfathers and great-grandfathers came—without properly constituted rulers, and they have ever since had more liberty than is good for them. But things will soon be different, I trust; the people will be put in their right place, and made to keep it. His present Majesty will not be trifled with.'

Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson spoke this latter sentence more to himself than to his little questioner, and a slight shadow crossed his features; but it was gone the next instant.

'Dear father,' said a tall and elegant girl, now approaching the great elbow-chair, 'do you think that the Boston people will do any real mischief? I have heard strange rumours the last day or two. Are they so very angry about this Stamp Act?'

'Angry they certainly are, daughter,' responded

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Hutchinson; 'but King George's soldiers will take care that their wrath shall be harmless.'

'Father,' pursued the maiden with hesitation, 'our waiting-woman Betty told me to-day that her lover, a sergeant of grenadiers, says that the military will soon be wanted. The people are muttering treason against King George, and have even been heard to—to threaten you, dear father.'

'Do not be alarmed, my little Caroline,' answered the father with a confident smile; 'it is only the foolish boasting of a few apprentices and raw shop-boys. King George himself might laugh at their empty menaces; and as for me, his poor sub-lieutenant, I have nothing to fear from these Boston people. I have always been their true friend, and they know it; they will not harm me. Nevertheless, they must be taught not to take the name of their sovereign, and of those in authority under him, so lightly upon their lips; and, if need be, the lesson shall be a somewhat sharp one.'

'It cannot be too sharp for their deserts,' here observed Madam Hutchinson coldly—that lady had until now been too deeply absorbed in the mysteries of a piece of delicate embroidery to take any part in the conversation—'these *free* people of New England are little to my taste.'

'Let them indulge their idea of freedom to their heart's content, my dear,' said her husband with easy good-humour; 'the King's seat upon his throne will be

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none the less secure because of their empty clamourings. Their complainings are but as the petulant outcry of children that are spoilt by over-gentleness of treatment.'

Had the Lieutenant-Governor forgotten the early annals of the Puritan fathers, the details of which must, notwithstanding, have been recorded in his carefully compiled *History of Massachusetts?* Even as he spoke, hasty steps echoed upon the broad staircase, voices were heard speaking in tones of agitation; in another moment, the door of the very apartment in which the Lieutenant-Governor and his family were assembled was flung open, and, without waiting for the ordinary formalities of ceremonious introduction, a man rushed into the midst of the astonished group.

'How now?' inquired Hutchinson, regaining his self-possession. 'Is aught amiss?'

The children clung to their father for protection, while Madam Hutchinson, pale and trembling, grasped at the table for support.

'Fly, Lieutenant-Governor, fly!' was all that the strange visitor could at first gasp forth in his breathless terror and haste.

'But what—why, friend Butler,' said the personage thus addressed, recognising in the intruder a neighbouring merchant of respectability, 'is it you?'

'The people of Boston have risen, sir; a great multitude is even now on its way hither. They seek your life; oh! hasten away, I conjure you!'

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'Calm yourself, friend,' returned Hutchinson with composure; 'your story is surely exaggerated. You have magnified some street brawl into a general rising of the people. Here, be seated, and collect yourself. Daughter Caroline, hand this good man a glass of yonder red wine.'

'I have no need of your wine, Lieutenant-Governor,' said the man, evidently piqued that his tidings were so quietly received; 'and as for the mob, they have had too much of such wares already, as you will shortly know for yourself.'

'Ha! I understand,' replied Hutchinson; 'a drunken street riot, no doubt; what are the night-watchmen about, that they do not put a stop to such disorderly doings?'

'The night-watch are powerless against such a force, Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson,' answered the merchant; 'but if you despise my warning, I at least will seek my own safety; for it will go hard with me if they find that I have attempted to frustrate their designs. And so I bid you farewell, sir. Madam, miss, young master, I am your dutiful servant;' and he turned to quit the room.

'Nay, friend,' cried Hutchinson, detaining him, 'think not that I despise your kindly warning, though I opine that the danger which you fear exists chiefly in your over-anxiety for my security. I thank you, but I am not afraid.'

'But, husband,' now interposed Madam Hutchinson,



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'there may be more ground for alarm than you will admit. It were better to be on your guard.'

George, without a word, glided from the apartment, and presently returned, bearing his father's sword. He took it from the boy with a smile, and fondly patted his head.

'You are a trusty little squire, George; see, I will gird it on, though I have little fear that I shall need it.'

But ere the father had finished speaking, an ominous sound reached his ears. At first it was only a murmuring, faint and low in the distance, but anon it became louder; voices were distinguishable.

'You are losing time, Lieutenant-Governor,' exclaimed the merchant, almost stamping with impatience, though at any other time he would scarce have dared to speak to so high a functionary as the King's representative; 'if you will not save yourself, think of madam and your children.'

'Father, father,' implored the affrighted children, 'come! oh, save us, save yourself!'

Madam Hutchinson grasped her husband's arm.

'Thomas, Thomas, hear them! Oh! it is terrible.'

It was terrible. The shouts and yells of the drunken, infuriated people could now be clearly heard; every instant, the voices sounded nearer.

Thomas Hutchinson changed colour.

'Wife,' he hurriedly said; 'seek shelter in the next house; take the children with you. They will not molest you there.'

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'We will not leave you,' sobbed wife and children in their terror. 'Husband, father, come!'

'My duty is here,' he replied with firmness. 'The King's commission will protect me; they will not dare touch me. Wife, for the sake of our children, do as I bid you. Friend, you will conduct them to their place of refuge and safety.'

'It is folly—madness,' returned Butler; 'little will they care for your royal commission. They are in no fit state for reflection, or for the understanding of such matters. Mischief, destruction, and most likely plunder, are their object; they are too far gone for such appeals. Madam, I entreat you to follow me.' And with scant ceremony, he seized the lady's hand to hurry her away. It was not a moment too soon. As Hutchinson looked from the window, his eye caught the fitful glare of many torches; the rioters were in sight.

'It is more serious than I thought,' he muttered to himself. 'Thank God, my wife and children have had time to escape.'

So saying, he hastened to the door to summon his servants. No footstep gave token of an answer to his call. He sprang down the brilliantly-lighted staircase, and almost flew through the corridors. They were empty. At that moment the clatter of a hundred feet resounded upon the pavement; hideous cries rent the air.

Thomas Hutchinson was a brave man, but the moisture broke out in beads upon his forehead.

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'Good God!' he half whispered to himself; 'alone, to confront this frantic rabble!'

'Down with the Governor! Death to old Hutchinson!'

'Burn him out!'

'Take him, like a rat in his hole!'

'Let's hang him on the nearest tree!'

'Ay, ay! we'll take him and string him up on Liberty Tree; he'll be fitting company for Bute and Oliver!'

A shower of stones rattled against the front windows, followed by the crashing of glass.

'Where has he sneaked to? where is the accursed aristocrat?'

'Father, for God's sake, come away!' pleaded a trembling voice at Hutchinson's elbow.

'Caroline—daughter—what madness—'

'Father, come,' reiterated the brave girl almost in a tone of authority.

'You force me to flee,' said the Lieutenant-Governor hoarsely; 'for I must place you in safety.'

Bursting open a secret door which communicated with a private passage, father and daughter disappeared in the darkness. Scarcely had the door sprung to behind them, when the apartment they had but just quitted was entered with a yell of triumph by the foremost of the insurgents.

'But—where is he?' they cried with a roar of baffled fury, as they looked around the empty room.

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"'Father, for God's sake come away!' pleaded a trembling voice at Hutchinson's elbow." —*Mayflower Stories*, page 260.

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'We'll soon see!' exclaimed those in the rear, pressing forward, and peering into every corner. One or two could get no further than the doorway, but sank down upon the rich carpet in a state of helpless intoxication.

'Search the house!' bellowed half a dozen, snatching the waxen tapers from the silver sconces.

One person, and this was a woman, half crazy with what she had drunk, seized upon one of the velvet hangings that shaded the windows, and dislodging it from its fastenings, held it before her in the fashion of a dress, and stepped mincingly forward with strange and fantastic antics. Another wretched creature fell upon her, and sought to deprive her of her booty. This seemed to be the signal for general pillage.

'But where's the Lieutenant-Governor? Where's old Hutchinson?' demanded several of the least noisy of the mob.

The question was answered by two men of determined air, who had, on first entering the mansion, commenced a diligent search for the obnoxious functionary. They now returned, saying that Hutchinson was not to be found. Their information was received with a fierce howl of disappointment.

'If we can't get at the Lieutenant, then, or any of his pestilent brood, we'll make short work of his goods and chattels.'

But the work of destruction and devastation was already half completed. Some of the people acted

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like infuriated maniacs. Fine old paintings, family portraits, treasured gems of art, were torn down from the walls; priceless china, delicate porcelain, finely-cut glass, was smashed to atoms and trampled under foot; books and manuscripts, the latter containing important national records, were flung upon the glowing hearth; costly carpets were wantonly ruined,—nothing escaped the ruthless hands of the destroyers. Massive furniture of oak and mahogany, some of it beautifully carved, was hewn in fragments and thrust among the burning coals, to afford more light for the work of mischief and devastation. Nor were the rioters long before they discovered the wine-cellar; after that the uproar and confusion waxed tenfold wilder and more desperate.

And far into that tempestuous August night did the band of insurgents revel and carouse, amid the desolation which their rude and reckless hands had caused.

The next morning, when the inhabitants of Boston arose from their slumbers and prepared to begin the business of the day, their ears were greeted by the startling news that the mob had on the previous evening been heard in the streets, disturbing the peace of the town; and that they had attacked the Lieutenant-Governor's mansion, driven Hutchinson and his family from the sanctuary of their own hearth, and sent them out destitute and shelterless, to seek where they could find it a refuge from the inclement night. As the tidings were retailed from one to another, many a good townsman whose heart had risen in rebellion against

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the despotic proceedings of King George, grieved that such cruel and cowardly vengeance had been taken upon the honest and loyal monarchist, and upon his wife and innocent family. Mothers shuddered and sighed as they thought of the tender children thrust forth from their home into the dark and chilly street.

Daylight had indeed found the city calm and tranquil as usual, and little remained to tell of the preceding night's excesses; only the charred and ashy fragments of the bonfire were still to be seen in King Street; and as the small, drizzling rain fell lightly around, an occasional hiss was heard as the drops fell upon a still smouldering pine-log or heated brand.

When Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson and his family returned to their home, they found it empty and desolate. The work of destruction had been carried to the full extremity, and little now was left besides the bare walls and the soiled and littered floors.

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## CHAPTER III.

### 'JOIN, OR DIE!'

DEBATE in the British Parliament ran high. The petition addressed by the English colonies of North America to the legislative body of the mother country gave rise to long and serious discussion; and the question, Has the British Government a right to tax America? seemed extremely difficult of solution.

When the news first arrived in England that the colonists had resisted the imposition of the Stamp Act, public opinion was divided as to the merits of the case. Some were in favour of the arbitrary measure, while others maintained that America was justified in refusing to submit to a tax which had been levied without her opinion having been asked or her consent solicited; and this latter view was the prevailing one throughout the country at large.

When, at the commencement of the year 1766, the King informed the Parliament that events of importance had happened in America, and orders had been issued 'for the support of lawful authority,' the



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House of Lords made a loyal reply, in which its members pledged themselves to uphold his dignity, and 'the legislative authority of the kingdom over its colonies;' and this answer seemed to intimate that they would bind themselves to maintain the propriety and legality of the Stamp Act. The utterances of the Commons were at first vague, but they appeared to imply less readiness to promise unconditional support to the measure. Again, however, the plea was raised of the expenses of the late Canadian war, and the obligations under which America was supposed to lie with reference to the aid and protection afforded her by England. Then, it was argued, the honour and dignity of Great Britain were at stake, and it would be impossible to repeal the Act unless the right to impose the tax were acknowledged by the colonies, and the repeal humbly requested as a favour. Amid the general perplexity and diversity of opinion, all eyes seemed to turn with one accord for help and guidance towards one individual, who alone was deemed capable of successfully grappling with the difficulty.

Far away from the din and bustle of the metropolis, sojourning in the pleasant and healthful city of Bath, was a man advanced in years, poor, saddened in mind, racked and enfeebled by bodily disease. He had resorted to that place in the hope of finding some alleviation of his many and painful infirmities,—a hope quenched in disappointment, for the invalid was still stretched upon the couch of weakness and suffering.

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When the express reached him, requesting his advice, and coupled with a hinted invitation to him to take the head of affairs, he coldly rejected the latter part of the message, for his memory told him of former ingratitude and treachery of which he had been the victim; but the appeal for help and counsel in a matter involving the honour and interests of his country was not disregarded. He instantly prepared to answer the summons in person, and pain and debility seemed to be conquered by excitement and enthusiasm.

'My resolution is taken,' was his declaration; 'and if I can crawl or be carried, I will deliver my mind and heart upon the state of America.'

Thus spoke William Pitt; and then he made ready for his painful and difficult journey to London.

Discussion was at its height when he entered the House, and his advent caused a profound sensation; for it was not known that he had arrived in town. As recently all eyes had, figuratively speaking, been turned towards him, so now, in a literal sense, the universal gaze was directed to the emaciated invalid, who advanced with tottering steps to take his place among the legislators of his land. Then he rose.

'It is a long time,' he observed, after some preliminary words, 'since I have attended in Parliament. When the resolution was taken in the House to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to have been carried in my bed, so great was the agita-

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tion of my mind for the consequences, I would have solicited some kind hand to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my testimony against it. It is now an Act that has passed. I would speak with decency of every Act of this House, but I must beg indulgence to speak of it with freedom.

'The subject of this debate is of greater importance than ever engaged the attention of this House,—that subject only excepted, when, nearly a century ago, it was a question whether you yourselves were to be bond or free. The manner in which this affair will be terminated will decide the judgment of posterity on the glory of this kingdom, and the wisdom of its government during the present reign. . . .

'On a question that may mortally wound the freedom of three millions of virtuous and brave subjects beyond the Atlantic Ocean, I cannot be silent. America, being neither really nor virtually represented in Westminster, cannot be held legally or constitutionally or reasonably subject to obedience to any money-bill of this kingdom. The colonies are equally entitled with yourselves to all the natural rights of mankind and the peculiar privileges of Englishmen, equally bound by the laws, and equally participating of the constitution of this free country. The Americans are the sons, not the bastards, of England. As subjects, they are entitled to the common right of representation, and cannot be bound to pay taxes without their consent.

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'Taxation is no part of the governing power. The taxes are a voluntary gift and grant of the Commons alone. In an American tax, what do we do? We, your Majesty's Commons of Great Britain, give and grant to your Majesty—what? Our own property? No, we give and grant to your Majesty the property of your Majesty's Commons in America. It is an absurdity in terms.

'There is an idea in some, that the colonies are virtually represented in this House. . . . I would fain know by whom an American is represented here. . . .

'I never shall own the justice of taxing America internally until she enjoys the right of representation. In every other point of legislation, the authority of Parliament is like the north star, fixed for the reciprocal benefit of the parent country and her colonies. . . . I repeat, the House has no right to lay an internal tax upon America, that country not being represented.'

Pitt resumed his seat amid the silence of the House. After a pause, a leading member rose, and declared his entire concurrence in all that the last speaker had said. Then followed dissentient voices, raising objections to the sentiments advanced by Pitt.

'External and internal taxes are the same in effect,' it was urged, 'and only differ in name. That this kingdom is the sovereign, the supreme legislative power over America, cannot be denied; and taxation is a part of that sovereign power. It is one branch of the legislation. . . .

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'If the colonies, instead of throwing off entirely the authority of Parliament, had presented a petition to send to it deputies elected among themselves, this step would have marked their attachment to the Crown and their affection for the mother country, and would have merited attention.

'The Stamp Act is but the pretext of which they make use to arrive at independence. . . . Protection and obedience are reciprocal. Great Britain protects America; America is bound to yield obedience. . . . When they want the protection of this kingdom, they are always ready to ask it. That protection has always been afforded them in the most full and ample manner.'

Pitt rose again to reply, other speakers succeeded; and for many days the debate continued, while the expectant country listened and commented, hoped and feared.

As we have already seen, the people whose interests were principally concerned in the matter did not await the issue in a state of inactivity. Other outrages, such as had been perpetrated upon the dwelling of Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson, were threatened, but they were not carried to so dangerous and mischievous an extreme. These demonstrations were the outbursts of an unthinking, impatient mob, whose deeds of violence caused the better classes of their countrymen to blush for such behaviour. But above the tumult of street brawls and riotous uproar, arose the

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voices of thoughtful, patriotic men,—now calm with the earnestness of conviction, now fiery and impetuous with the irresistible impulse of hot indignation and wounded national pride.

'The Stamp Act,' they reiterated, 'is against Magna Charta; and Lord Coke says an Act of Parliament against Magna Charta is for that reason void.'

'The people,' exclaimed John Adams in a passion of zealous and enthusiastic protest—and his burning words were echoed through every town and village in North America—'the people have rights antecedent to all earthly government,—rights that cannot be repealed or restrained by human laws,—rights derived from the Great Legislator of the universe. . . . There seems to be a direct and formal design on foot in Great Britain to enslave all America. Be it remembered, liberty must at all hazards be defended. Rulers are no more than attorneys, agents, and trustees for the people; and if the trust is insidiously betrayed or wantonly trifled away, the people have a right to revoke the authority that they themselves have deputed, and to constitute abler and better agents.'

Bold words, but they expressed the sentiments of the great mass of the population. Dulany, an accomplished lawyer, pleaded with sober and well-weighed arguments, that carried fully as much conviction as the impetuous utterances of Adams,—pleaded, not for the principle of independence at large, but, narrowing his claims to the direct point at issue, that of exemp-

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tion from taxes imposed without the consent of the people.

Could George the Third and his ministers have foreseen the widespreading and deep-striking consequences of that one unconstitutional measure, it is more than probable that they would have shrunk in terror from so fatal an act. Throughout the whole of the North American colonies, the one thought, the one question was, how to oppose most effectually the obnoxious encroachment. There awoke within the minds of the people a consciousness that in union alone could be found their safety. Among the numerous pamphlets and newspapers that the situation had called into existence, was a certain journal called *The Constitution Courant;* its maxim was, 'Join, or die!'

'Join, or die!' echoed the populace, quickly taking up the cry. In a very brief space of time, 'Join, or die!' became the watchword on every tongue, ringing in every ear.

A general congress was summoned. Intense excitement waited upon its deliberations. At length, after many fluctuations of hope and fear, of uncertainty, of agitation, it became known that the representatives of the various protesting colonies had signed documents which bound them together for mutual protection and defence. They became, as was said in allusion to the old fable, 'a bundle of sticks, which could neither be bent nor broken.'

The American Union was accomplished.

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The May sun shone joyously upon the streets of Boston; it was one of spring's brightest and happiest days. As on a former memorable occasion, business seemed neglected, for the people were once more flocking towards the market-place, and gathering around Liberty Tree. The expression on the eager faces was widely different from that which had clouded all countenances more than eight months before. Joy and triumph had taken the place of gloom and discontent, and cheerful words rang gaily out upon the fresh morning air.

The old tree itself had a light, holiday look,—its aspect had altered from that which it wore when we first saw it; for its autumn leaves, just changing from dingy green to dead gold and dusky orange, had now disappeared, and were replaced by foliage of the liveliest and most tender hue. The tones of a bell were suddenly heard, sounding from a steeple or tower hard by—ringing this time, not tolling—and the merry noise was taken up and echoed by every bell in Boston. The houses presented an unwonted appearance, for the dull reds and sober greys of their brick and stone walls were almost hidden by flaunting flags and many-coloured streamers. Nor were the meeting-houses free from these strange adornments; for from more than one steeple floated gaudy banners, glancing in the gladsome sunshine.

Towards noon, the heavy gates and bolted doors of a certain gloomy building were thrown wide, and a

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band of men issued forth, half exultant, half shamefaced, shrinking timidly from the curious gaze of their fellow-citizens. They were the inmates of the debtor's prison, set free by the subscriptions of the generous townsfolk.

When the broad face of the joy-giving sun had sunk from sight, impending darkness was set at defiance by fireworks, bonfires (harmless ones this time), and window illuminations. Liberty Tree itself bore so abundant a crop of painted lanterns, that one might have feared that its stout arms would give way beneath the weight of its honours. Statues of King George, of Pitt, and of other great statesmen, were wreathed with garlands and blazing with light. The populace seemed on the eve of going wild with loyalty and joy. Ministers mingled with the people, speaking to their flocks of gratitude to the Giver of all good; and mirth and happiness appeared to be holding high revel in the grave old Puritan city. Great were the public demonstrations; great also the cause which had provoked them.

The Stamp Act had been repealed.



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# VI.

# THE WIDENING BREACH.

## CHAPTER I.

### A DRY CHAPTER.

IT might naturally be supposed, that when the great grievance was removed in the repeal of the Stamp Act—attended as was that conciliatory measure by the enthusiastic rejoicings of the populace—harmony would have been re-established, and all things would have been restored to their former footing. Such, however, was not the case. Perhaps the indignation expressed on the occasion of the levying of the stamp duty was only the culmination of much secret and possibly vague dissatisfaction, which still rankled after its ostensible cause had been removed. When two friends disagree in bitter seriousness, the after-reconciliation may be perfectly sincere



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at the time; but it seldom happens that the former happy relations of confidence and affection are permanently resumed on their old basis. Even so did it seem to fare with Great Britain and her American colonies; or it might be that the late outburst had awakened on the part of the latter feelings and aspirations of which the colonists had hitherto been unaware, and which, when once aroused, could not be lulled again into slumber. The idea of independence had taken a distinct form, and no longer appeared in the light of a vague, scarce-thought-of possibility. Such a notion as this was not likely to dwindle and die. It grew, to assume, ere long, monster proportions; it took possession of men's minds, and they began to meditate upon the opening prospect of the dream becoming a reality.

Such being their mood, the sight of the British uniform in their streets became an offence to the people of New England. British soldiers were regarded by men, women, and children as their natural enemies; and a deadly feud, nourished by irritating provocations on the side of the American civilians, and overbearing insolence on that of the military, was soon an acknowledged fact.

This hostility was not lessened by an incident which occurred in the winter of 1769. Some Boston youths and boys were amusing themselves one day with snowballing in the streets; and, partly in malice, partly from a love of fun and mischief, they began to direct

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their play against the windows of a certain custom-house officer. This functionary, incensed by what he deemed a pointed insult, lost all sense of prudence and self-command. Seizing a musket, he levelled it at the frolicsome group. A sharp crack was heard, and a boy was seen to fall. His playmates, shocked and horrified, crowded around and tried to raise him. They could not believe that he was seriously hurt; he had, doubtless, been struck by some small shot, and was stunned by fright. But when they moved the prostrate body, the red blood gushed out upon the white snow, turning it to crimson. The boy was dead—killed on the spot. The circumstance made a deep impression, not only in Boston, but far and wide throughout the colonies; and from that time forth, King George's liveried officials were regarded with a passion of hatred by the populace.

But the fierce and growing hostility to Britain was fed not merely by jealousy of that country's supremacy, and by a sudden act of violence and cruelty perpetrated by a rash and overbearing servant of the Government. Scarcely had the Stamp Act been repealed, when King George began to regret the concession he had made; and even while the shouts of loyalty and rejoicing were filling the air of his American dominions, —ere the garlands and wreaths woven in honour of the occasion to deck his own statue had faded and shed their withered leaves,—the infatuated monarch was devising new plans, which would effectually mar the impression produced by his recent clemency. The

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notion of taxing America was a fixed idea in his tenacious mind, and one in which some of the leading members of the British Parliament strenuously supported him; if, therefore, this idea could not be carried out by the means already tried, other methods must be devised to accomplish the desired end. A revenue must be derived from America; how this was to be done formed merely a secondary consideration.

'Our right of taxation,' said Townshend, First Lord of Trade, and one of the most influential members of the House of Commons, 'is indubitable; yet, to prevent mischief, I was myself in favour of repealing the Stamp Act. But there can be no objections to port-duties on wine, oil, and fruits, if allowed to be carried to America directly from Spain and Portugal; on glass, paper, lead, and colours, and especially on tea. Owing to the high charges in England, America has supplied itself with tea by smuggling it from the Dutch possessions; to remedy this, duties hitherto levied upon it in England are to be given up, and a specific duty collected in America itself.'

But although this proposal met with the general approbation of the House, there were thoughtful and far-seeing men who took a different view of these plausible arguments.

'You are deceived,' said Grenville, the late Prime Minister; 'I tell you, you are deceived; the Americans will laugh at you for your distinctions.'

'You will never see a single shilling from America,'

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declared Edmund Burke, who was nevertheless in favour of certain forms of taxation being introduced into the province of New York; 'it is not by votes and angry resolutions of this House, but by a slow and steady conduct, that the Americans are to be reconciled to us.'

Others went so far as to prophesy that the new system thus sketched out would prove more injurious to British authority in the colonies than an enforced levying, with modifications, of the hated Stamp Act itself. But the voice of wisdom and prudence received little attention; for it is hard to convince those whose minds are already made up, and whose ears are firmly closed to adverse reasoning. The Act was passed, and an order issued for the establishment at Boston of a Board of Customs.

When these proceedings became known in America, they naturally excited the strongest opposition. Consultations were held, rash words were spoken, the people indulged in violent demonstrations, and at length it was agreed that no articles liable to duty should be received into the American ports. The colonists resolved to dress in homely stuffs of native manufacture, and with one consent they determined that thenceforward tea, a much-prized and favourite luxury, should no longer appear upon their tables.

This agreement necessarily provoked fresh endeavours on the part of the British Government to carry out the laws recently enacted, and the Admiralty received

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orders to despatch several vessels of war to keep guard in Boston harbour, while a regiment was also directed to proceed to Boston itself, and to remain there for the protection and assistance of his Majesty's servants in that disaffected city.

An event to which has been given the name of the Boston Tea-party, showed that the attempts to overawe King George's colonial subjects were a miserable failure. Notwithstanding the publication of the determination by the Americans to permit no tea to enter their ports, the East India Company, supported and encouraged by the British Government, prepared to export a quantity of that commodity to the protesting colonies. This was done despite the warnings from America that the attempt would be unsuccessful.

As soon as it was known that the cargoes were actually on the water, meetings were called for the purpose of deciding on the course to be pursued with reference to the intrusive merchants. Resistance at all hazards was at once declared; the question was, how to impart to that resistance the most certain effect. A fortnight passed in almost incessant debate; and meanwhile the ships were bearing their undesired freight nearer and nearer to their destination.

The persons appointed by Government to receive the tea were repeatedly urged to withdraw from the business, but in vain. They were assured that nothing short of re-shipping the tea to London would satisfy the people; but the officials remained inflexible. There

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was nothing for it, therefore, but to rely upon the courage and constancy of the people themselves.

At this juncture, the first tea-laden ship appeared in sight. No time was to be lost. A great meeting was summoned, and the resolution unanimously passed, that 'the tea should be sent back to the place whence it came at all events, and that no duty should be paid on it.' The consignees or appointed receivers of the tea, demanded time for considering their answer. A few hours were granted them, and a watch was set to prevent the unfortunate cargo from being landed by stealth; for if once it were put on shore, it could not be sent back.

The next morning, the answer of the consignees was announced. They declared it to be out of their power to send back the tea, but they consented to wait for further instructions from Government before they attempted to land it.

This was the purport of their first answer; afterwards a promise was extorted from the owner and the master of the ship that the cargo should be conveyed back to England as it came, 'without touching land or paying duty.' A similar pledge was to be exacted from the owners of the other ships, which were daily expected in port. Twenty days were the limit beyond which the ships were forbidden to remain in Boston harbour.

Day after day elapsed, yet the ships, three in number, made no sign of departure. The public excitement

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increased. At length the twentieth day dawned, passed its noon, and waned. The owner of the *Dartmouth*, the ship which had first arrived, was cited to appear before a committee, and called to account for not having kept his engagement. He protested that it was impossible for him to move in opposition to the positive orders of the Governor of Massachusetts. He was told that, nevertheless, the ships must go, for such was the decision of the people of Boston.

Four more days passed. Neither party would yield. Hutchinson, who had succeeded to full authority,—Bernard having been recalled some time previously,—was firm as a rock; he was a man after the King's own heart. The Boston people, on their side, were persistent and unwavering. A meeting was gathered in the Old South Meeting-house, the largest assembly that had ever been convened in Boston. Council was held; addresses, all breathing the same spirit of stern resistance, were delivered. Daylight faded, night drew on.

Suddenly a certain signal was given. A mighty shout was raised; it was answered by an Indian war-whoop. A rush was made to the wharf, and a number of men, disguised as Indians, separated themselves from the crowd, and sprang on board the East India vessels. The residue of the people stationed themselves so as to guard against interruption, while the pretended Indians seized upon the chests containing the fragrant leaves, and quietly emptied them into the

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Bay. The whole transaction was conducted with the utmost order and deliberation; no other property was injured, and the bystanders on the wharf maintained such perfect quiet that the sound of breaking open the three hundred and forty tea-chests could be distinctly heard on shore. The business having been completed, the people dispersed, and the town suddenly became as calm and peaceful as though the voice of dissension and protest had never been heard within its streets.

News of the strange proceeding was carried by special messengers to distant quarters, and Boston received the joyful congratulations of the sister colonies. But when the tidings reached the home Government, the wrath of monarch and ministers was excessive; and measures were immediately taken to punish so audacious a deed. After brief deliberation, an Act was passed through Parliament whereby all commerce with the port of Boston was forbidden; that city was at the same time deprived of some of the privileges granted by the charter of Massachusetts, and it seemed as though the prosperity of the unfortunate province had received its death-blow; for now followed the saddest and gloomiest days it had ever known. All trade was of course suspended; the once busy wharves of Boston were silent and deserted, warehouses were closed, shops were shut; and tradesmen and labourers wandered about the streets in absolute idleness, almost in despair.

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The ever-widening breach between Great Britain and America had nearly reached its crisis; and it soon became a recognised fact that nothing could now avail to heal it. The sword of defiance had been drawn, the scabbard flung away. But before plunging into any account of the memorable events which followed, reference must be made to an episode which occurred some time before matters came to a climax, but which contributed more than any other circumstance, even the vexed question of taxation included, to enrage the Americans, and to alienate them from the parent land. All mention of this catastrophe has hitherto been omitted, because it is too important to receive a mere passing notice in a chapter which is intended only as a brief summary of many great facts,—a species of connecting link between other and more detailed narratives.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

THE affair of the Boston Tea-party happened in the year 1773; the event which will form the subject of the present chapter took place about three years previously.

On the third of March 1770, the snow was falling thick and fast, whitening the Boston pavements, and covering the roofs with a light, feathery mantle. The cold was bitter, and most likely called forth many a slighting remark from the soldiers who paraded the streets, relative to the severity and discomfort of the outlandish climate. Such remarks would not fail to be answered in at least as taunting a spirit by the civilians, whose ears were ever on the alert to catch the sound of words which could be turned to the disadvantage of the red-coats. On that particular day, indeed, the hostile feeling was especially keen; for a little incident that had transpired the day before had served to fan the flame of discord, and to add fresh material to the mutually-cherished feud. It was a mere trifle. A soldier had applied for employment



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to a ropemaker, and his request had been refused in coarse and insulting terms. The soldier had thereupon challenged the insolent civilian to a boxing-match, which invitation being accepted, the former found himself worsted in the contest. Smarting with rage and mortification, the son of Mars had called to his aid several of his comrades, and a small affray ensued, in which cutlasses and clubs were freely wielded. The victory remained with the townsmen, and the soldiers retired to their barracks, inflamed with passion, and smarting under what they deemed the dishonour sustained by their regiment in their ignominious defeat.

The next day various individuals of the townspeople who had friends and acquaintances among the garrison, received mysterious letters and messages, advising them to keep within their houses after nightfall on the following Monday evening. Within the precincts of the barracks there were evidences of some special preparations being made. The soldiers, when off duty, were to be seen handling and balancing short, heavy bludgeons; and half intelligible jests and allusions seemed to intimate that these weapons were designed for a purpose distinct from the rough play in which they were usually employed. Hints were exchanged concerning the hard measure that was to be dealt out to the thick-headed citizens, and the means to be taken to teach them to keep clear of King George's red-coats in future. It was plain that some demonstra-

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tion was intended, and that the following Monday night was the time fixed for its execution.

Saturday and Sunday passed in sullen tranquillity. Monday dawned. Throughout the day a vague uneasiness pervaded the throngs which passed and repassed along the public thoroughfares; it was as though soldiers and civilians instinctively felt that some event more serious than any which had hitherto disturbed the peace of the city was about to transpire. Words grew bolder, hints became broader, jests more insulting, glances more threatening. Was it possible that the officers in command of the garrison were secretly disposed to encourage a dangerous quarrel between soldiery and civilians? Nay, even that the Governor himself privately favoured the notion of some outrage on the part of the provoked citizens which might necessitate the use of musket and bayonet? It would almost appear that such was the case. The British officers hated the citizens of Boston with a lively hatred, such as those only can experience who feel that the enemy whom they would fain despise is nevertheless one to be dreaded as well as contemned. As for Thomas Hutchinson, it is hardly likely that five short years could have sufficed to efface from his memory that August evening when his stately hearth was laid waste, and his home reduced to ruin and desolation.

If such feelings did not influence the authorities, their conduct was indeed unaccountable; for the

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officers, instead of restraining their men, and ordering them to remain within barracks, allowed them to lounge about the streets, while Hutchinson failed to insist upon precautionary measures being used. This wilful blindness and negligence were still persisted in, when several slight disturbances in the course of the day had proved the necessity for exercising the utmost prudence and forethought.

Towards evening the clouds rolled away; and as the sunset drums were beaten, the snow-covered steeples and massive cupolas were tinged with a crimson flush. When it faded, the crescent moon shone out in the clear, cold sky, and the streets glittered in intense whiteness beneath the pale, steely beam. Soldiers, in parties of two or three, were parading, with bold swagger, upon the side-walks; and the measured tramp of their well-drilled feet seemed to bid defiance to the undisciplined multitude, who mimicked their martial step and laughed insultingly at their pompous manner.

'We'll make you laugh the wrong way before long, you rebels,' cried the angry soldiers. 'You shall learn that we have not crossed the seas for nothing.'

'That's right; bluster away,' jeered a party of active young men, rudely jostling the speakers. ''We'll see whether Boston boys are to be frightened by threats.'

'Bah! they are but a handful amongst all of us bold fellows,' shouted another young townsman. 'These red-coats are very fine to look at, but I doubt if they are warranted to fight.'

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'You shall sing to a different tune before you are much older, my lads,' savagely growled a red-coat, making his firelock rattle significantly.

'But come! let's hear what is going on yonder,' suggested another hot-blooded citizen, pointing towards a distant group of townspeople, who were apparently listening to some street-orator that was wildly gesticulating in the midst of them. 'Liberty,' 'freedom from oppression,' 'resistance of tyranny;' such was the burthen of the harangue, which also contained many very pointed allusions to the 'lobster-backs' who had invaded the peaceful precincts of Boston city. Hoots and derisive yells from some of the intruders thus referred to interrupted the course of the impassioned speech; blows succeeded to words, and a general scuffle ensued. Just at that moment, a number of soldiers, armed with cutlasses, clubs, and other weapons, rushed upon the scene from the neighbouring barrack. The affray waxed hotter.

'At them, boys!' shouted a beardless, mischief-loving young ensign in his brainless folly. 'I will stand by you. Kill them; stick them; knock them down; run your bayonets through them!'

'Hurrah!' was the answer. 'Come on, lads! We'll make a lane through them with our cutlasses!'

'Cowardly villains!' retorted the citizens. 'We can fight as well as you.'

'See!' cried a boy from the threshold of a barber's shop, pointing, as he spoke, to an officer who was



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walking down the street at a little distance; 'there goes a mean fellow who has not paid my master for dressing his hair.'

'He shall be paid, but it will be in lead—not silver,' muttered a soldier between his teeth, while a sentinel stepped forward and dealt the flippant lad a violent blow with the butt-end of his musket, which nearly felled him to the ground.

'Villains! would you attack unarmed men and helpless children?' roared the mob.

'They are coming! They are upon us! More cut-throat rascals,' was the cry, as the military party was reinforced by a fresh batch of soldiers who came running upon the scene, brandishing their weapons, howling imprecations, and yelling like so many madmen.

'Knock them down! Kill them!' they shrieked, dealing hard blows right and left, insulting unoffending bystanders, and abusing all who crossed their path. 'Fire! fire!'

'You dare not fire,' returned the populace. 'You dare not fire without orders from a civil officer.'

'We'll see about that. Hurrah! here come more of our comrades,' they cried triumphantly, as more soldiers came in sight.

Suddenly the tones of an alarm-bell, violently rung, pealed out upon the frosty air, and the terror-waking sound startled those of the inhabitants who had prudently remained by their own warm hearths, and

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brought them flocking forth to the scene of riot and tumult. Some had supposed it to be an alarm of fire; and seeing no signs of such a catastrophe, quietly returned to the safety of their houses. Others remained in the streets, trying to quell the disturbance and to restore some measure of order. Headed by a few wise and well-disposed officers, the peacemakers soon succeeded in reducing the excited crowd to something like reason, and all mischief might even then have been averted. But just at that juncture, a new detachment of soldiers joined the crowd, and their appearance seemed to revive the fury of their fellows.

'There is the soldier that knocked me down,' cried the boy already mentioned, to a number of his companions who were following closely upon the heels of a group of soldiers.

Thereupon the wild youths pushed and jostled each other towards the sentinel, as though they would attack him.

'Keep off, you young scoundrels!' thundered the sentinel, as he loaded his musket.

'He is going to fire,' exclaimed the provoking lads, in a tone of defiant rage.

'If you fire, you must die for it,' interposed Henry Knox, subsequently a general of the American army; 'I advise you to have a care.'

'I don't care,' was the insolent reply coupled with an oath; 'if they touch me, I will fire, they may rely upon it.'

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'Fire away!' screamed the boys; 'but first, we'll knock you down for snapping the trigger.'

'Stand off!' warned the soldier; and then he called for the main-guard.

But ready-tongued mischief-lovers had already carried the news to the guard that the mob were killing the sentry.

'Turn out! Why don't you turn out?' cried Captain Preston, the officer on duty, with ill-concealed impatience.

Six soldiers, two of whom had suffered in the conflict with the ropemaker on the previous Friday, and whose sentiments of passionate revenge were well known throughout the regiment, were told off, and Preston marched them with fixed bayonets towards the scene of the uproar. As they went with hurried step, they purposely jostled the foot-passengers, and openly abused them, though in the presence of their commanding officer.

On reaching the spot, they found the sentry surrounded by ten or a dozen men, while fifty or sixty more were at hand to urge them on by cries and menaces. The decisive moment had come.

'For heaven's sake,' entreated Knox, who had closely followed the captain's footsteps—'for heaven's sake, sir, take your men back again; if you fire, your life must answer for the consequences.'

'Stand aside,' was the answer, given in angry agitation; 'I know what I am about. I will manage the affair.'

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So saying, he drew up his men in order, facing the crowd, and protected in the rear by the walls of the custom-house.

At this sight, the fury of the populace knew no bounds.

'Down with the cowardly lobster-backs!' they shrieked; 'they will fire upon unarmed men. Shame upon them for white-livered scoundrels!' 'They dare not fire,' boasted others; 'they cannot fire without civil orders, and for those they may wait long enough.'

'Throw down your arms and fight us!' cried the mob; 'come on! we're ready for you.'

There was a hasty movement, as if the people were about to rush upon the military force; but just then a stick, thrown by some dexterous hand, struck the musket of one of the soldiers.

A voice was heard, speaking in tones of command, husky, and somewhat tremulous. It was that of Captain Preston. The words were indistinct, but the soldiers gave to them a fatal interpretation. A sharp report rang through the air, and a mulatto, who happened to be taking no active part in the uproar, was seen to fall. The townsmen were apparently seized with a panic; they began to retreat. Another report, and yet another. One of the red-coats was observed to take deliberate aim at a boy who was fleeing in terror from the spot. Another soldier drew his cutlass and tried to stab one of the citizens; the weapon was instantly wrested from his hand, and the

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enraged civilian directed a blow at his adversary; but, missing his aim, he struck Preston. A cloud of grey smoke veiled the scene for a few moments; when it slowly rose into the air and dispersed, the moonlight revealed the spectacle of eleven Boston men stretched upon the trodden snow. More than one was motionless; others were quivering and writhing in mortal agony.

As the life-blood streamed forth, the soldiers seemed possessed with a wild thirst for further carnage, but their captain restrained them. Enough had, however, been done to goad the citizens to desperation. The bells were rung, the town-drums beat an alarm.

'To arms! to arms!' was the universal cry. The crowd rallied, and nearly every house in Boston contributed to the increasing mass one or more of its inmates,—strong men wild with fury and indignation panting to avenge the sanguinary insult.

'Justice! Justice! We demand justice according to the laws of the land!' cried some. 'Is our town under martial law, that its citizens are thus remorselessly butchered?' questioned others.

Even Governor Hutchinson, who quickly repaired to the fatal spot, in whatever degree he might secretly have sympathized with the soldiery, felt it his duty to remonstrate with Preston upon the rash and cruelly unjustifiable course which he had pursued. 'Did you not know,' he asked with some sternness, 'that you should not have fired without the order of a civil magistrate?'

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'I did it to save my men; it was to save my men,' replied Preston hurriedly.

'To the barracks with the red-coated butchers!' clamoured the people; 'to the guard-room with them! The pack of wolves must be chained up; they must be caged to ensure our safety.'

'Good people,' spoke the Governor, 'justice shall be done; the case shall be strictly inquired into by your own county magistrates. In the meanwhile, I charge you to disperse quietly to your homes, that there may be no more disturbance and bloodshed.'

Somewhat pacified by Governor Hutchinson's assurances, the crowd slowly separated, and the streets were soon deserted. Nothing remained to tell the tale of that evening's violence, with the exception of certain crimson stains that darkened the newly-fallen snow. They also disappeared under the influence of the next day's noontide sun; but the remembrance of the ghastly sight never faded from the minds of the inhabitants of Boston. It was imprinted upon their very hearts in indelible colours; and streams of blood made to flow in days to come were powerless to efface the terrible picture of the tragedy enacted on the 5th of March 1770, and known to posterity by the name of the Boston Massacre.

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# VII.

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## CHAPTER I.

### GREY AGAINST SCARLET.

IT would be a difficult task to present to the reader, within the limits of these pages, an adequate picture of the great events connected with the history of the American colonies which succeeded each other with such startling rapidity in the years 1775 and 1776. Nor would it be any easier to sketch out and place in distinct relief the characters and actions of the men who started up to meet the crisis, and whose names are enrolled upon the list of those whom America chiefly delights to honour. It is astonishing, indeed, how great a number of men stood forth to answer the requirements of the times, and to distinguish them-



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selves, both with sword and pen, as champions of their country's liberty. Numbers of these persons had sprung from the humblest origin, and had received no early training for the positions which they were now called to fill. Schoolmasters, small tradesmen, lawyers, artisans, received commissions as captains, colonels, or generals of the American forces, and acquitted themselves of their novel duties in a manner which justified the confidence of their fellow-citizens.

General Nathaniel Greene, for example, who gained the reputation of being the best soldier in the patriot army, with the exception of George Washington himself, was by trade a blacksmith. General Lincoln was a farmer, General Knox a bookbinder, and General Warren a physician. Samuel Adams, who, by the eloquence of his tongue and the readiness of his pen, commanded the earnest attention of the American Congress, and forced even British statesmen—ay, and the monarch at their head—to pause and give heed to his words of protest or of warning, was a man of obscure birth, poor and unlearned; while his namesake, John Adams, who rose to be the second President of the United States, was once a country schoolmaster.

The newly-united colonies of North America were preparing for self-defence; and yet they still hoped for a peaceful ending to all the dissensions which had caused the troubles between themselves and the mother country. This anticipation was, however, nothing less than a

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wild hoping against hope; for King George's attitude was unchanged. He clung with unwavering tenacity to the infatuated notion of coercing his American dependencies into compliance with his despotic decrees; and with a view to attaining this object, he sent out fresh detachments of soldiers, until the Government forces, under General Gage, amounted to a considerable body of able and effective men. It may well be supposed, therefore, that notwithstanding the almost universal inclination for an amicable settlement, if such could be effected without injury to the bold assertion of rights put forth by the colonists, these latter held themselves in readiness for the worst that might occur. They organized bands of volunteers, and collected military stores,—precautions which were naturally looked upon by the British as evidences of defiance. By degrees, the most sanguine advocates for peace became aware that the troubles could have but one issue, and that a war of independence was imminent. The last attempt at conciliation had failed; and the 'minute-men'—so called because they had undertaken to be ready to fight at a minute's notice—were daily augmenting their numbers. But the regulars mocked at the bands of militia and volunteers drilling upon every village green and grassy common; and as for the minute-men, the scornful grenadiers made merry over the name, declaring it to be well chosen; for, said they, they will take flight the minute they see the enemy. The British regiments, however, made one

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grand mistake; they underrated the strength and capacity of the rebel forces, against whom they were soon to be arrayed in deadly conflict.

Such was the state of matters in the month of April 1775.

On a certain day towards the middle of that month, at Concord, a small township not quite twenty miles from Boston, signs might have been remarked of unusual excitement. A message had been received by the Committee of Safety from General Warren on the previous day, in consequence of which certain great waggons were put into requisition. These were loaded with heavy packages, after which they rumbled away to some destination further inland. While this was being done, the men engaged in the business talked mysteriously of concerted signals, and whispered that the beacons must be looked to, so that they might be ready to be lighted at a moment's warning. As sacks and barrels were dragged forth from dark hiding-places, the women and children stood looking on, talking of the terrible days that were coming, and of the desperate struggle in which their husbands and brothers would shortly have to bear a part. All looked grave, but not one countenance betokened fear or misgiving. And yet the recruits were only half drilled, and the stores of gunpowder and ball that were being stowed away in those waggons were very scanty; if they were a fair specimen of the scale of preparations for what would probably be a fierce and protracted

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war, the supplies of the rebel army must be miserably out of proportion to the coming need. But the zealous band remembered Louisburg; and, remembering, took courage.

A few days after this circumstance, on the eighteenth, booted horsemen, who had ridden from Boston at full speed, told of having seen, in the villages through which they had passed, several strangers, who, notwithstanding their civil attire, betrayed by their unmistakeably military air and gait that they were British soldiers in disguise. The meaning of their loitering about the neighbourhood of Concord was clear; they had been told off by General Gage to watch the enemy's stores, and to hinder any attempt to remove them. It is probable that, as the New Englanders listened to this recital, they laughed at the tardy precautions, and congratulated themselves upon the forethought of Samuel Adams, who, thanks to the warning of General Warren, had taken those timely measures for the safety of the precious ammunition.

That night, eight hundred grenadiers and light infantry quitted Boston, and set out through marsh and mire for Concord. Lest the enemy should receive notice of their movements, Gage, as soon as the soldiers were on their way, ordered that no one should be allowed to leave the city. But the vigilant Warren had already anticipated the British commander. Two hours before midnight, he had despatched two couriers by different roads to warn the patriots at Concord and

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Lexington. One of these messengers, Paul Revere, lingered to arrange with a friend for the necessary signals being passed, and then he escaped on his mission, just five minutes before the sentinels received the order to prevent any such exit being made.

Forward marched the British forces, swiftly and in silence; but swifter and more silent was the sudden light of the beacon, as it flamed forth from the highest church-tower in Boston, bidding all the towns and villages for miles round beware of the quickly-advancing enemy. Onward went Paul Revere, mounted on a fleet-footed horse, rousing the minute-men as he rode through each hamlet, and bearing the tidings to every sleeping household that he passed on his way. Once his course was arrested by two British officers; but his presence of mind and exact knowledge of the country stood him in good stead. Decoying one of his pursuers into a pond, escape from which was extremely difficult, owing to the clayey nature of its bed, he eluded the other, and continued his rapid career.

The soldiers had not proceeded far before they perceived that their movements had been anticipated; for the hamlets through which they marched, instead of lying in the deep hush of midnight repose, were alive with expectation; and the report of guns and the sound of bells proved that the warning of Revere had not fallen upon deaf ears. The commanding officer, therefore, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, sent back to Boston for reinforcements.

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Before one o'clock in the morning, Samuel Adams and his colleague, John Hancock, on duty at Lexington, had received the message borne by Revere and his fellow-courier Dawes. An hour afterwards, a third horseman had carried the news to Concord. Out came the inhabitants, summoned by the clanging of the meeting-house bell, and at their head was their pastor, William Emerson, armed with a musket, and girded with a well-furnished pouch-belt.

Further and further still sped the messengers, and at their call, solitary farm-houses sent forth their inmates; the men hastily looking to their arms, the women suppressing every sign of fear as they cheerfully gave up husbands and sons, their natural protectors, to the sacred cause of liberty. No sound of repining then; no word of timid dread. The moment was come which had long been looked for—the moment for which they had been providing during many past months, nay, years, of patient and persevering preparation. The hour was come in which the great stand for freedom must be made; the time had arrived when past professions of devotion to country, and to that country's liberties, must be tested; the grand crisis was at hand, and the brave New Englanders knew it. Therefore the sob was repressed, the tear dashed away, as the wife helped her husband to sling the musket over his sturdy shoulder, and the mother clasped the sword-belt upon her stripling son; then turned to still the cries of startled infants and wailing children.

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Hancock and Adams, ever on the alert, had lost no time in summoning the minute-men; and only a very short time had elapsed, after the alarm had been given by Revere, before the common of Lexington was dotted with eager volunteers; for not alone had those who were liable for military service responded to the call, but the elders of the little town also, whose advanced years had exempted them from such a duty, save in case of imminent danger to the community, had rushed forth at the voice of alarm, and declared their willingness to unite with their younger brethren in striking the blow for freedom.

There they stood beneath the solemn shining of the stars, drawn up to receive their final instructions before the enemy came in sight. Their captain, John Parker, instructed them to load with powder and ball, but to carefully avoid firing until the enemy had begun the attack. He then dismissed them, after setting a watch, with orders to be ready to re-assemble as soon as the beating of the drums should give notice of the immediate approach of the British.

Thus passed the night. When morning broke, the first pale streak of daylight enabled the watchers to distinguish the plumes and bayonets of Colonel Smith's force. The alarm was given, and the men of Lexington stood shoulder to shoulder to receive the foe.

It was an unequal conflict. Sixty or seventy inexperienced men and half-grown youths, badly armed, some of them even not armed at all, drawn up

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in battle array against nearly a thousand well-trained, highly-disciplined soldiers. Nevertheless, the little band stood firm and unflinching.

The eastern horizon had begun to glow with the first fires of sunrise, when Major Pitcairn, in command of the foremost party, brought up his men in double-quick time to within speaking distance of the Americans.

'Disperse, ye villains!' he cried; 'ye rebels, disperse; lay down your arms. Why don't you lay down your arms, and disperse?'

The rebels stood their ground, 'too few to fight, too brave to fly.'

Pitcairn paused for an answer. None came. Then he gave the word—

'Fire!'

He himself suited the action to the word by discharging a pistol.

The command was followed, first by a few harmless shots; then came a close and deadly roll of musketry. Parker, seeing the fearful odds, ordered his men to disperse. In place of obeying, they answered the murderous rain of bullets by a volley from their own poor weapons. One or two slight skin-wounds were the only result of the feeble attempt; but by this time blood was flowing freely upon the common. One man fell mortally wounded actually in sight of his home, and, with a supreme effort, he crawled towards the door, whence his wife rushed forward to meet him; but he only reached the familiar threshold to draw his last



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quivering breath at his wife's feet. Another man died by the bayonet on the very spot where he had taken up his post half an hour before. It was slaughter and butchery, not even-handed combat.

When the morning sun shone out in all the glory and beauty of an unusually rich and early spring, its beams fell upon a scene of horror. Seven men lay motionless upon the soft fresh grass, and the sweet matin breezes bore upon their wings the groans of the wounded and dying. The victors drew up in fine order upon the green, fired an exultant volley, and gave three cheers. (Shame that British voices should ever have united in so dishonouring a cry!) Then they moved on in the direction of Concord, leaving behind them desolation and misery.

As they disappeared in the distance, bereaved mothers and wives, weeping sisters, came forth from the scattered dwellings to tend the wounded, and to perform the last offices for those whose spirits had already fled. Others, holding little children by the hand, or hugging them to their bosoms, were fleeing in wild confusion, hoping to find in the neighbouring woods and hills a refuge from the horrors that had scared their vision.

Adams, calm and collected amid panic and danger, walked from group to group.

'Oh! what a glorious morning is this!' he cried, in a passion of exalted feeling. He saw through the terrors of the present moment to the distant prospect,

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and it was one which filled his heart with rapture. In the hour of humiliation he foresaw future victory; deadly struggle, many a defeat, perhaps, many a noble head laid low in the course of the tedious warfare just commenced; but beyond these fast-coming troubles was the glorious perspective of independence. Who could grudge his heart's best blood in such a cause, for such an issue!

But the sorrowful groups saw little or nothing of all this as they carried home their dead across the sun-lighted common, or laid them to rest in the little cemetery adjoining the meeting-house. Within the walls of that lowly edifice, how often had the listening congregation been exhorted to courage in maintaining their sacred birthright of liberty! But when the decisive moment had come, other feelings struggled with the sentiment of patriotic duty, and mourners found the reality of sacrifice bitter and hard to be borne.

Meanwhile the men of Concord prepared for the reception of the British invaders. We are told that they addressed themselves to their perilous duties 'with seriousness and acknowledgment of God,'—calm and resolute, as though they were merely about to assemble for worship within the meeting-house, close to which they drew up in battle array. Their local force of about two hundred was increased by volunteers from neighbouring villages; but still their numbers did not amount to more than one-fourth of the strength of the British. On the approach of the latter, therefore,

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they retreated to a hill about a mile distant from the town, and there awaited the attack.

Proudly marched the body of gaily-attired warriors, their well-polished accoutrements gleaming and flashing in the brilliant sunbeams; and entering the deserted town of Concord about seven o'clock, they began their search for stores. The quest was almost a fruitless one, for, as we have seen, the warning of General Warren had forestalled them; and a few gun-carriages were the extent of their booty. A party of searchers, being in need of food, demanded refreshments from the wife of the man whose house they were ransacking. The woman furnished what was required, but declined payment. 'We are commanded to feed our enemy if he hunger,' was her characteristic observation.

While King George's men were thus pursuing their investigations, the band of American rebels was growing in numbers. From all the villages about Concord, the male inhabitants came flocking to their standard, and many a scene of quiet heroism was enacted as brief home-farewells were exchanged.

'Take good care of the children,' were the parting words of Captain Isaac Davis, commander of a company of minute-men, to his wife, as he hastened to lead his party to the post of peril. A few hours afterwards, his lifeless body was borne across the threshold of his house, together with the corpses of two of his company who had fallen at his side.

By ten o'clock in the morning following the arrival

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of the British troops at Concord, the American forces mustered more than four hundred strong. The latter took up their position on an eminence above the bridge which spans Concord river, and the officers held a short council. Having decided upon their plan of action, they descended the hill, and, gaining the main road by a side-path, approached the bridge, which the British soldiers were already beginning to destroy. When the regulars observed the advance of the Americans, they fired a few random shots. Two men fell, wounded but not dead. Then followed a steady volley from the British muskets. Two more Americans, one of them being Captain Isaac Davis, fell, to rise no more. There was a moment's hesitation ere the fire was returned. Then a voice was heard, raised in tones of passionate earnestness—

'Fire, fellow-soldiers; for God's sake, fire!'

'Fire, fire!' was echoed by every patriot tongue.

A sudden cloud of smoke hid the enemy's lines; as it rolled away, gaps were seen in the trim ranks. Two Englishmen were killed, several were disabled. In less than five minutes more, the British had retreated to the main body, and the bridge remained in the hands of the Americans.

For the moment no further action was taken, and the victors neglected to follow up their advantage. Towards the afternoon, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, after more than one change of purpose, finally determined upon a retrograde movement, and prepared to

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return with his men to Boston—not by the main road, but along wild and difficult paths that led over undulating ground through woods and bushy tangles. If, in choosing this route, he was influenced by the expectation that the trees and shrubs would serve as a protection, he was destined before long to see the fallacy of such a calculation. The militia and minute-men rapidly crossed the hills, and assembled under cover of the thicket at a point which commanded the line of march.

Here they were reinforced by other companies, and a pursuit of the British commenced—the pursuers keeping as much as possible out of the enemy's sight, and distributing their numbers so judiciously as to make their force appear much greater than it really was.

As the British marched along, they were constantly harassed by shots from behind tree-trunks or stone walls. Once or twice they halted, and faced their opponents; but these skirmishes resulted in the death of several regulars, and the retreat was resumed. For some miles, Colonel Smith was able to maintain good order among his men. But as the irregular firing was kept up with unabated vigour—the Americans seeming to multiply themselves, and to spring up in the most unexpected places—fatigue began to tell upon both officers and men. The wounded showed signs of giving way, ammunition grew scarce, the ranks became broken; while those whose strength still served them quickened their steps, and in many cases the march became a

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run; nor did the threats of the officers avail to restore discipline.

Shortly after they had passed Lexington, they were met by Lord Percy, with about twelve hundred men. No definite tidings had been received in Boston as to the fate of Smith and his force; and as Percy marched with his detachment over the deserted high-road, the aspect of affairs was far from reassuring. When he came up with his countrymen, a pitiable spectacle met his gaze. The soldiers who, not twenty-four hours before, had marched proud and confident into Concord, were now returning with many a gap in their ranks—dusty, travel-stained, faint and exhausted. Overexertion and thirst had done their work, and the tongues of some of the wretched creatures who dragged themselves painfully onward, protruded, black and swollen, from their mouths. Yet sad as was their plight, no delay could be permitted. A haven of safety must be reached, and there was nothing for it but to press onward, under the never-ceasing fire of the hidden foe. Alas! weary and dispirited as were the British, many an act of wanton cruelty and destruction on their part marked their retreat; shame at their humiliating position had rendered them desperate, and they burned and ravaged with ruthless hand whenever an opportunity for doing so presented itself.

The fugitives reached Charlestown as the sun was sinking, after a march of six hours, in which space of time they had performed a journey of twenty miles.

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Their losses in killed and wounded amounted to two hundred and seventy-three. Of the Americans, forty-nine were killed, thirty-four wounded, and five remained unaccounted for. Many British officers were wounded, and the incompetent commanding officer himself was severely hurt.

So ended the disastrous affair of Lexington and Concord.

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## CHAPTER II.

### TRIUMPHANT IN DEFEAT.

WHEN the tidings of the battle of Lexington reached Great Britain, they naturally occasioned the utmost surprise. Until the very last moment it had been generally believed that matters would be arranged without bloodshed. When it became known that a long and sanguinary war was imminent—that it had in fact begun—the certainty gave rise, among the generality of the people, to the deepest sorrow and regret. Even persons holding high positions in the Government service testified their disapprobation of the proceedings of the King and his Ministry, by requesting that they might not be appointed to duties which would bring them into conflict with those whom they still considered their brethren, notwithstanding the state of revolt to which they had been driven.

Immediately after the fatal occurrences of that memorable nineteenth of April, the Congress of Massachusetts had addressed to the people of Great Britain a calm and truthful statement of the matter, and had



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closed their communication with the following words:—'Brethren, we profess to be loyal and dutiful subjects; and so hardly dealt with as we have been, are still ready, with our lives and fortunes, to defend the person, family, crown, and dignity of our royal sovereign. Nevertheless, to the persecution and tyranny of his cruel Ministry we will not submit. Appealing to Heaven for the justice of our cause, we determine to die or be free.'

The response to this declaration burst from thousands of sympathizing hearts. The citizens of London drew up a petition to the sovereign, entreating him to dissolve Parliament, and to bring in a change of Ministry; but King George declined to receive the appeal. It was nevertheless inscribed among the city records, and printed copies of it were widely circulated. A fund was raised for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who fell in the cause of liberty, and many far-seeing politicians began to prophesy that the struggle would end in the complete independence of the outraged colonies.

The Americans, meanwhile, well aware that, having once drawn the sword, it could never again be sheathed until the momentous question of freedom had been decided, began to feel the necessity of organizing a regular army, subject to a much stricter discipline than any as yet observed by the impetuous bands of militia and volunteers, who had plunged into a kind of impromptu warfare destitute of any fixed and definite

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plan of operations. It was moreover necessary to take some firm steps for regulating and restraining the overflow of enthusiasm which sent overwhelming numbers of the male population from every part of the united colonies flocking to the neighbourhood of Boston. Before many weeks had elapsed after the battle of Lexington, the British troops found themselves surrounded by a force twenty thousand strong; some of them indeed mere idlers and lovers of mischief, but the majority were stern and determined men, resolved to shed, if need were, the last drop of their blood in defence of American independence.

In the futile hope of checking the advance of what every one else must have felt to be inevitable, General Gage issued a proclamation promising a free pardon to all those who would quietly lay down their arms and submit themselves to British authority. Two men only were excluded from these gracious proposals; they were Samuel Adams and John Hancock. If, however, the colonists should obstinately hold out and refuse these overtures, they were to be treated as rebels and traitors. The manifesto also declared the colonies to be under martial law, until such time as the ordinary course of justice could be re-established.

The sole effect of this proclamation was to hasten the hostile preparations, and to hurry on the moment of open warfare.

The peninsula on which Boston is built extends in a southerly direction in the form of a promontory, called

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at that time by the name of Dorchester Neck; upon this Neck are three hills commanding the town. On the north lies the peninsula of Charlestown, terminated at the north-east by Bunker Hill, which rises to an elevation of more than a hundred feet, and overlooks both peninsulas. A second height, called Breed's Hill, rises at a distance of about seven hundred feet from Bunker Hill, and a glance is sufficient to show that whoever should succeed in gaining a firm footing upon the heights of Dorchester and Charlestown, would thereby render themselves masters of Boston.

General Gage accordingly arranged an expedition, in which three bodies of troops, under Generals Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne, were to take possession of the strong points. The eighteenth of June was fixed for this undertaking.

When the project became known in the rebel camp, an immediate desire was felt to anticipate the movement, notwithstanding the as yet inefficient condition of the American forces, and the scantiness of the necessary supplies. The need was urgent; and on the fifteenth of June the Massachusetts Committee of Safety announced to the officers in council that the desperate venture must be attempted.

A thousand men were told off for the hazardous enterprize, and Colonel William Prescott was appointed to the command. A parade was ordered for an hour after sunset, and less bold and determined officers might have shrunk from the inspection of a force

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which, although selected for so difficult and dangerous an undertaking, was so poorly armed and accoutred. Fowling-pieces were the staple weapon, bayonets were few and far between, and the pouches were but ill-supplied with powder and ball. At a given signal every head was uncovered, and one of the army chaplains offered up an impassioned prayer for the divine blessing upon the project. When his voice ceased the order to march was given, and under cover of the darkening night the soldiers set forth with as little noise as possible.

The dull rumble of waggon-wheels almost overpowered the sound of the cautious footsteps, and the party succeeded in reaching Breed's Hill without molestation. Arrived in safety, spades, pick-axes, and other tools were distributed from the waggons, and the thousand soldiers, officers and men, began to dig trenches and to throw up earthworks, according to the plan proposed by the engineers. Forward went the work with astonishing swiftness; hours passed, the midsummer stars grew pale, morning approached. So silently as well as expeditiously was the labour carried on, that the watchers who kept guard upon the shore below could now and then hear the faint cry of 'All's well' from the unconscious sentinels on board the British men-of-war.

Dawning day brought with it the knowledge of the amazing events of the past night. It was like a work of magic. At sunset on the previous evening the hill

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had towered in solitude above the town, its smooth sides and low summit grass-grown and untrodden; daybreak beheld it peopled with an active military force, and crowned with a well-constructed, earth-built fort.

Instantly all was in motion on board the ships, and the inhabitants of Boston and Charlestown were startled from sleep by the booming of cannon. Forth rushed citizens and soldiers to gaze upon the strange spectacle of the mushroom battery stormed by an incessant fire from the guns of the *Lively*. Copp's Hill, an eminence facing Breed's Hill, and only twelve hundred yards distant from it, was immediately fortified with a battery of guns, which soon added their hoarse voices to those of the destructive engines playing from the vessel's side in the bay down below; and amid the pealing thunder and the iron rain, Prescott calmly continued his operations and perfected his defences.

As the day wore on, the rays of a scorching sun, beating fiercely upon the bare and unprotected hill-top, seconded the efforts of the assailants; but still Prescott and his band laboured on, refusing to be relieved by newly-arriving reinforcements. They had toiled to erect the fortification; theirs must be the honour of defending it. Terrible were the disadvantages under which they worked; no supplies of provisions had been sent, and not so much as a drop of cold water was to be had to relieve the thirst caused by fatigue and the burning noontide heat.

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While Prescott and his men were working at their arduous tasks on the hill, General Gage was holding a council of war with his officers in Boston. The result of their deliberations soon became clear to the watchers within the fortress, for bodies of troops were presently observed moving out of Boston towards the base of the hill. When the American commander became aware that an engagement was imminent, his heart beat high with exultant delight, and he cheered his men with prophecies of the victory which he confidently expected to obtain.

At about twelve o'clock in the day the first detachment of British troops stepped from the Long Wharf in Boston into twenty-eight barges, and at one o'clock they landed at Moulton's Point. Forming in good order, they began to march with deliberate movements towards the foot of the hill; then they commenced the ascent. As soon as they were within range of the enemy they opened fire; but they levelled their pieces too high, and did but little damage. Prescott observed their error and profited by it.

'Don't fire,' he cried to his men, 'until you see the whites of their eyes.'

Slowly and with difficulty the foe advanced up the steep hill-side, for progress was impeded by the grass, which grew tall and rank. Onward they crept—ever nearer, closer.

'Fire!'

From every rebel gun gleamed a lightning flash,

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which vanished in a little cloud of white smoke. The greater part of the front rank fell; the whole body was brought to a standstill. This first murderous volley was succeeded by another, and yet another. The British were staggered,—thunderstruck by this hot resistance. For some ten or fifteen minutes the firing was incessant. Then the regulars began to retreat. Down the hill they rushed in disordered groups, some of them not stopping until they reached the water's edge.

A second column, under General Howe, advanced gallantly to renew the assault; and, forming in admirable order on the hill-side, prepared to fire. General Putnam, who was aiding Prescott in his defence of the redoubt, echoed the former order for the prevention of too hasty firing, and the result was the same on the second occasion as it had been on the first. As they approached the breastwork, Howe and his men were received by a steady, withering volley. They paused, wavered, and then descended below the point where the enemy's shot could reach them. Their officers made frantic endeavours to induce them to rally, and their ears must have been stung by the shouts of joy which echoed from behind the breastwork as the Americans marked the discomfiture of their assailants. A quarter of an hour passed; then the British returned to the charge. The same fierce reception, the same falling back; no soldiers, however bold and brave, could make way in the face of such an unremitting

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fire. The British officers performed marvellous feats of valour, but the sward in front of the redoubt was already thickly strewn with the dead and dying. General Howe sought the post of greatest danger, and was to be seen displaying a tiger-like courage, while his officers and aides-de-camp fell lifeless around him.

And now the fortunes of the battle began to change. Prescott discovered to his dismay that ammunition was failing. His applications for supplies, made early that morning, had been either disregarded or forgotten; none had been sent, and he now found himself reduced to a few artillery cartridges, which, when emptied, furnished a small quantity of powder—more precious than gold dust.

Forward pressed General Howe and his brave followers, who flung away their knapsacks and advanced with bayonets fixed. The firing from the breastwork grew feeble, then ceased altogether. The British soldiers, strengthened by a junction with Clinton and his men, who had rushed to their aid, had now reached the very ramparts of the fortification. They began to scale the parapet. Major Pitcairn had scarcely set foot on the earth wall of the redoubt, when a bullet from the musket of a coloured soldier struck and mortally wounded him. The next instant the redoubt was thronged with red-coats, and Prescott was compelled to give the order to retreat. A scene of confusion ensued; but the rebels forced their way through the broken ranks of the enemy, and, favoured



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partly by smoke and dust, re-formed, and retired in pretty good order. Prescott was one of the last to quit the redoubt. Warren was left dead in the trenches.

The regulars were too much exhausted to engage in a very vigorous pursuit, and the rebels withdrew by way of Charlestown Neck towards Cambridge. As they traversed the northern slope of Bunker's Hill they fell in with Putnam, who, before the turn of the battle, had gone in search of reinforcements. He now assumed the direction of the scattered forces, and induced some of the fugitives to join the party which he had hoped to bring up in time to do good service. Finding that he was too late, he led his brave followers to Prospect Hill, where he encamped for the night.

Prescott in the meantime hastened to report himself at headquarters, and, indignant at his defeat, proposed to attempt the recovery of his post, aided by three fresh regiments. His courage and conduct throughout the affair were deserving of the highest praise; and his total disregard of his own personal interest and advancement entitled him to honour as a true and noble soldier.

Such was the renowned battle of Bunker's Hill, fought on the seventeenth of June 1775; one of the bloodiest conflicts, in proportion to the numbers engaged, to be met with in British annals. The losses on the side of the royalists in killed and wounded amounted to one thousand and fifty-four; while of the American forces,

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one hundred and forty-five were killed or missing, and three hundred and four on the list of wounded. It was a dearly-bought victory, and one which inspired the conquered rebels with sanguine expectations of future successes. So honourable a defeat was only second to a triumph, and time proved that the most ambitious hopes on the part of the Americans were to find a brilliant fulfilment at no distant period.

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## CHAPTER III.

### THE LAST OF THE 'COLONIES.'

THE battle of Bunker's Hill inaugurated a new era in American history. It extinguished all hope of a reconciliation with Great Britain, and gave rise to ideas and plans hitherto undreamed of. The native soldiery had measured their strength with that of King George's men, and the result of the contest was such as to encourage the former to triumph and exult. But there was no time to pause and admire past deeds of valour and merit; the Americans had entered upon a desperate struggle, and must therefore press onward, without casting a glance behind. There was now no middle course; the colonists had struck into a path which allowed of no turning back—no compromise—but only the onward movement towards a goal far beyond any point which the wisest of their statesmen could have foreseen when the first murmurings were heard against an arbitrary but still revered and respected monarch.

Wonderful had appeared the dimensions attained by the primitive settlement of the fugitive pilgrims,



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when stately cities flourished upon the sites of the first wretched groups of cabins and huts; more wonderful still was its further development. The time had now arrived for daring great and unprecedented deeds. The spirit of the people was ripe for enterprises hitherto unthought of; they but wanted a leader who could conduct them through perilous passes to the dizzy heights at which they aimed. Nor did they look around in vain for such a leader. Already, before the fight on Bunker's Hill, the General Congress assembled at Philadelphia had singled out the man whose name was to become more famous in the history of his country than that of any who had preceded him. On the 3d of July 1775, George Washington accepted the office of commander-in-chief of the patriot army, and assumed the leadership of the troops which were gathered around Boston, besieging the British forces prisoned within its walls.

And now shall we trace the career of this man, whom Americans love to reverence under the title of father of his country? Shall we describe how he modelled and moulded the vast and confused mass of fine but raw material which he found at his disposal, transforming an eager but inexperienced, undisciplined mob into a capable and well-trained army?—how he planned and arranged, bringing order out of chaos, and inspiring his subordinate officers, soldiers, and the country at large with a degree of confidence such as might have been gained by the victor in a hundred

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battles? We might easily cover many pages with accounts of the illustrious exploits of this great general—of battles fought and won—of each successive step in the march of newly-found freedom, until at length Massachusetts once more chose her own governor,[1] even as her first founders, assembled in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, had selected John Carver as their leader ere they landed upon the wintry shores of Cape Cod. But such a task may not be ours. We have endeavoured briefly to trace the rise and progress of a great nation, from the earliest days of its struggling infancy to the prime of honourable maturity; and to show how the same principles which presided over the original establishment of the colony continued, under various modifications, to be the guiding motives of its existence, until they reached their full development in the events the record of which has been the subject of this concluding sketch.

We must content ourselves with a passing glimpse at two scenes which followed closely upon the triumphal entry of Washington into Boston in the spring of 1776, ere taking reluctant leave of a subject of such unusual interest and importance. Quitting the battle-field, we will seek the grave assembly of legislators, and listen while they discuss the most notable resolution which had ever formed the matter of their deliberations.

[1] John Hancock was chosen governor of Massachusetts in 1780. He was the first ruler elected by the people since old Simon Bradstreet, 'the last of the Puritans,' had filled that office.

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It was the first of July. The streets of Philadelphia were thronged with eager politicians, anxious citizens, and busy idlers. As the various groups conversed, or exchanged a few hasty words in passing, the name of Washington was often heard amid the confused fragments of their discourse; but though the people spoke of their great hero, and detailed the latest news from his army, his movements were not the immediate cause of the excitement that stirred the populace. Every citizen of the united colonies knew that, before that day's sun had set, a step would have been entered upon which would more materially affect the future destinies of America than any which had previously been taken; though it was but the inevitable result and culminating point of the remarkable events which had followed each other in such rapid succession during the course of the preceding ten years.

On the morning in question, Congress was to meet for the purpose of debating upon the resolution of independence which had already been proposed for their consideration. About the doors of the hall in which the members were to meet, a large number of spectators had congregated, to watch the arrival of the various delegates, and perhaps to give them a hearty cheer as they entered. One by one the legislators passed the threshold, to take their places in the momentous council.

The assemblage consisted of about fifty men, chosen by the inhabitants of the thirteen colonies as their

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representatives. The weight of responsibility which each individual member felt to be resting upon his conclusions, and waiting upon the words of his lips, was indicated by the grave and calm demeanour of the whole meeting. There were none of those fervid speeches, passionate declamations, and fiery harangues which, a few years later, characterized the proceedings of another national assembly under somewhat similar circumstances. The time for all such noisy demonstrations was past; the hour had come for sober reflection and thoughtful counsel. The interests at stake were too vitally important to be disposed of amid hasty shouts of enthusiasm and surface patriotism.

The proceedings opened with the reading of certain letters and despatches from General Washington; and their purport proved that it was no excess of national exultation, caused by the triumphant success of the patriot army, that had led to the momentous measure about to be adopted. On the contrary, the accounts were far from encouraging. The forces at the disposal of the commander-in-chief were small, still imperfectly disciplined and badly armed, and apparently incapable of coping successfully with a powerful enemy. These tidings, and some others of a less discouraging character, were briefly discussed; then the president rose, and introducing the subject which absorbed all hearts, formally proposed the resolution of independence.

A profound silence of some minutes succeeded his speech. Then John Adams rose to second the resolu-

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tion and to urge its adoption. A long discussion followed, after which the votes were recorded. Nine colonies declared for independence; the remaining four either hesitated or gave a distinctly negative reply. The final decision was adjourned until the next day.

On the morrow, twelve colonies agreed to the resolution. New York had declared herself obliged to withhold for a brief space her formal consent. But notwithstanding this one lingerer, the majority carried the question. The die was cast, the act consummated, the trammels of former dependence thrown off.

But it still remained to consider how a great political power, thus for the first time standing alone, was to be guided and governed after the bonds had been cut, and it had proclaimed itself emancipated from the duty that it had hitherto rendered to a country which, if it had dealt hardly and even unjustly with its offspring, was nevertheless the parent of the vigorous and impatient young nation. At an early stage of the revolutionary proceedings, the need had been felt of some man of sufficiently great political talents to enable him to draw up a code which might serve as the basis of the new constitution. The demand of circumstances speedily met with an adequate response.

Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, had already gained the confidence of his countrymen by the sterling honesty of his character, the mild firmness of his disposition, and the very exceptional order of his abilities. The scope of his knowledge was wide; for from his

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earliest youth he had devoted himself to calm and close study. His profession was that of the law; but he had not confined himself to its dry technicalities as connected with the existing statutes of his land. He had 'studied law as a science, and was well read in the law of nature and of nations.'[1]

When called upon to prepare the great Declaration of Independence, together with a statement of principles which were to govern the new Republic, he set himself boldly to the task; and in a short time, out of the fulness of his own heart, and without the aid of books or documents, produced a manifesto which is entitled to a place among the most remarkable state papers that the world has ever seen.

'When in the course of human events,' so ran the proclamation, 'it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

'We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted

[1] Bancroft, *Hist. of United States*, vol. vii. p. 298.

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among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.'

Then followed a catalogue of the grievances which had given rise to the discontent now taking such a portentous form.

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'In every stage of these oppressions,' continued the proclamation, 'we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

'Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts made by their Legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must therefore acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war; in peace, friends.

'We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that all political connection

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between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.'

On the fourth of July, Jefferson's paper was produced in Congress and adopted, though it was not signed by all the delegates until the following October. It was, however, 'duly authenticated by the president and secretary, and published to the world.'[1] The same historian whose words are here quoted, concludes his graphic and thrilling description of these transactions with a remark relative to the Thanksgiving-day, by which title the fourth of July has become so familiar to us, which is well worthy of note. He observes that 'the nation, when it made the choice of a day for its great anniversary, selected, not the day of the resolution of independence, when it closed the past, but that of the declaration of the principles on which it opened its new career.'[2] The chapter of the past was closed; a new one was about to open.

Our last scene is a warlike one, for it is the camp of the American forces. In the background is the city of New York, its white houses, spires, and towers glitter-

[1] Bancroft, *Hist. of the United States*, vol. vii. p. 306. [2] *Ibid.*

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ing in the brilliant evening sunshine. Joyously falls the golden glow upon hill and promontory, upon the forests of masts and the dancing waters of the harbour. But more joyous still is the stir and bustle in the camp, as burnished steel and well-polished brass flash back the dazzling ray. A general parade has been ordered for six o'clock, and it is rumoured that the General has received great news from Philadelphia. There is a sound of the clattering of chargers' hoofs, of the ring of metal on the sun-baked ground, of the measured tramp of many feet. Gradually, confusion is exchanged for order, the shapeless masses of men and horses assume distinct forms and figures; the colonial army is drawn up in martial array.

On the horizon a dim, cloudlike line may be observed, and now and then a faint shimmer, as of distant sunlight falling upon many bayonets. The British troops are within sight, and they can almost hear the shout of welcome which greets the American commander-in-chief as he rides forth to address his soldiers. In the comely presence, the keen, piercing eye, and the calm, dignified demeanour, we read some explanation of the confidence and attachment felt for George Washington by his grateful countrymen.

After a few preliminaries, the General takes a roll of paper from the hands of an aide-de-camp. It is a copy of the famous Declaration. He begins to read it; and as his loud, distinct voice reaches the ears of every man stationed upon that plain, the restraint of

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military discipline is barely strong enough to repress the excitement and enthusiasm which long to make themselves known in loud and protracted demonstration. While article after article, each breathing freedom and independence, is thus proclaimed, every face is lighted up with stern joy, every hand closes with surer grasp upon the weapon which it holds.

The voice of General Washington ceases; for an instant there is a breathless pause. Then a mighty shout, long and re-echoing as a peal of thunder, rends the air. Troop after troop, company after company, officers and men, join in the deafening acclamations. A frenzy of joy almost resembling madness seizes the great concourse. The anxieties, privations, and dangers of the past year give a deeper zest to the wild applause. Never had so joyful a sound been heard since British feet first trode that soil.

Nor were the manifestations of triumph and gladness disproportionate to the occasion, for they inaugurated a new and glorious era that had just dawned upon the American colonies. Colonies no more; for they were thenceforth to bear a new name. Those shouts and outbursts of military exultation were the earliest tokens of greeting to an infant nation, which for the first time claimed its place among the peoples of the earth, under the title of the United States of America.

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# APPENDIX.

THE following notices of historical personages mentioned in the foregoing sketches are abridged from Allen's *American Biographical and Historical Dictionary*:—

FIRST SKETCH.—*Isaac Allerton*—one of the first settlers of the Plymouth colony, having emigrated in the *Mayflower*. His wife fell a victim to the hardships encountered by the pilgrims, and died in the spring following their arrival at Cape Cod. After settling in New England, Allerton made several voyages to the mother country in the interests of the colony, and was the means of obtaining for it several valuable trading privileges. After remaining a widower for some years, he married *Fear*, the daughter of William Brewster, who had another daughter called *Love*, and a son named *Wrestling*.

*William Bradford* was the second governor of the Plymouth colony. Born in a north of England village, he devoted himself in early life to agricultural pursuits. At the age of eighteen he joined a company of Dissenters, who made an attempt to go over to Holland to enjoy freedom of religious opinions and worship. But the ship's captain betrayed the party, who were thrown into prison at Boston, in Lincolnshire. Bradford eventually gained his object, and settling in Amsterdam, adopted the trade of a silk-dyer. When he at length reached America in 1620, he rendered such valuable services to his fellow-colonists, that he was chosen to succeed Carver in the office of governor, to which function he was, with the exception of five years, annually re-elected until his death, which took place in 1657.

*William Brewster*, another of the pilgrims, was born in England in 1560. Having completed his course of study at Cambridge, he entered the service of Davison, at that time



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Queen Elizabeth's ambassador in Holland. In this capacity he earned the warm regard as well as the respect of his patron; and when Davison incurred Elizabeth's displeasure by having drawn up the death-warrant of Mary Queen of Scots, Brewster remained his faithful friend. When he could no longer be of use to the disgraced secretary, he retired into private life, and devoted himself and a large share of his fortune to religious interests. At length, having seceded from the Established Church, he joined those who sought refuge in Holland, and shared their imprisonment at Boston. Being the wealthiest of the company, he was the greatest sufferer, and only regained his liberty after many delays, and at a vast expense. Having succeeded eventually in reaching Holland, he joined Mr. Robinson's congregation, of which he speedily became an influential member. When the expedition to the New World was organized, Brewster accompanied the pilgrims, and for nine years assumed the spiritual care of the settlers, abstaining, however, from administering the Sacrament. He died at the age of eighty-three.

*John Carver*, first governor of Plymouth colony, was a native of England, and sought refuge from persecution at Leyden. When the emigration scheme was planned which resulted in the foundation of New Plymouth, he was chosen one of the agents to negotiate with the Virginia Company for a suitable territory. When, before landing at Cape Cod, the emigrants drew up their famous document, Carver's name stood first upon the parchment. The grief of the colonists was great when illness, probably sunstroke, carried him off before his first year of office had expired. His wife, overcome by sorrow, survived him but six weeks.

*Canonicus.*—When Roger Williams, driven on account of his opinions from Massachusetts, sought a refuge at Narragansett, Canonicus generously ceded to him and his friends a large tract of country within his dominions. Fifty years later, Williams wrote, in reference to this liberal act, as follows:—'I declare to posterity, that were it not for the favour that God gave me with Canonicus, none of those parts, no, not Rhode Island, had been purchased or obtained, for I never got anything of Canonicus but by gift.' And further: 'When the hearts of my countrymen and friends and brethren failed me, His infinite wisdom and merits stirred up the barbarous heart of Canonicus to love me as his own son

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to his last gasp.' This chief, whom Williams calls a 'wise and peaceable prince,' died in 1647, aged eighty-five years.

*Isaac Johnson*, one of the founders of Massachusetts, was a native of Rutlandshire, and arrived at Salem in 1630. The vessel in which he sailed was named, after his wife, the *Arbella*. Great hopes were built upon his arrival in the colony, but all were blighted by his death, which took place about three months after his landing. He had married a daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, and was accounted 'a holy man and wise.' He survived the Lady Arbella scarcely two months.

*Massasoit*, an Indian *sachem* or *sagamore*, who proved a faithful and devoted ally of the colonists. He died in 1655.

*John Robinson* was born in Great Britain, and educated at Cambridge. He held for some time a benefice at Yarmouth, but afterwards became pastor to a body of Dissenters. When the Nonconformists fled to Holland, he took charge of the congregation at Leyden. At the time of his departure from England he was a rigid separatist; but in after life his views grew more moderate, though he persevered in his objections to the use of a liturgy. He died at Leyden in 1625.

*Squanto*—an Indian who had been carried to England by the master of a trading vessel some years before the pilgrims landed at Cape Cod. He rendered important services to the settlers by acting as interpreter, and instructing the colonists in the use and treatment of the various products of the country.

*Edward Winslow*, governor of Plymouth colony, was born in Worcestershire in 1594. He was the first to introduce cattle into the new country, and made several voyages to his native land with a view to promoting in various ways the welfare of the colony. He also used his influence in one of his later visits to Great Britain to form a society for propagating the gospel in New England. He died at sea in 1655, and was buried in the ocean.

SECOND SKETCH.—The *Lady Arbella* (see *Isaac Johnson*).

*Richard Davenport*—an ensign in the colonial army, and standard-bearer on the day when Endicott cut out the cross. In memory of this incident, Davenport named one of his children *Truecross*.

*John Eliot*, the Apostle of the Indians, was born in England and educated at Cambridge. Some account of his work has been attempted in the text. Wise and pious in no ordinary

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degree, he yet cherished strange opinions on several subjects. His great prejudice against the use of *tobacco* and the wearing of *wigs* led him into some absurdities. Against the latter custom he not only preached, but *prayed*, and attributed to it all the evils which befell the colony.

*John Endicott*, governor of Massachusetts, was a most valuable member of the colony. A sincere and zealous Puritan, he was excessively severe against all opinions which differed from those laid down by the Massachusetts ministers. During his administration, four Quakers were put to death in Boston.

*Anne Hutchinson.*—The heresies of this singular woman caused the assembling of the first New England Synod. Her erroneous opinions, and the obnoxious manner in which she advanced them, deprived her of any large amount of sympathy, either during her lifetime or after her tragic death, which took place in 1643, in the manner described in the text.

*Henry Vane*—born in England and educated at Oxford. In early life he went to Geneva, where he imbibed Republican and Nonconformist principles. He emigrated in 1635. When, after Mrs. Hutchinson's trial, he was superseded as governor of Massachusetts by Winthrop, he returned to England, where he took part against Charles I., although disapproving of Cromwell's usurpation. At the Restoration he was tried and beheaded for high treason.

*Roger Williams* was born in Wales in 1599, educated at Oxford, and admitted to holy orders in the Church of England. Becoming a Nonconformist, he emigrated to America in 1631. He was elected assistant minister at Salem, but the peculiarity of his religious views soon brought upon him the displeasure of his fellow-pastors, who sentenced him to banishment. He obtained some land from the Indians, and founded the town of Providence. Throughout his troubled life he zealously advocated liberty of conscience, and his dealings with those who might justly be called his enemies were characterized by the true generosity of a Christian spirit. He died in 1683.

*John Winthrop*, first governor of Massachusetts, was born in Suffolk, and educated for the law. He embarked for America at the age of forty-two, and arrived at Salem with his commission as governor in 1630. He devoted all his talents, energies, and fortune to the advancement of the ..., and died in 1649, worn out by toil, anxiety, and afflictions.

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THIRD SKETCH. — *Simon Bradstreet*, 'the last of the Puritans,' and the son of a Nonconformist minister, was born in Lincolnshire in the year 1603. He filled several offices in the family of Lord Lincoln, and when the New Plymouth colony was formed, he became one of its most influential members. Throughout his colonial career of sixty-seven years, he gained the confidence and respect of all classes by his prudence, moderation, integrity, and piety; and at various crises in the early fortunes of New England, he rendered important services by the wisdom of his counsels. When the witchcraft delusion sprang up, he distinguished himself, though then advanced in years, by his vigorous opposition to the fatal infatuation. He died at Salem in 1697.

*George Burroughs*—born probably about the year 1650, graduated at the newly-established Harvard College, and entered in 1676 upon the public ministry. In 1680 he was invited to the charge of the congregation at Salem, from which post he soon withdrew, in consequence of some dispute. He was a man whose character was held in high respect, yet his blameless reputation did not protect him from the malice of his enemies. In 1692 he was accused of causing a certain Mary Wolcott to be 'tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, wasted, and tormented.' Many other absurd charges were brought, and he was condemned to die. On the scaffold he displayed such firmness and fervency of spirit as to draw tears of sympathy from the spectators.

*Sarah Cloyce*, *Martha Cory*, *Rebecca Nurse*.—For an account of the trial and condemnation of these women, see Increase Mather's *History of Witchcraft Trials* ('Trials of New England Witches'), Bancroft's *History of the United States*, etc.

*John Willard* was another sufferer during the terrible witchcraft mania. See Bancroft's *History of the United States*.

*Samuel Parris*, minister of Salem, was a zealous persecutor of witches. It was in his family that the delusion originated, and it lasted for the space of sixteen months, during which period nineteen persons were hanged at Salem, and one, an old man, pressed to death, besides the executions which took place at Charlestown, Cambridge, Dorchester, and other towns. Amid the panic to which many otherwise excellent persons allowed themselves to fall victims, Parris distinguished himself for the systematic malevolence and cruelty

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with which he followed up his accusations. He died in banishment and disgrace.

*Sir William Phipps.*—(*Vide* biographical account in the first chapter of the third sketch.)

FOURTH SKETCH.—*William Shirley*, governor of Massachusetts, was a native of England, and educated for the law. He arrived in Boston in 1733, and received his commission as governor in 1741. Besides the exploit narrated in the text, he engaged in various expeditions; but with that one exception, his administration is more remarkable for the important general events which followed each other with such amazing rapidity, than for any personal acts of prowess or military adventure on his part. In 1756 he was superseded in the command of the army, after which he returned for a time to England. Being appointed to the governorship of one of the Bahamas, he occupied that post for some years. He finally returned to Massachusetts, where he died in 1771.

*Sir William Pepperell* was born in Maine, 1696, and brought up to mercantile pursuits. He was peculiarly fitted by nature for the circumstances amid which his life was passed, being of a vigorous frame, firm of mind, and courageous in danger. He rose eventually to the highest military honours which the colony could bestow, and the king rewarded his services by conferring upon him the dignity of a baronet of Great Britain,—an honour never before or since conferred upon a native of New England. He died at his seat in Maine in 1759, at the age of sixty-three.

FIFTH SKETCH.—*John Adams*, the son of a New England farmer, was born in Massachusetts, 1735. He graduated at Harvard College, where he distinguished himself by his diligence in study, boldness of thought, and powers of mind. He afterwards studied law, and at the same time gave lessons in Latin and Greek as a means of subsistence. In 1758 Mr. Adams went, poor and friendless, to Boston, where he presented himself to Jeremy Gridley, Attorney-General of the Crown, to ask his influence to get him admitted to the bar. Mr. Gridley examined him, and gave him the assistance he required. This opened the way to a successful legal career. In consequence of the affray with the British garrison at Boston, on the 5th of March 1770, the soldiers were arraigned before the civil tribunal, to answer for the death of the citizens who had fallen. Not-

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withstanding the strong excitement against them, Mr. Adams, with two other lawyers, undertook their defence, and procured the acquittal of all except two, who were convicted of manslaughter, on the just plea that it was the soldiers who were first attacked. This act of justice is creditable to the cause of America. In May 1770, Adams was chosen a member of the Legislature, in which he took a very prominent part. In 1774 he took his seat in Congress, and was on the committee which drew up the famous statement of rights, and on that which prepared the address to the king. He took an active part in the great declaration, and on the day after the fourth of July he wrote as follows:—'The day is passed. The fourth day of July 1776 will be a *memorable epoch* in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God.' Mr. Adams succeeded Washington as President in 1797, and died July 4th, 1826, exactly fifty years after the declaration had been published.

*Thomas Hutchinson*, a descendant of the ill-fated Anne Hutchinson, was born in 1711. He first devoted himself to mercantile pursuits, in which he failed, and subsequently took up the study of the law. He was appointed in 1758 to the lieutenant-governorship, which he held until 1771, when he became governor-in-chief. His administration was not a happy one, being much occupied in disputes; and when the British cause was hopelessly lost in America, he obtained leave to retire to England. He died in 1780, at the age of sixty-nine. It has been said of him, that 'if any man deserved the gratitude of the British administration, it was he.' He was a person of high character, unwearied industry, and respectable talents. He contended manfully for his sovereign's cause, and had he succeeded in his endeavours to maintain the position of the Crown in the American colony, he would doubtless have been covered with honours. But he failed, and was accordingly neglected and overlooked. His historical works are held in high estimation.

*Andrew Oliver* was brother-in-law of the above, and lieutenant-governor during Hutchinson's time of office. His part in public affairs has been sufficiently touched upon in the text to render further notice unnecessary.

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SIXTH SKETCH.—*Henry Knox*, a native of Boston, was, on the breaking out of hostilities between America and Britain, appointed to an important command in the patriot army. He evinced the utmost enthusiasm for the Republican cause, and fought with distinction throughout the War of Independence. He was highly esteemed by Washington, who nominated him to the office of Secretary-at-War. He died in 1806, in consequence of swallowing a chicken-bone.

SEVENTH SKETCH.—*Samuel Adams*, governor of Massachusetts, was born in Boston, 1722. He early distinguished himself as a political writer of ability, and 'the independence of the United States of America is perhaps to be attributed as much to his exertions as to the exertions of any one man.' John Adams thus refers to him: 'The talents and virtues of that great man were of the most exalted, though not of the most showy kind. His love of his country, his exertions in her service through a long course of years, . . . his patience, sagacity, perseverance, and pure public virtue, were not exceeded by any man in America.'

*John Hancock*, governor of Massachusetts, was another prominent agent in the cause of independence. His services in that cause may be estimated by the fact that he and Samuel Adams were alone excepted from the general pardon offered by Gage to the 'rebels' in 1775.

*Israel Putnam*, major-general in the American forces, was born in Salem, 1718. He displayed no aptitude for books, but early distinguished himself in athletic exercises. He performed various feats of valour in conflict with the wolves which often visited his farm, giving tokens of fearlessness in danger, forethought, and dexterity which well qualified him for the positions he was afterwards called to fill. In 1755 he was appointed to a command in the army, and earned honour in the Old French War. During the War of Independence a spy was taken prisoner in his camp, who was reclaimed as a British officer by his general, with threats of vengeance if not restored. General Putnam replied thus: 'Sir,—Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your king's service, was taken in my camp as a spy; he was condemned as a spy, and he shall be hanged as a spy. *P.S.*—Afternoon. He is hanged.'

*William Prescott*, colonel in the patriot army. (*Vide* text.)

*Joseph Warren* (major-general) was 'the first victim of rank who fell in the struggle with Great Britain.'

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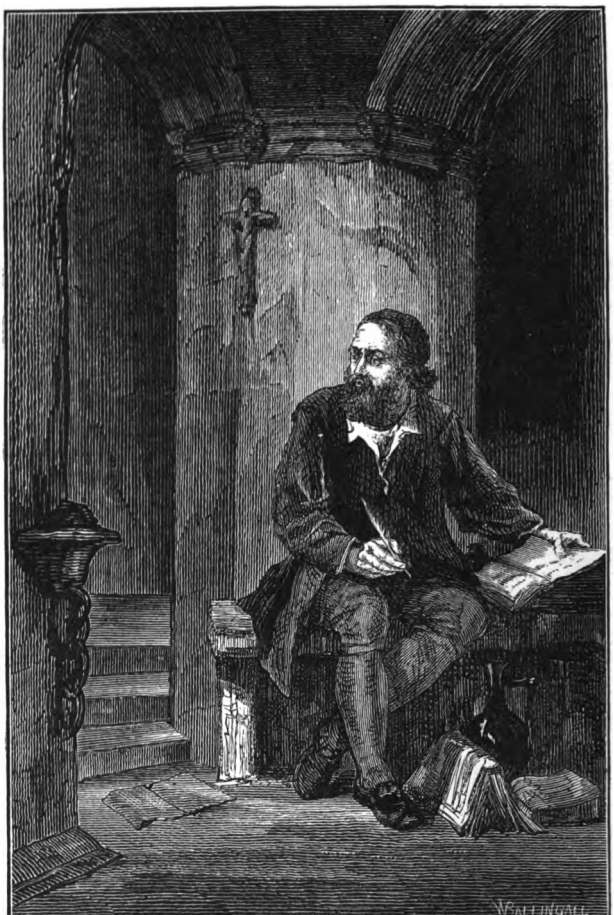

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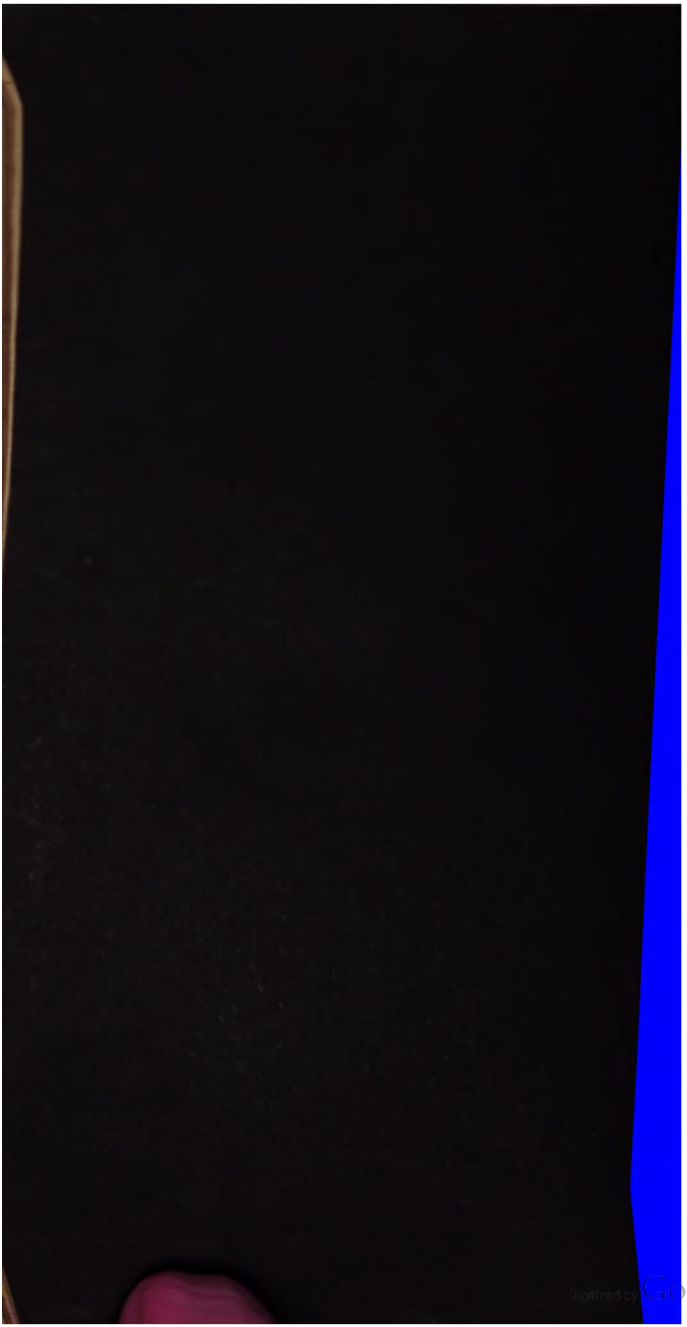
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